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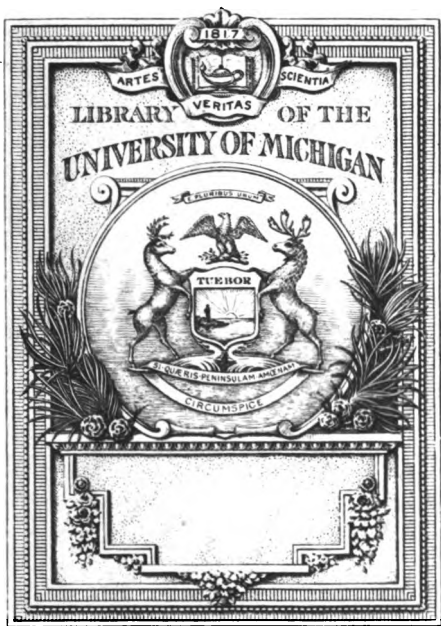
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828
D184
1718

Of the battle near Sandal Cask
p. 242. 548

THE
Poetical Works
OF
Mr. *Samuel Daniel*,
AUTHOR of the
English HISTORY.

V O L. II.



L O N D O N :

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**THE
HISTORY
OF THE
CIVIL WAR.**



L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCXVII:

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RECEIVED 1-17-68



To the High and most Illustrious
P R I N C E

C H A R L E S

HIS E X C E L L E N C E.

S I R,



*Resents to Gods were offered
by the Hands of Graces; and
why not those to Great Prin-
ces, by those of the Muses?*

*To You therefore, Great Prince
of Honour, and Honour of Princes, I joint-
ly present Poesy and Musick; in the one the
Service of my defunct Brother; in the other,
the Duty of my Self living; in both, the De-*

VOL. II.

B 2

votion

To the PRINCE.

*oration of Two Brothers, your Highness's humble
 Servant, Your Excellence, who is
 of such Reputation, and who is
 of such Curiosity of your Rare Spirit to
 understand; and Ability of Knowledge to
 judge of all Things, I humbly invite; leading
 the Songs of his Muse, who, living so sweetly
 chanted the Glory of your High Name. Sa-
 cred is the Fame of Poets; Sacred the Name
 of Princes: To which*

2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Humility bows, and

Vows Himself even 1 2

Your Highness's Servant,

JOHN DANIEL.

JOHN DANIEL.



The HISTORY of the CIVIL WAR.

The ARGUMENT.

*What Times fore-go Richard the Second's Reign;
The fatal Causes of this Civil War :
His Uncle's Pride; His greedy Minions Gains:
Gloc'ster's Revolt, and Death, deliver'd are.
Hef'ford, accus'd, exil'd, call'd back again,
Pretends t' amend what others Rule did marr-
The King from Ireland hastes, but did no good;
Whilst strange prodigious Signs fore-token Blood.*

Sing the Civil Wars, tumultuous
[Broils,
I. And bloody Factions of a mighty
[Land;
Whose People haughty, proud with
[foreign Spoils,
Upon themselves turn back their Conqu'ring
[Hand;
Whilst Kin their Kin, Brother the Brother seils;
Like Ensigns all, against like Ensigns band;
Bows against Bows, the Crown against the Crown;
Whilst all pretending Right, all Right's thrown down.

II.

What Fury, O what Madness held thee so,
 Dear *England*, (too too prodigal of Blood)
 To waste so much, and war without a Foe;
 Whilst *France*, to see thy Spoils, at Pleasure stood?
 How much might'st thou have purchas'd with less
 [Woe,
 T'have done thee Honour, and thy People good?
 Thine might have been whatever lies between
 The *Alps* and us, the *Pyrenees* and *Rhene*.

III.

Yet now what Reason have we to complain,
 Since hereby came the Calm we did enjoy,
 The Bliss of Thee, *Eliza*? Happy Gain
 For all our Losses; when as no other Way
 The Heav'ns could find, but to unite again
 The fatal sever'd Families, that they
 Might bring forth Thee: That in thy Peace might
 [grow
 That Glory, which few Times could ever show.

IV.

Come, Sacred *Virtue*; I no *Muse*, but thee,
 Invoke, in this great Labour I intend.
 Do thou inspire my Thoughts: Infuse in me
 A Power to bring the same to Happy End.
 Raise up a Work for later Times to see,
 That may thy Glory and my Pains commend:
 Make me these Tumults rightly to rehearse;
 And give Peace to my Life, Life to my Verse.

V.

And Thou, *Charles Montjoy*, who did'st once afford
 Rest for my Fortunes on thy quiet Shore,
 And cheer'd'st me on these Measures to record
 In graver Tones than I had us'd before;
 Behold, my Gratitude makes good my Word
 Engag'd to Thee, altho' Thou be no more;

That

That I, who heretofore have liv'd by Thee,
Do give Thee now a Room to live with Me.

VI.

And MEMORY, Preserv'ers of Things done,
Come thou, unfold the Wounds, the Wrack, the
[Waste;

Reveal to me how all the Serife began
Twixt *Lancaster* and *Tork*, in Ages past :
How Causes, Counsels, and Events did run,
So long as these unhappy Times did last ;
Unintermix'd with Fictions, Fantasies :
I Verify the Truth, not *Poetize*.

VII.

And to the end we may with better Ease
Discern the true Discourse, vouchsafe to show
What were the Times foregoing, near to these,
That these we may with better Profit know.
Tell how the World fell into this Disease ;
And how so great Distemperature did grow :
So shall we see by what degrees it came ;
" How Things at full do soon wax out of Frame.

VIII.

Ten Kings had from the **Norman* Conqueror reign'd,
With intermix'd and variable Fate,
When *England* to her greatest Height attain'd
Of Pow'r, Dominion, Glory, Wealth, and State ;
After it had with much ado sustain'd
The Violence of Princes, with Debate
For Titles, and the often Mutinies
Of Nobles, for their Ancient Liberties.

* Which was in the Space of 260 Years.

B. 4.

IX. For

IX.

For first, the *Norman** conqu'ring all by Might,
By Might was forc'd to keep what he had got;
Mixing our Customs and the Foundation Right;
With foreign Constitutions he had brought;
Mast'ring the Mighty, humbling the poorer Wight;
By all severest Means that could be wrought;
And, making the Succession doubtful, rent
This new-got State, and left it turbulent.

X.

† *William* his Son tracing his Father's Ways,
(The Great Men spend in Peace, or slain in Fight)
Upon depressed Weakness only preys,
And makes his Force maintain his Doubtful Right;
His Elder Brother's Claim vexing his Days,
His Actions and Reactions still incite;
And giving Beasts what did of Men pertain,
(Took for a Beast) himself his friend was slain.

* 1067. William I. surnamed the Conqueror, the
Base Son to Robert the Vith Duke of Normandy, reign-
ed 20 Years and 8 Months; and left the Crown of Eng-
land to William, his Third Son, contrary to the Custom
of Succession.

† 1087. William II. had Wars with his Elder Bro-
ther, Robert Duke of Normandy; with whom his Un-
cle Otho, and many of the Nobility of England took
Part. He was slain Hunting in the New Forest, by Sir
Walter Tyrrell shooting at a Deer, when he had reign-
ed 13 Years.

XI. His

CIVIL WAR.

XI.

His Brother * *Henry* next commands the State,
Who, *Robert's* Title better to reject,
Seeks to repacify the People's Hate;
And with fair Shews, rather than in Effect,
Allays those Grievances that heavy sat;
Reforms the Laws, which soon he did neglect:
And 'rest of Sons, for whom he did prepare,
Leaves Crown and Strife to *Maud* his Daughter's
[Care..

XII.

Whom † *Stephen*, his Nephew, (falsifying his
[Oath])
Prevents; assails the Realm, obtains the Crown;
Such Tumults raising as torment them both,
Whilst both held nothing certainly their own;
Th' Afflicted State (divided in their Troth,
And Partial Faith) most miserable grown,
Endures the while; till Peace, and *Stephen's* Death,
Gave some calm Leisure to recover Breath.

* 1100. *Henry I. the youngest Son of William the Conqueror, reigned 35 Years and 4 Months; whose Sons, (William and Richard) being drowned in the Seas, he leaves the Crown to Maud, first married to the Emperor Henry the IVth, and after to Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou.*

† 1135. *Stephen, Son to the Earl of Blois and Adela, Daughter to William the Conqueror, invades the Kingdom, contends with Maud the Empress for the Succession, and reigned tumultuously Eighteen Years, and ten Months.*

B. 5

XIII. When:

XIII.

When * Henry, Son to Maud the Empress, reigns,
 And England into Form and Greatness brought;
 Adds Ireland to this Sceptre, and obtains
 Large Provinces in France; much Treasure got,
 And from Exactions here at Home abstains:
 And had not his Rebellious Children sought
 T'embroil his Age with Tumults, he had been
 The Happiest Monarch that this State had seen.

XIV.

Him † Richard follows in the Government;
 Who much the Glory of our Arms increas'd,
 And all his Father's Mighty Treasure spent,
 In that Devoutful Action of the East:
 Whereto whilst He his Forces wholly bent,
 Despite and Treason his Designs oppress'd;
 A Faithless Brother, and a Fatal King,
 Cut off his Growth of Glory in the Spring.

* 1154. Henry II. Son of Geoffrey Plantagenet, Earl of Anjou, and Maud the Empress, associated his Son Henry in the Crown and Government; which turned to his great Disturbance, and set all his Sons (Henry, Richard, Geoffrey and John,) against him. He reigned 34 Years, and 7 Months.

† 1189. Richard went to the Holy Wars, was King of Jerusalem; whilst his Brother John, by the Help of the King of France, usurp'd the Crown of England. He was detained Prisoner in Austria, redeemed, and reigned Nine Years and nine Months.

XV. Which

XV.

Which wicked Brother, contrary to Course,
False * *John* usurps his Nephew *Arthur's* Right;
Gets to the Crown by Craft, by Wrong, by Force;
Rules it with Lust, Oppression, Rigor, Might;
Murders the Lawful Heir without Remorse:
Wherefore procuring all the World's Despite;
A Tyrant loath'd, a Homicide Convented,
Poyson'd he dies, disgrac'd and unlamented.

XVI.

† *Henry* his Son is chosen King, tho' young;
And *Lewis* of *France* (elected first) beguild;
After the Mighty had debated long,
Doubtful to chuse a Stranger or a Child:
With him the Barons (in these Times grown strong)
War for their Ancient Laws so long exil'd.
He grants the *Charter*, that pretended Ease;
Yet keeps his own, and did his State appease.

XVII.

‖ *Edward*, his Son, a Martial King, succeeds;
Just, Prudent, Grave, Religious, Fortunate:
Whose Happy-order'd Reign most fertile breeds
Plenty of mighty Spirits, to strength his State;
And worthy Minds, to manage worthy Deeds,
Th' Experience of those Times ingenerate:

* 1199. King *John* usurps the Right of *Arthur*,
Son to *Geoffrey*, his Elder Brother; and reigns Seven-
teen Years. He had Wars with his Barons; who elected
Lewis, Son to the King of *France*.

† 1216. *Henry III.* at Nine Years of Age was
Crowned King, and reigned 56 Years.

‖ 1272. *Edward I.* had the Dominion over this whole
Island of *Britain*; and reigned gloriously Thirty-four Years;
Seven Months.

For,

For, ever Great Employment for the Great,
Quickens the Blood, and Honour doth beget.

XVIII.

And had not his Mised, Lascivious Son,
* *Edward the Second*, intermitted so
The Course of Glory happily begun,
(Which brought Him and his Favourites to Woe)
That Happy Current without Stop had run
Unto the full of his Son *Edward's* Flow:
But who hath often seen, in such a State,
Father and Son like Good, like Fortunate?

XIX.

But now this † Great Succeder all repairs,
And reinduc'd that discontinu'd Good;
He builds up Strength and Greatness for his Heirs,
Out of the Virtues that adorn'd his Blood.
He makes his Subjects Lords of more than theirs,
And sets their Bounds far wider than they stood.
His Pow'r and Fortune had sufficient wrought,
Could but the State have kept what He had got.

XX.

And had his † Heir surviv'd him in due Course,
What Limits, *England*, had'st thou found? What
[Bar?

What World could have resisted so great Force?
O more than Men! (Two Thunderbolts of War)
Why did not Time your joined Worth divorce,
T'have made your several Glories greater far?

* 1307. *Edward II. abused by his Minions, and debauched by his own Weakness, was deposed from his Government, when he had reigned 19 Years and 6 Months; and was murdered in Prison.*

† 1326. *Edward III.*

‡ *Edward the Black Prince, who died before his Father.*

Too

Too prodigal was Nature thus to do,
To spend in one Age what should serve for two.

XXI.

But now the Sceptre, in this Glorious State,
Supported with strong Pow'r and Victory,
Was left unto a * Child; ordain'd by Fate
To stay the Course of what might grow too high:
Here was a Stop that Greariness did abate,
When Pow'r upon so weak a Base did lie.
For, lest Great Fortune should presume too far,
Such Oppositions interposed, are.

XXII.

Never this *Island* better peopl'd stood;
Never more Men of Might, and Minds address'd;
Never more Princes of the Royal Blood,
(If not too many for the Publick Rest)
Nor ever was more Treasure, Wealth and Good;
Than when this *Richard* first the Crown possess'd,
The Second of that Name; in Two accus'd;
And well we might have miss'd all but the First.

XXIII.

In this Man's Reign began this Fatal Strife,
(The Bloody Argument whereof we treat)
That dearly cost so many a Prince his Life,
And spoil'd the Weak, and even confus'd the
[Great,
That, wherein all Confusion was so rife,
As Memory ev'n grieves her to repeat:
And would that Time might now this Knowledge
[lose,
But that 'tis good to learn by others' Woes.

* *Richard II. being but Eleven Years of Age, was Crowned King of England, 1377.*

XXIV.

Edward the Third being dead, had left this * Child
 (Son of his worthy Son deceas'd of late)
 The Crown and Sceptre of this Realm to wield ;
 Appointing the Protectors of his State
 Two of his Sons, to be his better Shield ;
 Supposing Uncles, free from Guile or Hate,
 Would order all Things for his better Good,
 In the Respect and Honour of their Blood.

XXV.

Of these, † *John Duke of Lancaster* was one ;
 (Too great a Subject grown for such a State :
 The Title of a King, and Glory won
 In great Exploits, his Mind did elevate
 Above Proportion Kingdoms stand upon ;
 Which made him push at what his Hue gas :)
 The other, ‡ *Langley* ; whose mild Temperance
 Did send unto a calmer Quietness.

XXVI.

With these did . . *Woodstock* interpose his Part ;
 A Man for Action violently bent,
 And of a Spirit averse and over-thwart,
 Which could not suit a Peaceful Government :
 Whose ever-swelling and tumultuous Heart
 Wrought his own Ill, and others Discontent.
 And these had all the Manage of Affairs,
 During the Time the King was under Years.

* *Richard II. Son to the Black Prince.*

† *The Duke of Lancaster, entitled King of Castile,
 in the Right of his Wife Constance, Eldest Daughter to
 King Peter.*

‡ *Edmond Langley, Earl of Cambridge, after
 created Duke of York.*

. . *Thomas of Woodstock, after made Duke of
 Gloucester.*

XXVII.

XXVII.

And in the first Year of his Government,
 Things pass'd as first : The Wars in *France* proceed,
 Tho' not with that same Fortune and Event,
 Being now not follow'd with such careful Heed :
 Our People here at Home grown Discontent,
 Thro' great Exactions Insurrections breed :
 Private Respects hinder'd the Common-Weal ;
 And idle Ease doth on the Mighty steal.

XXVIII.

Too many Kings breed Factions in the Court ;
 The Head too weak, the Members grown too great ;
 Which evermore doth happen in this Sort
 When Children rule ; the Plague which God doth
 Unto those Kingdoms, which he will transport
 To other Lines, or utterly defeat.

" For, the Ambitious once inur'd to Reign,
 " Can never brook a Private State again.

XXIX.

" And Kingdoms ever suffer this Distress,
 " Where One, or Many guide the Infant King ;
 " Which One, or Many (tasting this Excess
 " Of Greatness and Command) can never bring
 " Their Thoughts again t' Obey, or to be Less :
 " From hence these Insolencies ever spring,
 " Contempts of others, whom they seek to foil ;
 " Then follow Leagues, Destruction, Ruin, Spoil.

XXX.

And whether They which underwent this Charge
 Permit the King to take a Youthful Vein,
 That They their Private better might enlarge :
 Or whether He himself would farther strain,
 (Thinking his Years sufficient to discharge
 The Government) and so assum'd the Reins.

Or

Or howsoever, now his Ear He lends
To youthful Counsel, and his Lusty Friends:

XXXI.
And Courts were never barren yet of those,
Which could with subtle Train, and apt Advice,
Work on the Prince's Weakness, and dispose
Of feeble Frailty, easy to entice,
And such no doubt about this King arose,
Whose Flattery (the dang'rous Nurse of Vice)
Got Hand upon his Youth, to Pleasures bent,
Which, led by them, did others discontent.

XXXII.
For now his Uncles grew much to dislike
These Ill Proceedings: Were it that they saw
That others favour'd, did aspiring seek
Their Nephew from their Counsels to withdraw,
(Seeing him of a Nature flexible and weak)
Because They only would keep all in Awe;
Or that indeed They found the King and State
Abus'd by such as now in Office sat.

XXXIII.
Or rather else they all were in the Fault;
Th' Ambitious Uncles, th' Indiscreet Young King,
The Greedy Council, and the Minions Naught,
And All together did this Tempest bring.
Besides the Times, with all Injustice fraught,
Concurr'd with such confus'd Misgovernings,
That we may truly say, This spoil'd the State,
" Youthful Counsel, Private Gain, Partial Hate.

XXXIV.
And then the King, besides his Jealousies
Which nourish'd were, had Reason to be led
To doubt his Uncles for their Loyalties;
Since John of Gaunt (as was discovered)
Had practis'd his Death in secret wise;
And Glouc'ster openly becomes the Head

Unto

Unto a League, who all in Arms were bent
To oppose against the present Government;

XXV.

Pretending to remove such Men as were
Accounted to abuse the King and State.
Of whom the chief they did accuse was * Veere,
Made Duke of Ireland with great Grace of late;
And † divers else, who for the Place they bear
Obnoxious are, and subject unto Hate:
And these must be sequester'd with all speed,
Or else they vow'd their Swords should do the Deed.

XXXVI.

The King was forc'd in that next Parliament,
To grant them what he durst not well refuse.
For thither arm'd they came, and fully bent
To suffer no Repulse, nor no Excuse:
And here they did accomplish their Intent,
Where Justice did her Sword, not Balance, use:
For even that Sacred Place they violate,
Arresting all the Judges as they sat.

* Robert Veere, Duke of Ireland.

† Ann. Reg. 11. the Duke of Gloucester, with the
Earls of Derby, Arundel, Nottingham, Warwick,
and other Lords, having forced the King to put from him
all his Officers of Court at this Parliament, caused most
of them to be executed; as John Beauchamp, Lord
Steward of his House, Sir Simon Burley, Lord Cham-
berlain, with many others. Also the Lord Chief Justice
was here executed, and all the Judges condemned to
Death, for maintaining the King's Prerogative against
these Lords, and the Constitutions of the last Parliament.
Ann. 10.

XXXVII.

XXXVII.

And here had many Worthy Men their End,
 Without all Form, or any Course of Right.
 " For still these Broils, that Publick Good pretend,
 " Work most Injustice, being done through Spite.
 " For those aggrieved evermore do bend
 " Against such as they see of greatest Might;
 " Who though they cannot help what will go ill,
 " Yet since they may do Wrong, are thought they will.

XXXVIII.

And yet herein I mean not to excuse
 The Justices and Minions of the King,
 (Who might their Office and their Grace abuse)
 But blame the Course held in the managing.
 " For Great Men over-grac'd, much Rigor use;
 " Presuming Favourites Discontentment bring;
 " And Disproportions Harmony do break;
 " Minions too great, argue a King too weak.

XXXIX.

Now that so much was granted, as was sought;
 A Reconcilement made, although not meant,
 Appeas'd them all in Shew, but not in Thought,
 Whilst every one seem'd outwardly content:
 Though hereby King, nor Peers, nor People got
 More Love, more Strength, or easier Government;
 But every Day Things still succeeded worse:
 " For Good from Kings is seldom drawn by Force.

XL.

And so, it thus continued, till by chance
 The Queen (which was the Emperor's Daughter)* dy'd;
 When as the King, to establish Peace with France,
 And better for Home-Quiet to provide,
 Sought by contracting Marriage to advance
 His own Affairs, against his Uncle's Pride;

* Ann. Reg. 18.

Took

Took the Young Daughter † of King *Charles* to Wife,
Which after, in the end, rais'd greater Strife.

XLI.

For now his Uncle *Gloster* much repin'd
Against this *French* Alliance, and this Peace ;
As either out of a tumultuous Mind,
(Which never was content the Wars should cease :)
Or that he did dishonourable find
Those Articles, which did our State decrease :
And therefore storm'd, because the Crown had Wrong ;
Or that he fear'd the King would grow too strong.

XLII.

But whatsoever mov'd him, this is sure,
Hereby he wrought his Ruin in the End ;
And was a fatal Cause, that did procure
The swift approaching Mischiefs that attend.
For lo, the King no longer could endure
Thus to be cross'd in what he did intend ;
And therefore watch'd but some Occasion fit
To attach the Duke, when he thought least of it.

XLIII.

And Fortune, to set forward this Intent,
The Count *S. Paule* *, from *France*, doth hither bring ;
Whom *Charles* the VIth employ'd in Compliment,
To see the Queen, and to salute the King :
To whom he shews his Uncle's Discontent,
And of his secret dangerous practising ;
How he his Subjects sought to sollevate,
And break the League with *France* concluded late.

† Ann. 20. *Isabel*, Daughter to *Charles VI.*

* *Valerian*, E. of *S. Paule*, who had married the
King's Half-Sister.

XLIV.

To whom the Count most cunningly replies ;
 " Great Prince, it is within your Power, with Ease,
 " To remedy such Fears, such Jealousies,
 " And rid you of such Murmurers as these,
 " By cutting off that, which might greater rise ;
 " And now at first preventing this Disease,
 " And that before he shall your Wrath disclose :
 " For who threats first, Means of Revenge doth lose.

XLV.

" First take his Head, then tell the Reason why ;
 " Stand not to find him guilty by your Laws :
 " You easier shall with him your Quannel try
 " Dead than alive, who hath the better Cause.
 " For in the murmuring Vulgar usually
 " This publick Course of yours Compassion draws ;
 " Especially in Cases of the great,
 " Which work much Pity in the undiscrēt.

XLVI.

" And this is sure, though his Offence be such,
 " Yet doth Calamity attract Commorse ;
 " And Men repine at Princes Bloodshed much,
 " (How just soever) judging 'tis by Force.
 " I know not how, their Death gives such a Touch,
 " In those that reach not to a true Discourse ;
 " As so shall you, observing formal Right,
 " Be held still as unjust, and win more Spite.

XLVII.

" And oft the Cause may come prevented for,
 " And therefore when 'tis done, let it be heard :
 " For thereby shall you 'scape your private Woe,
 " And satisfy the World too afterward.
 " What need you weigh the Rumours that shall go ?
 " What is that Breath, being with your Life compar'd ?
 " And therefore, if you will be rul'd by me,
 " To secret Court let him be snatched be.

XLVIII.

“ And then arraign the Chief of those you find
 “ Were of his Faction secretly compact ;
 “ Who may so well be handled in their Kind,
 “ As their Confessions, which you shall exact,
 “ May both appease the aggrieved Peoples Mind,
 “ And make their Death to aggravate their Fault :
 “ So shall you rid your self of Dingers quite,
 “ And shew the World, that you have done but Right.

XLIX.

This Counsel, uttered into such an Ear
 As willing listens to the safest Ways,
 Works on the yielding Matter of his Fear,
 Which easily to any Course obeys :
 For every Prince, seeing his Danger near,
 By any Means his quiet Peace assays.
 “ And still the greatest Wrongs that ever were,
 “ Have thus been wrought, when Kings were put in Fear.

L.

Call'd in with publick Pardon and Release *,
 The Duke of Gloucester, with his Complices ;
 All Tumults, all Contentions seem to cease,
 The Land rich, People pleas'd, all in Happiness ;
 When suddenly Gloucester came caught with Peace,
 Warwick with proffer'd Love and Promises,
 And Arundel was in with Cunning brought,
 Who else abroad his Safety might have wrought.

* At the Parliament, in Anno 11. LL. of the League with Gloucester, being pardoned for their opposing against the King's Proceedings, were quiet till Anno 21. when upon Report of a new Conspiracy, they were surprized.

bI.

Long was it not e're *Gloucester* was convey'd
 To *Calice* †, and there strangled secretly:
Warwick and *Arundel* close Prisoners laid,
 Th' special Men of his Confederacy;
 Yet *Warwick's* Tears and base Confessions staid
 The Doom of Death, and came confin'd thereby,
 And so prolongs this not long base-begg'd Breath;
 But *Arundel* was put to publick Death.

LII.

Which publick Death (receiv'd with such a Cheer,
 As not a Sigh, a Look, a Shrink bewrays
 The least felt Touch of a degenerate Fear)
 Gave Life to Envy, to his Courage Praise;
 And made his stout defended Cause appear
 With such a Face of Right, as that it lays
 The Side of Wrong t'wards him, who had long since
 By Parliament ‖ forgiven this Offence.

LIII.

And in the unconceiving vulgar Sort,
 Such an Impression of his Goodness gave,
 As Stain'd him, and rais'd a strange Report
 Of Miracles effected on his Grave:
 Although the Wife (whom Zeal did not transport)
 " Knew how each great Example still must have
 " Something of Wrong, a Taste of Violence,
 " Wherewith the publick Quiet doth dispense.

† *Mowbray*, *Earl Marshal*, after made *Duke of Norfolk*, had the Charge of dispatching the *Duke of Gloucester* at *Calice*.

‖ The King had by Parliament before pardoned the *Duke*, and those two *Earls*; yet was the Pardon revoked.

LIV.

The King forthwith provides him of a Guard,
 A Thousand Archers daily to attend;
 Which now upon the Act he had prepar'd,
 As th'Argument his Actions to defend;
 But yet the World hereof conceiv'd so hard,
 That all this nought avail'd him in the end,
 "In vain with Terror is he terrified,
 "That is not guarded with firm Love beside.

LV.

Now storm his grieved Uncles, tho' in vain,
 Not able better Courses to advise:
 They might their Grievance inwardly complain,
 But outwardly they needs must temporize.
 The King was Great; and they should nothing gain
 T'attempt Revenge, or offer once to rise:
 This League with France had made him now so
 [Strong,
 That they must needs as yet endure this Wrong.

LVI.

For like a Lion thus escapes his Bounds,
 Having been long restrain'd his Use to stray,
 Ranges the restless Woods, stays on no Ground,
 Riots with Bloodshed, wantons on his Prey;
 Seeks not for need, but in his Pride to wound,
 Glorifying to be his Strength, and what he may:
 So this unbridl'd King, (freed of his Fears)
 In Liberty, himself thus wildly bears.

LVII.

For standing now alone, he sees his Might
 Out of the Compass of respective Awe;
 And now begins to violate all Right,
 While no restraining Fear at Hand he saw.
 Now he exacts of all, wastes in Delight,
 Riots in Pleasure, and neglects the Law:

He

He thinks his Crown is licens'd to do ill :

“ That Less should list, that may do what it will,

Thus b'ing transported in this sensual Course,
No Friend to warn, no Counsel to withstand,
He still proceedeth on from bad to worse,
Sooth'd in all Actions that he took in Hand,
By such as all Impiety and Murd'ring
Commending ever what he did command.
“ Unhappy Kings ! that never may be taught
“ To know themselves, or to discern their Fault.

LIX.

And whilst this Course did smother the Kingdom,
The † Duke of *Gloucester* being of Courage bold,
As Son and Heir to Mighty *John of Gaunt*,
Utters the Passion which he could not hold,
Concerning those Oppressions, and the Ruine
Of Government ; which he to ‖ *Norfolk* told,
To th'end he (being great about the King)
Might do some good, by better Counselling.

LX.

Hereof doth *Norfolk* presently take hold,
And to the King the whole Discourse relate :
Who not conceiving it as it was told,
But judging it proceeded out of Hate,
Disdaining deeply to be so controll'd ;
That others should his Rule prejudicate,

* ——— *Nihil est quod credere de se non possit, cum
laudatur, Diis aequum Probat.*
† *Henry Bolingbroke* † *Henry Bolingbroke*
‖ *Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.*

Charg'd *Herford* therewithal : Who re-accus'd
Norfolk, for Words of Treason he had us'd.

LXI.

Norfolk denies them peremptorily ;
Herford re-charg'd, and supplicates the King
 To have the Combat of his Enemy,
 That by his Sword he might approve the Thing,
Norfolk desires the same as earnestly :
 And both with equal Courage menacing
 Revenge of Wrong, that none knew which was free :
 For Times of Faction Times of Slander be.

LXII.

The Combat granted, and the Day assign'd,
 They both in Order of the Field appear,
 Most richly furnish'd in all Martial Kind,
 And at the point of Intercombat were ;
 When lo ! the King chang'd suddenly his Mind,
 Casts down his Warder, to arrest them there ;
 As b'ing advis'd a better Way to take,
 Which might for his more certain Safety make.

LXIII.

For now considering (as it likely might)
 The Victory might hap on *Herford's* Side,
 (A Man most Valiant, and of Noble Sprite,
 Belov'd of all, and ever Worthy try'd ;)
 How much he might be grac'd in Publick Sight,
 By such an Act, as might advance his Pride,
 And so become more Popular by this ;
 Which he fears too much he already is.

LXIV.

And therefore he resolves to * banish both,
 Tho' th' one in chiefest Favour with him stood,
 A Man he dearly lov'd ; and might be loth
 To leave him, that had done him so much good :
 Yet having Cause to do as now he doth,
 To mitigate the Envy of his Blood,
 Thought best to lose a Friend to rid a Foe,
 And such a one as now he doubted so.

LXV.

And therefore to perpetual Exile he
Mowbray condemns ; *Herford* for but Ten Years :
 Thinking (for that the Wrong of this Decree,
 Compar'd with greater Rigor, less appears)
 It might of all the better liked be.
 But yet such Murm'ring of the Fast he hears,
 That he is fain Four of the Ten forgive,
 And judg'd him Six Years in Exile to live.

LXVI.

At whose Departure hence out of the Land,
 How did the open Multitude reveal
 The wondrous Love they bare him under-hand ?
 Which now in this hot Passion of their Zeal
 They plainly shew'd, that all might understand
 How dear he was unto the Common-Weal.
 They fear'd not to exclaim against the King,
 As one that sought all Good Men's Ruining.

* *Mowbray was banished the very Day (by the
 Course of the Year) whereon he murdered the Duke
 of Gloucester.*

LXVII.

LXVII.

Unto the Shore, with Tears, with Sighs, with
[Moan,

They him conduct ; cursing the Bounds that stay
Their willing Feet, that would have further gone,
Had not the fearful *Ocean* stopt their Way :

“ Why, *Neptune* ; Hast thou made us stand alone,
“ Divided from the World, for this, say they ;
“ Hemm’d in to be a Spoil to Tyranny,
“ Leaving Affliction hence no way to fly ?

LXVIII.

“ Are we lock’d up, poor Souls, here to abide
“ Within the wat’ry Prison of thy Waves,
“ As in a Fold, where subject to the Pride
“ And Lust of Rulers, we remain as Slaves ;
“ Here in the Reach of Might, where none can hide
“ From th’ Eye of Wrath, but only in their Graves ?
“ Happy Confiners you of other Lands,
“ That sift your Soil, and oft scape Tyrants Hands.

LXIX.

“ And must we leave him here, whom here were
[sit
“ We should retain, the Pillar of our State ?
“ Whose Virtues well deserve to govern it,
“ And not this wanton young Effeminate.
“ Why should not he in Regal Honour sit,
“ That best knows how a Realm to ordinate ?
“ But one Day yet we hope thou shalt bring back
“ (Dear *Bolingbroke*) the Justice that we lack.

LXX.

“ Thus mutter’d (lo !) the malecontented Sort,
“ That love Kings best before they have them still,
“ And never can the present State comport,
“ But would as often change as they change will.
For this Good Duke had won them in this Sort,
By succ’ring them, and pitying of their Ill ;

C 2

That

That they supposed strait it was one Thing,
To be both a Good Man, and a Good King.

LXXI.

When as the graver Sort that saw the Course,
And knew that Princes may not be controll'd,
Lik'd well to suffer this, for fear of worse ;
“ Since many Great one Kingdom cannot hold.
For now they saw intestine Strife of force
The apt-divided State entangle would,
If he should stay whom they would make their
By whom the Vulgar Body might be led, [Head,

LXXII.

“ They saw likewise, that Princes oft are fain
“ To buy their Quiet with the Price of Wrong :
And better 'twere that now a few complain,
Than all should mourn, as well the weak as strong ;
Seeing still how little Realms by Change do gain :
And therefore learned by observing long,
“ T'admire Times past, follow the present will ;
“ Wish for Good Princes, but t'endure the Ill.

LXXIII.

For when it nought avails, what Folly then
To strive against the Current of the Time ?
Who will throw down himself, for other Men,
That make a Ladder by his Fall to climb ?
Or who would seek t'embroil his Country, when
He might have Rest ; suffering but others Crime ?
“ Since Wise Men ever have preferred far
“ Th' unjustest Peace before the justest War.

LXXIV.

LXXIV.

Thus they consider'd, that in Quiet sat,
 Rich, or Content, or else unfit to strive;
 Peace-lover Wealth, hating a troublous State,
 Doth willing Reasons for their Rest contrive:
 But if that all were thus considerate;
 How should in Court the Great, the Favour'd thrive?
 Factions must be, and these Varieties;
 And some must fall, that other-some may rise.

LXXV.

But long the Duke remain'd not in Exile,
 Before that *John of Gaunt*, his Father, dies:
 Upon whose State the King seiz'd now, this while
 Disposing of it as his Enemy's.
 This open Wrong no longer could beguile
 The World, that saw these great Indignities:
 Which so exasperates the Minds of all,
 That they resolv'd him Home again to call.

LXXVI.

For now they saw 'twas Malice in the King,
 (Transported in his ill-conceited Thought)
 That made him so to prosecute the Thing,
 Against all Law, and in a Course so naught.
 And this Advantage to the Duke did bring
 More fit Occasions, whereupon he wrought.
 "For to a Man so strong, and of such Might,
 "He gives him more, that takes away his Right."

LXXVII.

The * King, in this mean time, (I know not how)
 Was drawn into some Actions forth the Land,
 T' appease the *Irish*, that revolted now:
 And there attending what he had in Hand,
 Neglects those Parts from whence worse Dangers grow,
 As ignorant how his Affairs did stand.

* *Anno Regni* 22.

30 C I V I L W A R.

Whether the Plot was wrought it should be so,
Or that his Fate did draw him on to go.

LXXVIII.

Most sure it is that he committed here
An ignorant and idle Oversight ;
Not looking to the Duke's Proceedings there,
Being in the Court of *France*, where best he might ;
Where both the King and all assured were
T' have stopt his Course, being within their
[Right :
But now he was exil'd, he thought him sure ;
And, free from farther doubting, liv'd secure.

LXXIX.

So blinds the sharpest Counsels of the Wise
This overshadowing Providence on high,
And dazzleth all their clearest-sighted Eyes,
That they see not how nakedly they lie.
There where they little think, the Storm doth rise,
And overcasts their clear Security ;
When Man hath stopt all Ways, save only that
Which (as least doubted) Ruin enters at,

LXXX.

And now was all Disorder in th' Excess,
And whatsoever doth a Change portend ;
As idle Luxury, and Wantonness,
Proteus-like varying Pride, vain without End ;
Wrong-worker Riot (Motive to oppress)
Endless Exactions which the Idle spend,
Consuming Usury, and Credits crack'd,
Call'd on this purging War that many lack'd.

LXXXI.

LXXXI.

Then ill-persuading Want, in Martial Minds,
 And wronged Patience, (long oppress'd with Might)
 Looseness in all; (which no Religion binds)
 Commanding Force; (the Measure made of *Right*)
 Gave Fuel to this Fire; that easy finds
 The way t'enflame, the whole endanger'd quite
 These were the publick Breeders of this War,
 By which still greatest States confounded are.

LXXXII.

For now this Peace with *France* had shut in here
 The overgrowing Humours Wars do spend :
 For where t'evacuate no Employments were,
 Wider th' unweildy Burthen doth distend.
 Men wholly us'd to War, Peace could not bear,
 As knowing no other Course whereto to bend ;
 For brought up in the Broils of these Two Rea'ms,
 They thought best Fishing still in troubled Streams.

LXXXIII.

Like to a River that is stop't his Course,
 Doth violate his Banks, breaks his own Bed,
 Destroys his Bounds, and over-runs by Force
 The Neighbour-Fields, irregularly spread ;
 Ev'n so this sudden Stop of War doth nurse
 Home-Broils within it self, from others led :
 So dangerous the Change hereof is try'd,
 E're Minds come soft, or otherwise employ'd.

LXXXIV.

But all this makes for thee, O *Bolingbroke*,
 To work a Way unto thy Sovereignty :
 This Care the Heavens, Fate and Fortune took,
 To bring thee to thy Sceptre easily.
 Upon thee falls that Hap which him forlook ;
 Who, Crown'd a King, a King yet must not die.

Thou wert ordain'd by Providence to raise
A Quarrel, lasting longer than thy Days.

LXXXV.

For now this absent Lord out of his Land,
(Where tho' he shew'd great Sprite and Valour then,
Being attended with a worthy Band
Of Valiant Peers, and most Courageous Men)
Gave Time to them at Home, that had in Hand
Th' ungodly Work, and knew the Season when;
Who fail not to advise the Duke with Speed,
Solliciting to what he soon agreed.

LXXXVI.

Who, presently, upon so good Report,
Relying on his Friends Fidelity,
Conveys himself out of the French King's Court,
Under Pretence to go to *Britany*;
And with his Followers that to Him resort,
Landed in * *England*; Welcom'd joyfully
Of th' alt'ring Vulgar, apt for Changes still,
As headlong carry'd with a present Will.

LXXXVII.

And coming to quiet Shore, but not to Rest,
The first Night of his joyful Landing here,
A fearful † Vision doth his Soul molest;
Seeming to see in rev'rent Form appear
A fair and goodly Woman all distrest;
Which, with full-weeping Eyes and rent Hair,

* *The Duke being banished in September, landed in the Beginning of July after, at Ravenspurre in Yorkshire; some say but with 60 Men, others with 3000, and Eight Ships, set forth and furnish'd by the Duke of Bretagne, Ann. Reg. 22.*

† *The Genius of England appears to Bolingbroke.*

Wring-

Wringing her Hands, as one that griev'd and pray'd,
With Sighs commixt with Words unto him said :.

LXXXVIII.

- " O ! whither dost thou tend, my unkind Son ?
 " What Mischief dost thou go about to bring
 " To her, whose *Genius* thou here look'st upon,
 " Thy Mother-Country, whence thy self didst
 [spring ?
 " Whither thus dost thou in Ambition run,
 " To change due Course by foul Disorder ?
 " What Bloodshed, what Turmoils dost thou com-
 [mence,
 " To last for many woful Ages hence ?

LXXXIX.

- " Stay here thy Foot, thy yet unguilty Foot,
 " That can't not stay when thou art further in :
 " Retire thee yet unstain'd, whilst it doth boot ;
 " The End is Spoil of what thou dost begin.
 " Injustice never yet took lasting Root,
 " Nor held that long, Impiety did win :
 " The Babes unborn shall (O !) be born to bleed !
 " In this thy Quarrel, if thou do proceed.

XC.

- This said, She ceas'd—— When he, in troubled
 [Thought,
 Griev'd at this Tale, and sigh'd, and thus replies :
 " Dear Countrey, O I have not hither brought
 " These Arms to spoil, but for thy Liberties :
 " The Sin be on their Head that this have wrought,
 " Who wrong'd me first, and thee do tyrannize.
 " I am thy Champion ; and I seek my Right :
 " Provok'd I am to this, by others Spite.

XCI.

" This, this Pretence (saith She,) th' Ambitious
 [find,
 " To smooch Injustice, and to flatter Wrong :
 " Thou dost not know what then will be thy Mind,
 " When thou shalt see thy self advanc'd and strong.
 " When thou hast shak'd off that which others
 [bind,
 " Thou soon forgettest what thou learned'st long :
 " Men do not know what then themselves will be,
 " When as more than themselves themselves they
 [see.

XCII.

And herewithal turning about, he wakes,
 Lab'ring in Spirit, troubl'd with this strange Sight ;
 And mus'd awhile, waking Advise ment takes
 Of what had pass'd in Sleep, and silent Night ;
 Yet hereof no important Reck'ning makes,
 But as a Dream that vanish'd with the Light :
 The Day-designs, and what he had in Hand
 Left it to his diverted Thoughts unscann'd.

XCIII.

Doubtful at first, he wary doth proceed ;
 Seems not to affect that which he did effect ;
 Or else perhaps seems as he meant indeed,
 Sought but his own, and did no more expect.
 Then, Fortune, thou art guilty of his Deed,
 That did'st his State above his Hopes erect ;
 And thou must bear some Blame of his great Sin,
 That left'st him worse than when he did begin.

XCIV.

XCIV.

Thou didst conspire with Pride, and with the
[Time,

To make so easy an Ascent to Wrong,
That he who had no Thought so high to climb,
(With sav'ring Comfort still allur'd along)
Was with Occasion thrust into the Crime ;
Seeing others Weakness, and his Part so strong.
" And who is there in such a Case that will
" Do good, and fear, that may live free with Ill ?

XCV.

We will not say nor think, O *Lancaster*,
But that thou then didst mean as thou didst swear:
Upon th' Evangelists at *Doncaster*,
In th' Eye of Heaven, and that Assembly there;
That thou but as an upright Orderer,
Sought'st to reform th' abused Kingdom here,
And get thy Right, and what was thine before:
And this was all ; thou would'st attempt no more.

XCVI.

Tho' we might say and think that this Pretence:
Was but a Shadow to th' intended Act ;
Because th' Event doth argue the Offence,
And plainly seems to manifest the Fact
For that hereby thou might'st win Confidence
With those, whom else thy Course might hap distract,
And all Suspicion of thy Drift remove ;
" Since easily Men credit whom they love.

XCVII.

But God forbid we should so nearly pry
Into the low deep bury'd Sins long past,
To examine and confer Iniquity,
Whereof Faith would no Memory should last ;
That our Times might not have to exemplify
With aged Stains ; but with our own Shame cast,

L

Might

Might think our Blot the first, not done before,
That new-made Sins might make us blush the more.

XCVIII.

And let unwresting Charity believe,
That then thy Oath with thy Intent agreed,
And others Faith thy Faith did first deceive,
Thy After-fortune forc'd thee to this Deed :
And let no Man this idle Censure give,
Because th' Event proves so, 'twas so decreed :
" For oft our Counsels sort to other End,
" Than that which Frailty did at first intend.

XCIX.

Whilst those that are but outward Lookers on,
(Who seldom sound these Mysteries of State)
Deem Things were so contriv'd as they are done,
And hold that Policy, which was but Fate ;
Imagining all former Acts did run
Unto that Course they see th' Effects relate ;
Whilst still too short they come, or cast too far,
" And make these Great Men wiser than they are.

C.

But by degrees he ventures now on Blood,
And sacrific'd unto the People's Love
The Death of those that Chief in Envy stood ;
As th' Officers, (who first these Dangers prove)
The Treasurer, and those whom they thought good ;
* *Busby and Green* by Death he must remove :
These were the Men the People thought did cause
Those great Exactions, and abus'd the Laws.

† *The Duke put to Death William Scroope, Earl of Wiltshire, Treasurer of England ; with Sir Henry Green, and Sir John Busby, for Misgoverning the King and the Realm.*

CL.

CI.

This done, his Cause was preach'd with Learned
[Skill,

By * *Arundel* th' Archbishop; who there shew'd
A Pardon sent from *Rome*, to all that will
Take Part with him, and quit the Faith they ow'd
To *Richard*, as a Prince unfit and ill,
On whom the Crown was fatally bestow'd :
And easy-yielding Zeal was quickly caught,
With what the Mouth of Gravity had taught.

CII.

O that this Pow'r from everlasting giv'n,
(The great Alliance made 'twixt God and us,
Th' Intelligence that Earth should hold with Heav'n)
Sacred † Religion! O that thou must thus
Be made to smoothe our Ways unjust, uneven;
Brought from above, Earth-Quarrels to discuss.
Must Men beguile our Souls to win our Wills;
And make our Zeal the Furtherer of Ills?

CIII.

But th' Ambitious, to advance their Might,
Dispense with Heaven, and what Religion would :
" The Armed will find Right, or else make Right ;
If this Means wrought not, yet another should.
And this and other now do all incite
To strength the Faction that the Duke doth hold ;
Who easily obtained what he sought ;
His Virtues and his Love so greatly wrought.

* Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury.

† Bis peccat, qui pretextu Religionis peccat.

CIV.

CIV.

The King still buſied in this *Iriſh* War,
 (Which by his Valour there did well ſucceed)
 Had News how here his Lords revolted are,
 And how the Duke of *Herford* doth proceed ;
 In theſe Affairs he fears are grown too far ;
 Haſtes his Return from thence with greateſt Speed ;
 But was by Tempeſts, Winds and Seas, debarr'd,
 As if they likewise had againſt him warr'd.

CV.

But at the length (tho' late) in *Wales* he lands ;
 Where thoroughly inform'd of *Henry's* Force,
 And well advertiſ'd how his own Caſe ſtands,
 (Which to his Grief he ſees tends to the worſe)
 He leaves t' * *Aumarle*, at *Milford*, all thoſe Bands
 He brought from *Ireland* ; taking thence his Courſe
 To † *Conway* (all diſguiſ'd) with Fourteen more,
 To th' Earl of *Salisbury*, thither ſent before.

CVI.

Thinking the ‡ Earl had rais'd ſome Army there ;
 Whom there he finds forſaken, all alone :
 The Forces in thoſe Parts which levied were,
 Were cloſely ſhrunk away, diſpers'd and gone.
 The King had ſtay'd too long ; and they, in Fear,
 Reſolved every Man to ſhift for one.
 At this amaz'd, ſuch Fortune he laments ;
 Foreſees his Fall, whereto each Thing conſents.

* *Edward Duke of Aumarle, Son to the Duke of York.*

† *Conway-Caſtle in Wales.*

‡ *Montague Earl of Salisbury.*

CVII.

CVII.

In this disturb'd, tumultuous, broken State,
 Whilst yet th' Event stood doubtful what should be;
 Whilst nought but headlong running to Debate;
 And glittering Troops and Armour Men might see;
 Fury and Fear, Compassion, Wrath, and Hate,
 Confus'd thro' all the Land, no Corner free:
 The Strong, all mad, to Strife, to Ruin bent;
 The Weaker wail'd; the Aged they lament,

CVIII.

And blame their many Years that live so long,
 To see the Horror of these Miseries.
 Why had not we (say they) dy'd with the Strong
 In Foreign Fields, in Honourable Wife,
 In Just Exploits, and Noble without Wrong;
 And by the Valiant Hand of Enemies?
 And not thus now reserved in our Age,
 To Home-Confusion, and disordered Rage.

CIX.

Unto the Temples flock the weak, devout,
 Sad wailing Women; there to Vow, and Pray
 For Husbands, Brothers, or their Sons gone out
 To Bloodshed; whom nor Tears nor Love could stay.
 Here Grave Religious Fathers (which much doubt
 The sad Events these Broils procure them may)
 As Prophets warn, exclaim, dissuade these Crimes,
 By the Examples fresh of other Times.

CX.

And O! what do you now prepare, said they;
 Another Conquest, by these fatal Ways?
 What, must your own Hands make your selves a Prey
 To Desolation, which these Tumults raise?
 What Dane, what Norman shall prepare his Way,
 To triumph on the Spoil of your Decays?

That

404 C I V I L W A R.

That which nor *France*, nor all the World could
[do,
In Union, shall your Discord bring you to?

CXI.

Conspire against Us, Neighbour-Nations all,
That envy at the Height whereto w' are grown :
Conjure the Barb'rous *North*, and let them call
Strange Bury from far distant Shores unknown ;
And let them all together on Us fall,
So to divert the Ruin of our own ;
That we, forgetting what doth so incense,
May turn the Hand of Malice to Defence..

CXII.

Calm these tempestuous Spirits, O mighty Lord ;
This threatening Storm, that over-hangs the Land :
Make them consider e're they unsheath the Sword,
How vain is th' Earth, this Point whereon they
[stand ;
And with what sad Calamities is stor'd
The best of that, for which th' Ambitious band ;
“ Labour the End of Labour, Strife of Strife,
“ Terror in Death, and Horror after Life.

CXIII.

Thus they in Zeal, whose humb'd Thoughts were :
[good ;
Whilst in this wide-spread Volume of the Skies,
The Book of Providence disclosed stood,
Warnings of Wrath, foregoing Miseries ;
In Lines of Fire, and Characters of Blood ;
There fearful Forms in dreadful Flames arise,
Amazing Comets, threatening Monarchs Might ;
And new-seen Stars, unknown unto the Night :

CXIV.

CXIV.

Red fiery Dragons in the Air do fly,
 And burning Meteors, pointed streaming Lights ;
 Bright Stars in Midst of Day appear in Sky,
 Prodigious Monsters, ghastly fearful Sighs ;
 Strange Ghosts and Apparitions terrify :
 The woful Mother her own Birth affrights ;
 Seeing a wrong deformed Infant born,
 Grieves in her Pains, deceiv'd, in Shame doth mourn.

CXV.

The Earth, as if afraid of Blood and Wounds,
 Trembles in Terror of these falling Blows ;
 The hollow Concaves give out groaning Sounds,
 And sighing Murmurs, to lament our Woes :
 The Ocean all at Discord with his Bounds,
 Reiterates his strange untimely Flows:
 Nature all out of Course, to check our Course,
 Neglects her Work, to work in Us Remorse.

CXVI.

So great a Wreck unto it self doth (lo !)
 Disorder'd, proud Mortality prepare,
 That this whole Frame doth even labour to
 Her Ruin unto Frailty to declare ;
 And travails to fore-signify the Woe,
 That weak Improvidence could not beware.
 " For Heav'n and Earth, and Air and Seas, and all,
 " Taught Men to see, but not to shun their Fall.

CXVII.

Is Man so dear unto the Heavens, that they
 Respect the Ways of Earth, the Works of Sin ?
 Doth this Great All, this *Universal* weigh
 The vain Designs that Weakness doth begin ?
 Or doth our *Fear*, Father of Zeal, give way
 Unto this Error Ignorance lives in ;

And

And deem our Faults the Cause that move these
 That have their Cause from other Cause than ours? ^{[Pow'rs,}

CXVIII.

But these Beginnings had this impious War,
 Th'ungodly Bloodshed that did so defile
 The Beauty of thy Fields, and ev'n did mar
 The Flow'r of thy Chief Pride, thou Fairest Isle :
 These were the Causes that incens'd so far
 The Civil-wounding Hand, enrag'd with Spoil ;
 That now the Living, with afflicted Eyes,
 Look back with Grief on such Calamity.

The End of the First Book.

The



The HISTORY of the CIVIL WAR.

BOOK II.

The ARGUMENT.

*King Richard moans his Wrong, and wails his Reign;
And here betray'd, to London he is led,
Basely attir'd, attending Her'ford's Train;
Where th' One is scorn'd, the Other welcomed.
His Wife, mistaking him, doth much complain;
And both together greatly sorrowed:
In Hope to save his Life, and ease his Thrall,
He yields up State, and Rule, and Crown and all.*

I.

IN Dearth of Faith, and Scarcity of Friends,
The late Great Mighty Monarch, on the Shore,
In th' utmost Corner of his Land attends,
To call back false Obedience, fled before;
Toils, and in vain his Toil and Labour spends;
More Hearts he sought to gain, he lost the more:
All turn'd their Faces to the Rising Sun,
And leave his Setting Fortune, Night begun.

II. Pier-

II.

* *Piercy*, how soon, by thy Example led,
 The Household-Train forsook their wretched Lord !
 When with thy Staff of Charge dishonoured,
 Thou brak'st thy Faith, not Steward of thy Word,
 And took'st his Part, that after took thy Head ;
 When thine own Hand had strengthen'd first his
 [Sword.]

" For such great Merit do upbraid, and call
 " For great Reward, or think that great too small.

III.

And Kings love not to be beholden ought ;
 Which makes their Chiefest Friends oft speed the
 [worst :
 For those, by whom their Fortunes have been
 [wrought,
 Put them in Mind of what they were at first ;
 Whose doubtful Faith if once in Question brought,
 'Tis thought they will offend, because they durst ;
 And taken in a Fault, are never spar'd ;
 " Being easier to revenge, than to reward.

IV.

And thus these mighty Actors, Sons of Change,
 These Partizans of Factions often try'd,
 That in the Smoke of Innovations strange
 Build huge uncertain Plots of unfare Pride,
 And on the Hazard of a bad Exchange,
 Have ventur'd all the Stock of Life beside ;
 " Whilst Princes rais'd, disdain to have been rais'd
 " By those whose Helps deserve not to be prais'd.

* *Thomas Piercy was Earl of Worcester, Brother to the Earl of Northumberland, and Steward of the King's House.*

V. B.

V.

But thus is *Richard* left, and all alone;
 Save with th' unarmed Title of his Right;
 And those brave Troops, his Fortune-Followers,
 [gone,
 And all that Pomp, (the Complements of Might)
 Th' amusing Shadows that are cast upon
 The State of Princes, to beguile the Sight;
 All vanish'd clean, and only Frailty left,
 Himself of all besides Himself bereft.

VI.

Like when some great *Colossus*, whose strong Base
 Or mighty Props are shrunk, or sunk away,
 Foreshewing Ruin, threatening all the Place
 That in the Danger of his Fall doth stay;
 All strait to better Safety flock apace,
 None rest to help the Ruin while they may:
 "The Peril great, and doubtful the Redress,
 "Men are content to leave Right in Distress.

VII.

And look how *Thames*, enrich'd with many a
 [Flood,
 And goodly Rivers, (that have made their Graves;
 And bury'd both their Names, and all their Good,
 Within his Greatness, to augment his Waves)
 Glides on with Pomp of Waters, unwithstood,
 Unto the Ocean, (which his Tribute craves)
 And lays up all his Wealth within that Pow'r,
 Which in it self all Greatness doth devour.

VIII.

VIII.

So flock the * Mighty, with their following Train,
 Unto the All-receiving *Bolingbroke* ;
 Who wonders at himself, how he should gain
 So many Hearts as now his Party took ;
 And with what Ease, and with how slender Pain,
 His Fortune gives him more than he could look :
 What he imagin'd never could be wrought,
 Is pour'd upon him far beyond his Thought.

IX.

So, often, Things which seem at first in Show,
 Without the Compass of Accomplishment,
 Once ventur'd on, to that Success do grow,
 That ev'n the Authors do admire th' Event :
 So many Means which they did never know,
 Do second their Designs, and do present
 Strange unexpected Helps ; and chiefly then,
 When th' Actors are reputed worthy Men.

X.

And *Richard*, who look'd Fortune in the back,
 Sees headlong Lightness running from the Right,
 Amazed stands, to note how great a Wreck
 Of Faith his Riots caus'd ; what mortal Spite
 They bear him, who did Law and Justice lack :
 Sees how concealed Hate breaks out in Sight,
 And Fear-depressed Envy, (pent before)
 When fit Occasion, thus unlock'd the Door.

* *The Duke of York, left Governor of the Realm in the Absence of the King, having levied a great Army, as if to have opposed against Bolingbroke, brought most of the Nobility of the Kingdom to take his Part.*

XI. Like

XI.

Like when some Mastiff-Whelp, dispos'd to play,
 A whole confused Herd of Beasts doth chase,
 Which with one vile Consent run all away ;
 If any hardier than the rest, in place
 But offer Head that idle Fear to stay,
 Back strait the daunted Chaser turns his Face ;
 And all the rest (with bold Example led)
 As fast run on him, as before they fled :

XII.

So, with this bold Opposer rushes on
 This many-headed Monster, *Multitude* :
 And He, who late was fear'd, is set upon,
 And by his own (*Aëdon*-like) pursu'd ;
 His own, that had all Love and Awe forgone :
 Whom Breath and Shadows only did delude,
 And newer Hopes, which Promises persuade ;
 Tho' rarely Men keep Promises so made.

XIII.

Which when he saw, thus to himself complains ;
 " O why do you, fond, false-deceived, so
 " Run headlong to that Change that nothing gains,
 " But Gain of Sorrow, only Change of Woe ?
 " Which is all one ; if he be like who reigns :
 " Why will you buy with Blood what you forego ?
 " 'Tis nought but Shews that Ignorance esteems :
 " The Thing possess'd is not the Thing it seems.

XIV.

" And when the Sins of *Bolingbroke* shall be
 " As great as mine, and you unanswered
 " In these your Hopes ; then may you wish for me,
 " Your Lawful Sov'reign, from whose Faith you
 [fled ;
 " And, grieved in your Souls, the Error see
 " That shining Promises had shadowed :

" As

- “ As th’ hum’rous Sick removing, find no Ease,
 “ When changed Chambers change not the Disease.

XV.

- “ Then shall you find this Name of Liberty,
 “ (The Watch-word of Rebellion ever us’d ;
 “ The idle Eccho of Uncertainty,
 “ That evermore the Simple hath abus’d)
 “ But new-turn’d Servitude, and Misery ;
 “ And ev’n the same, and worse, before refus’d.
 “ Th’ Aspirer once attain’d unto the Top,
 “ Cuts off those Means by which himself got up.

XVI.

- “ And with a harder Hand, and straiter Rein,
 “ Doth curb that Looseness he did find before ;
 “ Doubting th’ Occasion like might serve again:
 “ His own Example makes him fear the more.
 “ Then, O injurious Land ! what dost thou gain,
 “ To aggravate thine own Afflictions Store?
 “ Since thou must needs obey Kings Government ;
 “ And no Rule ever yet could all content.

XVII.

- “ What if my Youth hath offer’d up to Lust
 “ Licentious Fruits of indiscreet Desires,
 “ When idle Heat of vainer Years did thrust
 “ That Fury on ? Yet now when it retires
 “ To calmer State, why should you so distrust
 “ To reap that Good whereto mine Age aspires ?
 “ The Youth of Princes have no Bounds for Sin,
 “ Unless themselves do make them Bounds within.

XVIII.

XVIII.

- " Who sees not, that sees ought, (Woe worth the
[while,])
 " The easy Way, that Greatness hath to fall ?
 " Environ'd with Deceit, hemm'd in with Guile ;
 " Sooth'd up in Flatt'ry, fawned on of all ;
 " Within his own living as in Exile ;
 " Hears but with others Ears, or not at all ;
 " And ev'n is made a Prey unto a few,
 " Who lock up Grace, that would to other shew.

XIX.

- " And who (as let in Lease) do farm the Crown,
 " And joy the Use of Majesty and Might ;
 " Whilst we hold but the Shadow of our own,
 " Pleas'd with vain Shews, and dallied with Delight ?
 " They, as huge unproportion'd Mountains grown,
 " Between our Land and us, shadowing our Light,
 " Bereave the rest of Joy, and us of Love,
 " And keep down all, to keep themselves above.

XX.

- " Which Wounds, with Grief, poor unrespected
[Zeal,
 " When Grace holds no Proportion in the Parts ;
 " When Distribution in the Common-Weal
 " Of Charge and Honour, due to good Deserts,
 " Is stopt ; when others greedy Hands must deal
 " The Benefit that Majesty imparts ;
 " What Good we meant, comes gleaned Home but
[light ;
 " Whilst we are robb'd of Praise, they of their
[Right.

XXI.

Thus he complain'd—When lo, from *Lancaster*,
 (The new entitl'd Duke) with Order sent
 Arriv'd * *Northumberland*, as to confer,
 And make Relation of the Duke's Intent :
 And offer'd there, if that he would refer
 The Controversy unto Parli'ment,
 And punish those that had abus'd the State;
 As Causes of this Universal Hate ;

XXII.

And also see that Justice might be had :
 On those the Duke, of *Gloc'ster's* Death procur'd,
 And such remov'd from Council as were bad ;
 His Cousin *Henry* would, he there assur'd,
 On humble Knees before his Grace be glad
 To ask him Pardon, to be well secur'd,
 And have his Right and Grace restor'd again :
 The which was all he labour'd to obtain.

XXIII.

And therefore doth an Enterparle exhort ;
 Persuades him leave that unbecoming Place,
 And with a Princely Hardiness resort
 Unto his People, that attend his Grace.
 They meant his Publick Good, and not his Hurt ;
 And would most joyful be to see his Face.
 He lays his Soul to pledge, and takes his Oath,
 The Host of Christ, an Hostage for his Troth.

* *The Earl of Northumberland sent to the King,
 from Henry Bolingbroke, now Duke of Lancaster.*

XXIV.

XXIV.

This Proffer, with such Proteſtations, made
 Unto a King that ſo near Danger ſtood,
 Was a ſufficient Motive to perſuade,
 When no Way elſe could ſhew a Face ſo good :
 Th'unhonourable Means of Safety bad
 Danger accept, what Majeſty withſtood.
 " When better Choices are not to be had,
 " We needs muſt take the ſeeming Beſt of Bad.

XXV.

Yet ſtands H' in doubt a-while what Way to take ;
 Conſerring with that ſmall-remaining Troop
 Fortune had left ; which never would forſake
 Their poor, diſtreſſed Lord ; nor ever ſtoop
 To any Hopes the ſtronger Part could make :
 Good * *Carlisle*, *Ferby*, and *Sir Stephen Scroope*,
 With that moſt worthy † *Montague*, were all
 That were content with *Majeſty* to fall.

XXVI.

Time, ſpare ; and make not ſacrilegious Theft
 Upon ſo Memorable Conſtancy :
 Let not ſucceeding Ages be bereft
 Of ſuch Examples of Integrity.
 Nor thou, Magnan'mous ‡ *Leigh* muſt not be left
 In Darkneſs, for thy rare Fidelity ;
 To ſave thy Faith, content to loſe thy Head ;
 That Rev'rent Head, of Good Men honoured.

* *The Biſhop of Carlisle.*

† *Montague Earl of Salisbury.*

‡ *This was Sir Peter Leigh's Anceſtor, (of Lyme in Cheshire) that now is.*

XXVII.

Not will my Conscience I should injury
 Thy Memory, most Trusty * *Jenico*,
 For being not ours ; tho' with that *Gascony*
 Claim'd not for hers the Faith we reverence to ;
 That *England* might have this Small Company
 Only to her alone, having no mo.
 But let's divide this Good betwixt us both ;
 Take she thy Birth, and We will have thy Troth.

XXVIII.

Grave† *Montague*, whom long Experience taught
 In either Fortune, thus advis'd his King :
 " Dear Sov'reign, know, The Matter that is fought,
 " Is only how Your Majesty to bring
 " (From out of this poor Safety you have got)
 " Into their Hands, that else hold ev'ry thing.
 " For now, but only You they want of all ;
 " And wanting You, they nothing theirs can call.

XXIX.

" Here have you craggy Rocks to take your Part,
 " That never will betray their Faith to you ;
 " These trusty Mountains here will never start,
 " But stand t'upbraid their Shame that are untrue.
 " Here may you fence your Safety with small Art,
 " Against the Pride of that confused Crew :
 " If Men will not, these very Cliffs will fight,
 " And be sufficient to defend your Right.

* *Jenico d' Artois, a Gascoign.*

† *The Earl of Salisbury his Speech to King Richard.*

XXX.

XXX.

- " Then keep you here ; and here you shall be-
[hold;
" Within short Space, the sliding Faith of those
" That cannot long their Resolution hold,
" Repent the Course their idle Rashness chose.
" For that same Mercenary Faith they sold,
" With least Occasions discontented grows,
" And insolent those voluntary Bands ;
" Presuming how by them He chiefly stands.

XXXI.

- " And how can he those mighty Troops sustain
" Long Time, where now he is, or any where ?
" Besides, what Discipline can he retain,
" Whereas he dares not keep them under Fear,
" For fear to have them to revolt again ?
" So that it self when Greatness cannot bear,
" With her own Weight, must needs confus'dly
[fall,
" Without the Help of other Force at all.

XXXII.

- " And hither to approach he will not dare ;
" Where Desarts, Rocks, and Hills, no Succours
[give ;
" Where Desolation, and no Comforts are ;
" Where Enemies do no good, Many not live.
" Besides, We have the Ocean, to prepare
" Some other Place, if This should not relieve :
" So shall You tire his Force, consume his Strength,
" And weary all his Followers out at length.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

" Do but refer to Time, and to small Time ;
 " And infinite Occasions you shall find,
 " To quell the Rebel, even in the Prime
 " Of all his Hopes, beyond all Thought of Mind.
 " For many (with the Conscience of the Crime)
 " In colder Blood will curse what they design'd ;
 " And bad Success upbraiding their ill Fact,
 " Draws them (whom others draw) from such an
 [Act.

XXXIV.

" For if the least imagin'd Overture
 " But of conceiv'd Revolt Men once espy,
 " Strait shrink the Weak ; the Great will not endure ;
 " Th' Impatient run ; the Discontented fly :
 " The Friend his Friend's Example doth procure ;
 " And all together haste them presently,
 " Some to their Home, Some hide ; Others that say
 " To reconcile themselves, the Rest betray.

XXXV.

" What Hope have you that ever *Bolingbroke*
 " Will live a Subject, that hath try'd his Fate ?
 " Or what good Reconcilement can you look,
 " Where He must always Fear, and You must Hate ?
 " And never think that he this Quarrel took,
 " To re-obtain thereby his Private State :
 " 'Twas greater Hopes, that hereto him did call ;
 " And He will thrust for All, or else lose All.

XXXVI.

" Nor trust this Subtle Agent, nor his Oath.
 " You know his Faith---You try'd it before-hand.
 " His Fault is Death---And now to lose his Troth,
 " To save his Life, he will not greatly stand.
 " Nor trust your Kinsman's Proffer ; since you both
 " Shew, Blood in Princes is no stedfast Band.

" What

- " What tho' he hath no Title ?--He hath Might :
 " That makes a Title, where there is no Right.

XXXVII.

Thus he. ——— When that Good * Bishop thus
 [replies,

Out of a Mind that Quiet did affect :

- " My Lord, I must confess, as your Case lies,
 " You have great Cause your Subjects to suspect,
 " And counterplot against their Subtilties,
 " Who all good Care and Honesty neglect ;
 " And fear the worst what Insolence may do,
 " Or armed Fury may incense them so.

XXXVIII.

- " But yet, my Lord, Fear may as well transport
 " Your Care, beyond the Truth of what is meant ;
 " As otherwise Neglect may fall too short,
 " In not Examining of their Intent :
 " But let us weigh the Thing, which they exhort ;
 " 'Tis Peace, Submission, and a Parli'ment :
 " Which, how expedient 'tis for either Part,
 " 'Twere good we judg'd with an impartial Heare.

XXXIX.

- " And first, for you my Lord, in Grief we see
 " The miserable Case wherein you stand ;
 " Void here of Succour, Help, or Majesty,
 " On this poor Promontory of your Land :
 " And where how long a Time your Grace may be
 " (Expecting what may fall into your Hand)
 " We know not ; since th' Event of Things do lie
 " Clos'd up in Darkness, far from mortal Eye.

* *The Bishop of Carlisle.*

XL

" And how unfit it were you should protract
 " Long Time, in this so dangerous Disgrace ?
 " As tho' that you good Spirit and Courage lack'd,
 " To issue out of this opprobrious Place :
 " When ev'n the Face of Kings do oft exact
 " Fear and Remorse in faulty Subjects tale ;
 " And longer Stay a great Presumption draws,
 " That you were guilty, or did doubt your Cause.

XLI.

" What Subjects ever so enraged would dare
 " To violate a Prince ; & offend the Blood
 " Of that Renowned Race, by which they are
 " Exalted to the Height of all their Good ?
 " What if some Things by chance misguided were,
 " Which they have now rebelliously withstood ?
 " They never will protect with that Despite,
 " To wreck the State, and to confound the Right.

XLII.

" Nor do I think that *Bolingbroke* can be
 " So blind-ambitious to affect the Crown ;
 " Having himself no Title, and doth see
 " Others, if you should fail, must keep him down.
 " Besides, the Realm, tho' mad, will never 'gree'
 " To have a Right Succession overthrown ;
 " To raise Confusion upon them and theirs,
 " By prejudicing True and Lawful Heirs.

XLIII.

" And now it may be, fearing the Success
 " Of his Attempts, or with Remorse of Mind,
 " Or else distrusting secret Practices,
 " He would be glad his Quarrel were resign'd ;
 " So that there were some orderly Redress
 " In those Disorders, which the Realm did find :

" And

" And this, I think, he now sees were his best ;
 " Since further Actions further but unrest.

XLIV.

" And for th' Impossibility of Peace,
 " And Reconcilement, which my Lord objects ;
 " I think, when dying Injury shall cease,
 " (The Cause pretended) then surcease th' Effects :
 " Time, and some other Actions, may increase,
 " As may divert the Thought of these Respects ;
 " Others * Law of forgetting Injuries,
 " May serve our Turn in like Calamities.

XLV.

" And for his Oath, in Conscience and in Sense,
 " True Honour would not so be found untrue,
 " Nor spot his Blood with such a foul Offence
 " Against his Soul, against his God, and you.
 " Our Lord forbid, that ever with th' Expence-
 " Of Heav'n, and Heav'nly Joys, that shall ensue,
 " Mortality should buy this little Breath,
 " T' endure the Horror of Eternal Death.

XLVI.

" And therefore, as I think, you safely may :
 " Accept this Proffer, that determine shall
 " All doubtful Courses by a quiet Way ;
 " Needful for you, fit for them, good for all.
 " And here, my Sov'reign, to make longer Stay,
 " T' attend for what you are unsure will fall,
 " May slip th' Occasion, and incoise their Will :
 " For Fear, that's wiser than the Truth, doth ill.

* *Lex Amnestiæ.*

XLVII.

Thus he persuades, out of a zealous Mind,
 Supposing Men had spoken as they meant ;
 And unto this the King likewise inclin'd ;
 As wholly unto Peace and Quiet bent ;
 And yields himself to th' Earl :——Goes, leaves be-
 [hind
 His Safety, Sceptre, Honour, Government :
 For gone, All's gone——He is no more his own :
 And They rid quite of Fear, He of the Crown.

XLVIII.

A Place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands
 A huge aspiring Rock, neighb'ring the Skies,
 Whose furlly Brow imperiously commands
 The Sea his Bounds, that at his proud Feet lies ;
 And spurns the Waves, that in rebellious Bands
 Assault his Empire, and against him rise
 Under whose Craggy Government there was
 A niggard narrow Way, for Men to pass :

XLIX.

And here, in hidden Cliffs, concealed lay
 A Troop of Armed Men, to intercept
 The unsuspecting King ; that had no way
 To free his Foot, that into Danger stept.
 The Dreadful Ocean on the one side lay ;
 The hard-encroaching Mountain th' other kept.
 Before him, he beheld his Hateful Foes ;
 Behind him, Trayt'rous Enemies enclose.

L.

Environ'd thus, the Earl begins to cheer
 His all-amazed Lord, by him betray'd :
 Bids him take Courage, there's no Cause of Fear ;
 These Troops but there to guard him safe were laid.
 To whom the King : What need so many here ?
 This is against your Oath, my Lord, he said.

But now he sees in what Distress he stood :
To strive was vain ; t' intreat would do no good.

LI.

And therefore on with careful Heart He goes ;
Complains, (but to Himself) sighs, grieves, and
[frets ;

At *Rutland* dines, tho' feeds but on his Woes :
The Grief of Mind hinder'd the Mind of Meats.
For Sorrow, Shame, and Fear, Scorn of his Foes ;
The Thought of what He was, and what now threatens ;
Then what He should, and now what He hath done ;
Musters confused Passions all in one.

LII.

To *Flint* from thence, unto a restless Bed,
That miserable Night he comes convey'd ;
Poorly provided, poorly followed ;
Uncourted, unrespected, unbey'd :
Where if uncertain Sleep but hover'd
Over the drooping Cares that heavy weigh'd,
Millions of Figures Fantasy presents
Unto that Sorrow, waken'd Grief augments.

LIII.

His new Misfortune makes deluding Sleep
Say 'twas not so :—False Dreams the Truth deny.
Wherewith he starts ; feels waking Cares do creep
Upon his Soul, and gives his Dream the Lie ;
Then sleeps again :—And then again as deep
Deceits of Darkness mock his Misery.
So hard believ'd was Sorrow in her Youth ;
That he thinks Truth was Dreams, and Dreams were
[Truth.

LIV.

THE MORNING-LIGHT PRESENTS UNTO HIS VIEW
 (WALKING UPON A TURRET OF THE PLACE)

The Truth of what he sees is prov'd too true,
 A Hundred Thousand Men before his Face
 Came marching on the Shore, which thither drew.
 And more to aggravate his great Disgrace,
 Those he had wrong'd, or done to them Despite,
 (As if they him upbraid) came first in Sight.

LV.

There might he see that false, forsworn, vile
 Crew,

Those shameless Agents of unlawful Lust;
 His Pandars, Parasites, (People untrue
 To God and Man, unworthy any Trust)
 Preaching unto that Fortune that was new,
 And with unblushing Faces foremost thrust;
 As those that still with Prosp'rous Fortune sort,
 And are as born for Court, or made in Court.

LVI.

There he beheld, how humbly diligenc
 New Adulation was to be at Hand;
 How ready Falshood stept, how nimbly went
 Base pick-thank Flattery, and prevents Command.
 He saw the Great obey, the Grave consent,
 And all with this new-raisd Aspirer stand:
 But, which was worst, His Own Part acted there
 Not by Himself; His Pow'r not His appear.

LVII.

Which whilst he view'd, the Duke he might per-
 ceive
 Make t'wards the Castle to an Interview:
 Wherefore he did his Contemplation leave,
 And down into some fitter Place withdrew;
 Where now he must admit, without his Leave,
 Him, who before with all Submission due,

Would

Would have been glad t' attend, and to prepare
The Grace of Audience with respective Care.

LVIII.

Who now being home in Presence of his King,
(Whether the Sight of Majesty did breed
Remorse of what he was encompassing,
Or whether but to formalize his Deed)
He kneels him down with some Astonishing;
Rose——Kneels again (for Craft will still exceed)
When as the King approach'd, put off his Hood,
And welcom'd him; tho' wille'd him little Good.

LIX.

“To whom the Duke began: My Lord, I know,
“That both uncall'd, and unexpected too,
“I have presumed in this Sort to show,
“And seek the Right which I am born unto.
“Yet pardon, I beseech you, and allow
“Of that Constraint, which drives me thus to do.
“For since I could not by a fairer Course
“Attain mine own, I must use this of Force.

LX.

“Well; so it seems, Dear Cousin, said the King:
“Tho' you might have procur'd it otherwise:
“And I am here content in ev'ry Thing.
“To right you, as your self shall best devise.
“And God vouchsafe, the Force that here you
[bring
“Beget not *England* greater Injuries.
And so they part ——The Duke made haste, from
[thence,
It was no Place to end this Difference.

LXI.

Strait towards *London*, in this Heat of Pride,
 They forward set, as they had fore-decreed ;
 With whom the *Captive King*, constrain'd, must ride,
 Most meanly mounted on a simple Steed :
 Degraded of all Grace and Ease beside,
 Thereby Neglect of all Respect to breed.
 For th' over-spreading Pomp of prouder Might
 Must darken Weakness, and debase his Sight.

LXII.

Approaching near the City, He was met
 With all the Sumptuous Shews Joy could devise ;
 Where New Desire to please did not forget
 To pass the usual Pomp of former Guise.
 Striving Applause, as out of Prison let,
 Runs on, beyond all Bounds, to Novelties ;
 And Voice, and Hands, and Knees and all do now
 A strange deformed Form of Welcome show.

LXIII.

And manifold Confusion running, greets,
 Shouts, cries, claps Hands, thrusts, strives, and presses
 [near :
 Houses impoverish'd were t' enrich the Streets,
 And Streets left naked, that (unhappy) were
 Plac'd from the Sight where Joy with Wonder meets ;
 Where all of all Degrees strive to appear ;
 Where divers-speaking Zeal one Murmur finds,
 In undistinguish'd Voice to tell their Minds.

LXIV.

He that in Glory of his Fortune sat,
 Admiring what he thought could never be,
 Did feel his Blood within salute his State,
 And lift up his rejoicing Soul, to see
 So many Hands and Hearts congratulate
 Th' Advancement of his long-desir'd Degree ;
 When,

When, prodigal of Thanks, in passing by,
He re-salutes them all with chearful Eye.

LXV.

Behind him, all aloof, came pensive on
The unregarded King ; that drooping went
Alone, and (but for Spite) scarce look'd upon :
Judge, if He did more envy, or lament !
See what a wondrous Work this Day is done !
Which th' Image of both Fortunes doth present ;
In th' one to shew the best of Glory's Face,
In th' other, worse than worst of all Disgrace.

LXVI.

Now *Isabel*, the young, afflicted Queen,
(Whose Years had never shew'd her but Delights,
Nor Lovely Eyes before had ever seen
Other than smiling Joys, and joyful Sighs :
Born Great, March'd Great, Liv'd Great, and ever
[been
Partaker of the World's best Benefits)
Had plac'd her self, hearing her Lord should pass
That way, where She unseen in Secret was ;

LXVII.

Sick of Delay, and longing to behold
Her long-miss'd Love in fearful Jeopardies :
To whom altho' it had in sort been told
Of their Proceeding, and of his Surprize ;
Yet thinking they would never be so bold,
To lead their Lord in any shameful wise ;
But rather would conduct him as their King,
As seeking but the State's Re-ordering,

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

And forth She looks, and notes the foremost
 And grieves to view some there She wish'd not there;
 Seeing the Chief not come, stays, looks again;
 And yet She sees not Him that should appear.
 Then back She stands; and then desires, as fain,
 Again to look, to see if He were near.
 At length a Glittering Troop far off She spies;
 Perceives the Throng, and hears the Shout and
 [Cries.

LXIX.

Lo yonder! now at length He comes, saith She:
 Look, my Good Women, where he is in Sight.
 Do you not see him? Yonder; that is He!
 Mounted on that White Courser, all in White,
 There where the thronging Troops of People be.
 I know Him by his Seat: He sits upright.
 Lo, now He bows! Dear Lord, with what sweet
 [Grate!
 How long have I long'd to behold that Face!

LXX.

O what Delight my Heart takes by mine Eye!
 I doubt me when He comes but something near,
 I shall set wide the Window——What care I
 Who doth see Me, so Him I may see clear?
 Thus doth false Joy delude her wrongfully
 (Sweet Lady) in the Thing She held so dear:
 For, nearer come, She finds She had mistook;
 And Him She mark'd was *Henry Balingbrake*.

LXXI.

LXXI.

Then *Envy* takes the Place in her Sweet Eyes,
 Where Sorrow had prepar'd her self a Seat ;
 And Words of Wrath, from whence Complaints should
 Proceed from eager Looks, and Brows that threat :
 " Traytor, saith She ; is't thou, that in this wise
 " To brave thy Lord and King art made so great ?
 " And have mine Eyes done unto me this Wrong,
 " To look on thee ? For this stay'd I so long ?

LXXII.

" Ah ! have they grac'd a perjur'd Rebel so ?
 " Well ; for their Error I will weep them out,
 " And hate the Tongue desir'd ; that prais'd my
 " And loath the Mind, that gave me not to doubt.
 " What ? Have I added Shame unto my Woe ?
 " I'll look no more——Ladies, look you about ;
 " And tell me if my Lord be in this Train ;
 " Lest my betraying Eyes should err again.

LXXIII.

And in this Passion turns her self away.
 The rest look all, and careful note each Wight ;
 Whilst She, impatient of the least Delay,
 Demands again : And what ; not yet in Sight ?
 Where is my Lord : What ; gone some other way ?
 I muse at this——'O God, grant all go right ;
 Then to the Window goes again at last,
 And sees the Chiefest Train of all was past ;

LXXIV.

And sees not Him her Soul desir'd to see :
 And yet Hope spent makes her not Leave to look.
 At last her Love-quick Eyes, which ready be,
 Fastens on one ; whom tho' She never took
 Could be her Lord ; yet that sad Chear which He
 Then shew'd, his Habit and his woful Look,

The

The Grace he doth in base Attire retain,
Caus'd her She could not from his Sight refrain.

LXXV.

"What might He be, She said, that thus alone
Rides pensive in this Universal Joy ?
"Some I perceive, as well as we, do moan :
"All are not pleas'd with ev'ry Thing this Day.
"It may be, He laments the Wrong is done
"Unto my Lord, and grieves ; as well he may.
"Then He is some of ours ; and we of Right
"Must pity him, that pities our sad Plight.

LXXVI.

"But stay : Is't not my Lord Himself I see ?
"In truth, if 'twere not for his Base Array,
"I verily should think that it were He :
"And yet his Baseness doth a Grace bewray.
"Yet God forbid — Let me deceived be :
"And be it not my Lord, altho' it may :
"Let my Desire make Vows against Desire ;
"And let my Sight approve my Sight a Liar.

LXXVII.

"Let me not see Him but Himself, a King :
"For so He left me---So He did remove.
"This is not He---This feels some other Thing ;
"A Passion of Dislike, or else of Love.
"O yes, 'tis He !---That Princely Face doth bring
"The Evidence of Majesty to prove :
"That Face I have conferr'd which now I see,
"With that within my Heart, and they agree.

LXXVIII.

LXXVIII.

Thus as She stood assur'd, and yet in Doubt ;
 Wishing to see, what seen She griev'd to see ;
 Having Belief, yet fain would be without ;
 Knowing, yet striving not to know 'twas He :
 Her Heart relenting ; yet her Heart so stout,
 As would not yield to think what was, could be ;
 Till quite condemn'd by open Proof of Sight,
 She must confess, or else deny the Light.

LXXIX.

For whether Love in him did sympathize,
 Or Chance so wrought to manifest her Doubt ;
 Ev'n just before where! She thus Secret pries,
 He stays, and with clear Face looks all about.
 When She—"Tis, O ! too true—I know his Eyes :
 Alas ! it is my own Dear Lord—cries out :
 And with that Cry sinks down upon the Floor ;
 Abundant Grief lack'd Words to utter more.

LXXX.

Sorrow keeps full Possession in her Heart ;
 Locks it within ; stops up the Way of Breath ;
 Shuts Senses out of Door from ev'ry Part ;
 And so long holds there, as it hazardeth
 Oppress'd Nature, and is forc'd to part,
 Or else must be constrain'd to stay with Death :
 So by a Sigh it lets in Sense again,
 And Sense at length gives Words leave to explain.

LXXXI.

Then like a Torrent had been stopp'd before,
 Tears, Sighs and Words, doubled together flow ;
 Confus'dly striving whether should do more,
 The true Intelligence of Grief to show.
 Sighs hinder'd Words ; Words perished in their
 [Scorn ;
 Both, intermix'd in one, together grow.

One

One would do all ; the other more than's Part ;
Being both sent Equal Agents from the Heart.

LXXXII.

At length, when past the first of Sorrows worst,
When calm'd Confusion better Form affords ;
Her Heart commands ; her Words should pass out
[first,
And then her Sighs should interpoint her Words ;
The whiles her Eyes out into Tears should burst.
This Order with her Sorrow She accords ;
Which orderless, all Form of Order brake ;
So then began her Words, and thus she spake :

LXXXIII.

" What's dost thou thus return again to me ?
" Are these the Triumphs for thy Victories ?
" Is this the Glory thou dost bring with thee,
" From that Unhappy Irish Enterprise ?
" And have I made so many Woes to see
" Thy Safe Return, and see thee in this wife ?
" Is this the look'd-for Comfort thou dost bring ;
" To come a Captive, that went off our King ?

LXXXIV.

" And yet, Dear Lord, tho' thy ungrateful Land
" Hath left thee thus ; yet I will take thy Part ;
" I do remain the same, under thy Hand ;
" Thou still dost rule the Kingdom of my Heart ;
" If all be lost, that Government doth stand ;
" And that shall never from thy Rule depart.
" And so thou be, I care not how thou be :
" Let Greatness go, so it go without thee.

LXXXV.

" And Welcome come, how so unfortunate ;
" I will applaud what others do despise ;
" I love thee for thy Self, not for thy State ;
" More than thy Self is what without thee lies ;
" Let that more go, if it be in thy Fate ;
" And having but thy Self, it will suffice.

- " I married was not to thy Crown, but Thee ;
 " And Thou, without a Crown, all one to Me.

LXXXVI.

- " But what do I here lurking idly moan,
 " And wail apart ; and in a single Part
 " Make several Grief ? Which should be both in
 [one ;
 " The Touch being equal of each other's Heart.
 " Ah ! no, Sweet Lord, thou must not moan alone ;
 " For without me thou art not all thou art ;
 " Nor my Tears without thine are fully Tears,
 " For thus unjoin'd, Sorrow but half appears.

LXXXVII.

- " Join then our Plains, and make our Grief full
 [Grief ;
 " Our State being one, let us not part our Care ;
 " Sorrow hath only this poor bare Relief,
 " To be bemoan'd of such as woful are.
 " And should I rob thy Grief, and be the Thief,
 " To steal a private Part, and several Share ;
 " Defrauding Sorrow of her perfect Due ?
 " No, no, my Lord ; I come to help thee rue.

LXXXVIII.

- Then forth She goes a close concealed Way,
 (As, grieving to be seen not as She was) ;
 Labours t' attain his Presence all She may ;
 Which, with most hard ado was brought to pass.
 For that Night understanding where He lay,
 With earnest treating She procur'd her Pass,
 To come to him. Rigor could not deny
 Those Tears, (so poor a Suit) or put her by.

LXXXIX.

LXXXIX.

Entering the Chamber, where he was alone,
 (As one whose former Fortune was his Shame)
 Loathing th'upbraiding Eye of any one
 That knew him once, and knows him not the
 [same :
 When having given exprefs Command that none
 Should press to him ; yet hearing some that came,
 Turns angrily about his griev'd Eyes ;
 When lo ! his sweet afflicted Queen he spies.

XC.

Straight clears his Brow, and with a borrow'd
 [Smile ;
 " What ! my Dear Queen ! Welcome, my Dear, he
 [says :
 And (striving his own Passion to beguile,
 And hide the Sorrow which his Eye bears)
 Could speak no more ; but wrings her Hands the
 [while :
 And then—Sweet Lady ! And again he stays.
 Th' Excess of Joy and Sorrow both affords
 Affliction none, or but poor niggard Words.

XCI.

She that was come with a resolv'd Heart,
 And with a Mouth full stor'd, with Words well
 [chose ;
 Thinking, this Comfort will I first impart
 Unto my Lord, and thus my Speech dispose :
 Then thus I'll say ; thus look ; and with this Art,
 Hide mine own Sorrow, to relieve his Woes.
 When being come, all this prov'd nought but
 [Wind ;
 Tears, Looks, and Sighs, do only tell her Mind.

XCII.

XCII.

Thus both stood silent, and confused so,
 Their Eyes relating how their Hearts did mourn :
 Both big with Sorrow, and both great with Woe,
 In Labour with what was not to be born ;
 This mighty Burthen wherewithal they go,
 Dies undeliver'd, perishes unborn.
 Sorrow makes Silence her best Orator,
 Where Words may make it less, not shew it more.

XCIII.

But He, whom longer Time had learn'd the Art
 T'endure Affliction, as a usual Touch,
 Strains forth his Words, and throws Dismay apart,
 To raise up her, whose Passions now were such
 As quite oppress'd her over-charged Heart,
 (Too small a Vessel to contain so much ;)
 And cheers, and moans, and feigned Hopes doth
 [frame,
 As if himself believ'd, or hop'd the same.

XCIV.

And now the while these Princes sorrowed,
 Forward Ambition (come so near her End)
 Sleeps not, nor slips th' Occasion offered,
 T'accomplish what it did before intend.
 A Parliament is forthwith summoned
 In *Richard's* Name ; whereby they might pretend
 A Form to grace Disorder, and a Show
 Of Holy Right, the Right to overthrow.

XCV.

Order, how much predominant art thou !
 That if but only thou pretended art,
 How soon deceiv'd Mortality doth bow,
 To follow thine, as still the better Part ?
 'Tis thought that Rev'rent Form will not allow
 Iniquity, or Sacred Right pervert.

Within

Within our Souls since then thou dwell'st so strong ;
How ill do they, that use thee, to do wrong ?

XCVI.

So ill did they, that in this formal Course
Sought to establish a deformed Right ;
Who might as well effected it by Force,
But that Men hold it wrong what's wrought by
[Might.
Offences urg'd in publick, are made worse :
The Shew of Justice aggravates Despite.
" The Multitude that look not to the Cause,
" Rest satisfy'd so it seem done by Laws.

XCVII.

And now they divers Articles object,
Of Rigor, Malice, private Favourings,
Exaction, Riot, Falshood, and Neglect ;
Crimes done, but seldom answered by Kings ;
Which Subjects do lament, but not correct.
And all these Faults which *Lancaster* now brings
Against a King, must be his own, when he
By urging others Sins, a King shall be.

XCVIII.

For all that was most odious was devis'd,
And publish'd in these Articles abroad :
All th' Errors of his Youth were here compris'd,
Calamity with Obloquy to load,
And more to make him publicly despis'd,
Libels, Invectives, railing Rhimes were sow'd
Among the Vulgar, to prepare his Fall
With more Applause, and good Consent of all.

XCIX.

XCIX.

Look how the Day-hater, *Minerva's* * Bird,
 Whilst privileg'd with Darkness and the Night,
 Doth live secure t' himself, of others fear'd :
 If but by chance discover'd in the Light,
 How doth each little Fowl (with Envy stirr'd)
 Call him to Justice, urge him with Despire ;
 Summon the feather'd Flocks of all the Wood,
 To come to scorn the Tyrant of their Blood ?

C.

So fares this King, laid open to Disgrace,
 Whilst ev'ry Mouth (full of Reproach) inveighs,
 And ev'ry base Detractor, in this Case,
 Upon th' Advantage of Misfortune plays :
 Down-falling Greatness, urged on apace,
 Was follow'd hard by all disgraceful ways,
 Now in the Point t' accelerate an End,
 Whilst Misery had no Means to defend.

CI.

Upon those Articles in Parli'ment,
 So heinous made, enforc'd, and urg'd so hard,
 He was adjudg'd unfit for Government,
 And of all Regal Pow'r and Rule debarr'd :
 For who durst contradict the Duke's Intent ?
 Or if they durst, should patiently be heard ?
 Desire of Change, old Wrongs, new Hopes, fresh
 Being far the *Major Part*, the Cause must bear. [Fear;

* *The Owl is said to be Minerva's Bird.*

CII.

Yet must we think, that some which saw the
 [Course,
 (The better few, whom Passion made not blind)
 Stood careful Lookers on, with sad Commorse,
 Amaz'd to see what headlong Rage design'd ;
 And in a more considerate Discourse
 Of Tragical Events, thereof divin'd ;
 And would excuse and pity those Defects,
 Which with such Hate the adverse Parts objects :

CIII.

Saying, " Better Years might work a better Care ;
 " And Time might well have cur'd what was amiss ;
 " Since all these Faults fatal to Greatness are,
 " And worse Deserts have not been punish'd thus.
 " But yet in this, the Heavens (we fear) prepare
 " Confusion for our Sins, as well as his ;
 " And his Calamity beginneth our :
 " For He his own, and we abus'd his Pow'r.

CIV.

Thus murmur'd they : When to the King were
 [sent
 Certain, who might persuade him to forsake
 And leave his Crown, and with his free Consent
 A Voluntary Resignation make ;
 Since that he could no other way prevent
 These Dangers, which he else must needs partake.
 For not to yield to what Fear would constrain,
 Would bar the Hope of Life that did remain.

CV.

And yet this scarce could work him to consent
 To yield up that so soon, Men hold so dear :
 " Why, let him take (said he) the Government ;
 " And let Me yet the Name, the Title bear,
 " Leave Me that Shew, and I will be content ;
 " And let them Rule and Govern without Fear.
 " What!

"What! can they not my Shadow now endure;
 "When they, of all the rest, do stand secure?"

CVI.

"Let me hold that, I ask no other Good :
 "Nay, that I will hold—*Henry*, do thy worst.
 "For e're I yield my Crown, I'll lose my Blood ;
 "That Blood, that shall make thee and thine ac-
 [curs'd.

Thus resolute a-while he firmly stood ;
 Till Love of Life, and Fear of being forc'd,
 Vanquish'd th' innatèd Valour of his Mind ;
 And Hope and Friends so wrought, that he re-
 [sign'd.

CVII.

Then to the *Tow'r* (where he remained) went
 The *Duke*, with all the *Peers* in Company,
 To take his Offer with his Free Consent,
 And this his Resignation testify ;
 And thereof to inform the *Parliament*,
 That all Things might be done more formally,
 And Men thereby rest better satisfy'd,
 As of an Act not forc'd or falsify'd.

CVIII.

And forth H'is brought unto th' Accomplishment;
 Deck'd with the Crown in Princely Robes that Day :
 Like as the Dead, in other Lands, are sent
 Unto their Graves in all their best Array.
 And ev'n like Good did him this Ornament :
 For what he brought he must not bear away ;
 But buries there his Glory and his Name,
 Entomb'd both in his own, and others Blame.

CIX.

And there unto th' Assembly of these States,
 His Sorrow for their long-endured Wrong
 Thro' his abus'd Authority, relates,
 Excuses with Confessions mix'd among :
 And glad (he says) to finish all Debates,
 He was to leave the Rule they fought for long ;
 Protesting, if it might be for their Good,
 He would as gladly sacrifice his Blood.

CX.

There He his Subjects all in general
 Affoils, and quits of Oath and Fealty ;
 Renounces Int'rest, Title, Right, and All
 That appertain'd to Kingly Dignity :
 Subscribes thereto, and doth to Witness call
 Both Heav'n and Earth, and God, and Saints on
 [high,
 To testify his Act ; and doth profess
 To do the same with most free Willingness.

CXI.

'Tis said, with his own Hands He gave the Crown
 To *Lancaster* ; and wish'd to God he might
 Have better Joy thereof than He had known ;
 And that his Pow'r might make it his by Right.
 And furthermore he crav'd (of all his own)
 But Life, to live apart a private Wight :
 The Vanity of Greatness he had try'd,
 And how unsurely stands the Foot of Pride.

CXII.

This brought to pass, the Lords return with Speed,
 The Parli'ment hereof to certify ;
 Where they at large publish'd the King's own Deed,
 And Form of his Resignment verbally :
 And thereupon doth *Lancaster* proceed,
 To make his Claim unto the Monarchy ;

And

And shews the Right He hath, both by Descent,
And by Recov'ry, to the Government.

CXIII.

Which being granted, * *Canterbury* rose,
And animates them by the Sacred Word
In this their Course : And by his Text he shows
“ How well they made their Choice of such a Lord ;
“ Who, as a Man, was able to dispose,
“ And guide the State : And how the Royal Sword
“ Ought to be at a Man's Commandement ;
“ Not at a Child's, or one as impotent.

CXIV.

“ Since when the Greatness of his Charge exceeds
“ The Smallness of his Pow'rs, he must collate
“ The same on others—Whence, says he, proceeds
“ This Rav'nous Expilation of the State :
“ Whence no Man any more the Publick heeds,
“ Than so much as imports his private State.
“ *Our Health is from our Head* : If that be ill,
“ Distemper'd, faint and weak, all the rest will.

CXV.

“ Then to the Present all his Speech he draws,
“ And shews what admirable Parts abound
“ In this Brave Prince ; being fit to give them—
[Laws ;
“ Fit for his Valour ; fit for Judgment sound.
And *Lancaster*, indeed I would thy Cause
Had had as Lawful and as Sure a Ground,
As had thy Virtues and thy Noble Heart,
Ordain'd and born for an Imperial Part.

* *The Archbishop of Canterbury takes his Text out of the First Book of Kings, Chap. ix. Vir dominabitur in Populo.*

CXVI.

Then had not that confus'd succeeding Age
 Our Fields ingrain'd with Blood, our Rivers dy'd
 With purple-streaming Wounds of our own Rage,
 Nor seen our Princes slaughter'd, Peers destroy'd.
 Then had'st not thou, Dear Country, com'n to wage
 War with thy self, nor those Afflictions try'd
 Of all-consuming Discord here so long ;
 Too mighty now, against thy self too strong.

The End of the Second Book.

The



The HISTORY of the CIVIL WAR.

BOOK III.

The ARGUMENT.

*Henry the IVth the Crown established.
The Lords that did to Gloc'ster's Death consent,
Degraded, do rebel ; are vanquished.
King Richard unto Pomfret-Castle sent,
Is by a Cruel Knight there murdered,
After the Lords had had their Punishment.
His Corps from thence to London is convey'd,
And there, for All to view, is open laid.*

I.

NOW risen is that Head, by which did spring
The Birth of Two strong Heads, Two Crowns,
That monstrous Shape, that afterward did bring
Deform'd Confusion to distracted Wights.
Now is attain'd that dearly purchas'd Thing,
That fill'd the World with lamentable Sights ;
And now attain'd, all Care is how to frame
Means to establish, and to hold the same.

E. 4.

II.

II.

First, he attends to build a strong Conceit
 Of his usurped Pow'r in Peoples Minds,
 And arms his Cause with Furniture of Weight;
 Which easily the Sword, and Greatness finds.
 Succession, Conquest, and Election strait
 Suggested are, and prov'd in all their Kinds.
 More than enough they find, who find their Might
 Hath Force to make all (that they will have) Right.

III.

Tho' one of these might very well suffice,
 His present Approbation to procure :
 " But who his own Cause makes, doth still devise
 " To make too much, to have it more than sure.
 " Fear casts too deep, and ever is too wise :
 " No usual Plots the Doubtful can secure.
 And all these disagreeing Claims he had,
 With Hope to make One good of Many Bad.

IV.

Like unto him that fears, and fain would stop
 An Inundation working on apace ;
 Runs to the Breach, heaps mighty Matter up ;
 Throws indigested Burthens on the Place ;
 Loads with huge Weights the Outside, and the
 [Top,
 But leaves the Inner Parts in feeble Case ;
 Whilst th' under-searching Water working on,
 Bears proudly down all that was idly done :

V.

So fares it with our indirect Designs,
 And wrong-contrived Labours, at the last ;
 Whilst working Time, and Justice undermines
 The feeble Frame, held to be wrought so fast :
 Then when out-breaking Vengeance uncombines
 The ill-join'd Plots, so fairly over-cast ;

Turns

Turns up those huge pretended Heaps of Shows,
And all these weak Illusions overthrows.

VI.

But after having made his Title plain,
Unto his Coronation He proceeds :
Which, in most sumptuous Sort, (to entertain
The gazing Vulgar, whom this Splendor feeds)
Is stately furnish'd, with a Glorious Train ;
Wherein the former Kings he far exceeds ;
And all t' amuse the World, and turn the Thought,
Of what and how 'twas done, to what is wrought.

VII.

And that he might on many Props repose,
He strengths his own, and who his Part did take :
New Officers, new Counsellors he chose.
His Eldest Son, the Prince of *Wales* doth make :
His Second, Lord High-Steward. And to those
Had hazarded their Fortunes for his Sake,
He gives them Charge as merits their Desert,
And raises them by crushing th' adverse Part.

VIII.

So that hereby the Universal Face
Of Court, with all the Offices of State,
Are wholly chang'd, by Death or by Disgrace,
Upon th' Advantage of the Peoples Hate ;
“ Who ever envying those of Chiefest Place,
“ (Whom neither Worth nor Virtue, but their Fate :
“ Exalted hath) do, when their Kings do naught,
“ (Because it's in their Pow'r) judge it their Fault.

IX.

And in their stead, such as were popular,
And well-deserving, were advanc'd by Grace.
Grave *Shirley* he ordains Lord Chancellor,
Both worthy for his Virtues, and his Race :
And *Norbury* he appoints for Treasurer ;
A Man tho' mean, yet fit to use that Place :

And others t' other Rooms ; whom People hold
So much more lov'd, how much they loath the old.

X.

And it behoves him now to do his best
T' approve his Vow, and Oath made to the State :
And many great Disorders he redress'd ;
Which always Usurpation makes the Gate
To let it self into the Peoples Breast,
And seeks the Publick best t' accommodate :
Wherein Injustice better doth than Right ;
" For who reproves the Lame, must go upright.

XI.

Tho' it be easy to accuse a State
Of Imperfection, and Misgovernment ;
And easy to beget in People Hate
Of present Rule, which cannot all content :
And few attempt it, that effect it not :
Yet t' introduce a better Government
Instead thereof, if we t' Example look,
The Undertakers have been overtook.

XII.

Then against * those he strictly doth proceed,
Who Chief of *Gloc'ster's* Death were guilty thought :
Not so much for th' Hatred of that Deed ;
But under this Pretext, the Means he sought
To ruin such whose Might did much exceed
His Pow'r to wrong, or else could well be wrought.
Law, Justice, Blood, the Zeal unto the Dead,
Were on his Side, and his Drift coloured.

* *The Nobility accused for the Death of Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester.*

XIII.

XIII.

Here many of the * Greatest of the Land
 Accus'd were of the Act ; strong Proofs brought
 Which strongly were refell'd :—The Lords all stand,
 To clear their Cause, most resolutely stout.
 The King perceiving what he took in Hand,
 Was not with Safety to be brought about,
 Desists to urge their Death in any wise ;
 Respecting Number, Strength, Friends, and Allies.

XIV.

Nor was it Time now, in his tender Reign,
 And infant-young-beginning Government,
 To strive with Blood ; when Lenity must gain
 The mighty Men, and please the Discontent.
 " New Kings do fear, when Old Courts farther
 Establish'd States to all Things will consent.
 He must dispense with his Will, and their Crime,
 And seek t'oppress and wear them out with Time.

XV.

Yet not to seem but to have something done
 In what he could not as he would effect,
 To satisfy the People, (that begun
 Revenge of Wrong, and Justice to expect.)
 He caus'd be put to Execution one,
 Who to perform this Murder was elect ;
 A base Companion, few or none would miss ;
 Who first did serve their Turn, and now serves
 [his.

* The Dukes of Surrey, Exeter, and Aumarle ; the
 Earls of Salisbury and Gloucester ; the Bishop of Car-
 lisle, Sir Thomas Blount, and Others ; were the Par-
 ties accus'd, for the Death of the D. of Gloucester.

XVI.

XVI.

And to abase the too high State of those
That were accus'd, and lessen their Degrees ;
Aumarle, Surrey, and Exeter must lose
The Names of Dukes, their Titles, Dignities,
And whatsoever Profits thereby rise :
The Earls, their Titles and their Signories :
And all they got in th' End of *Richard's* Reign,
Since *Gloc'ster's* Death, they must restore again ;

XVII.

By this, as if by *Ostracism*, t' abate
That great presumptive Wealth whereon they stand.
For first, hereby improv'ring their State,
He kills the Means they might have to withstand ;
Then equals them with other whom they hate,
Who (by their Spoils) are rais'd to High Com-
[mand ;
That weak, and envy'd, if they should conspire,
They wreck themselves, and he hath his Desire.

XVIII.

Yet by this Grace (which must be held a Grace,
As both they and the World are made believe)
He thinks t' have deals benignly in this Case,
And left them State enough, to let them live :
And that the taking from them Means and Place,
Was nothing in respect what he did give :
But they that know how their own Reck'ning goes,
Account not what they have, but what they lose.

XIX.

The Parli'ment which now is held, decreed,
Whatever pleas'd the King but to propound ;
Confirm'd the Crown to him, and to his Seed,
And by their Oath their due Obedience bound ;
Which was the Pow'r that stood him best in stead,
And made whatever broken Courses found.

For

For what he got by Fortune, Favour, Might,
It was the State that now must make his Right.

XX.

Here was agreed, (to make all more secure)
That *Richard* should remain for evermore
Close Prisoner ; lest the Realm might chance en-
[dure
Some new Revolt, or any fresh Uproar :
And that if any should such Broil procure,
By him, or for him, he should die therefore.
So that a Talk of Tumult, and a Breath,
Would serve him as his Passing-Bell to Death.

XXI.

Yet Reverend *Carlisle*, thou didst there oppose
Thy Holy Voice, to save thy Prince's Blood,
And freely check'dst this Judgment, and his Foes :
When All were bad, yet Thou dar'dst to be good.
Be it enroll'd, (that Time may never lose
The Memory) how firm thy Courage stood ;
When Pow'r, Disgrace, nor Death could ought di-
[vert
Thy glorious Tongue thus to reveal thy Heart.

XXII.

" Grave, Rev'rent Lords, since that this Sacred
[Place,
" Our *Aventine-Retire*, our Holy Hill,
" This Place, Soul of our State, the Realms best
[Grace)
" Doth privilege me, speak what Reason will :
" Let me but say my Conscience in this Case ;
" Lest Sin of Silence shew my Heart was ill :
" And let these Walls witness, if you will not,
" I do discharge my Soul of this foul Blot.

XXIII.

XXIII.

" Never shall this poor Breath of mine consent,
 " That He that Two and twenty Years hath reign'd
 " As Lawful Lord, and King by just Descent,
 " Should here be judg'd, unheard, and unarraign'd ;
 " By Subjects too, (Judges incompetent
 " To judge their King, unlawfully detain'd)
 " And unbrought-forth to plead his guiltless Cause ;
 " Barring th' Anointed Liberty of Laws.

XXIV.

" Have you not done enough with what is done ?
 " Must needs Disorder grow from bad to worse ?
 " Can never Mischief end as it begun ;
 " But being once out, must further out of Force ?
 " Think you, that any Means under the Sun,
 " Can assure so indirect a Course ?
 " Or any broken Cunning build so strong,
 " As can hold out the Hand of Vengeance long ?

XXV.

Stopt there was his too veh'ment Speech with
 [Speed,
 And he sent close to Ward from where he stood ;
 His Zeal untimely deem'd too much t' exceed
 The Measure of his Wit, and did no good.
 They resolute, for all this, do proceed
 Unto that Judgment could not be withstood.
 The King had all he crav'd, or could compel ;
 And all was done---let others judge how well.

XXVI.

Now *Muse*, relate a woful Accident,
 And tell the Bloodshed of these mighty Peers,
 Who (lately reconcil'd) rest discontent,
 Griev'd with Disgrace, remaining in their Fears :
 However seeming outwardly content,
 Yet th' inward Touch that wounded Honour bears,
 Rests

Rests closely wrangling, and can find no Ease,
Till Death of one side cure this great Disease.

XXVII.

Means how to feel and learn each other's Heart,
By th' *Abbat's* Skill of *Westminster* is found ;
Who secretly disliking *Henry's* Part,
Invites these Lords, and those he meant to found ;
Feasts them with Cost, and draws them on with
[Art ;
And dark and doubtful Questions doth propound :
Then plainer speaks, and yet uncertain speaks :
Then wishes well---then off abruptly breaks.

XXVIII.

" My Lords, saith he, I fear we shall not find
" This long-desired King such as was thought.
" But yet he may do well---God turn his Mind :
" 'Tis yet new Days---But ill bodes new and nought.
" Some yet speed well---Tho' all Men of my Kind
" Have Cause to doubt. His Speech is not forgot,
" *That Princes had too little ; We too much.*
" God give him Grace---But 'tis ill Trusting such.

XXIX.

This open-close, apparent-dark Discourse,
Drew on much Speech---And every Man replies :
And ev'ry Man adds Heat---And Words enforce,
And urge our Words. For when one Man espies
Another's Mind like his ; then ill breeds worse ;
And out breaks all in th'end, what closest lies.
For when Men well have fed, th' Blood being
[warm,
Then are they most improvident of Harm.

XXX.

Bewray they did their inward boiling Spite ;
 Each stirring others to revenge their Cause.
 One says, he never should endure the Sight
 Of that Forsworn, that wrongs both Land and
 [Laws.

Another vows the same ; of his Mind right.
 A Third t' a Point more near the Matter draws ;
 Swears if they would, he would attempt the Thing,
 To chase th' Usurper ; and replace their King.

XXXI.

Thus one by one kindling each other's Fire,
 Till all inflam'd, they all in one agree ;
 All resolute to prosecute their Ire,
 Seeking their own, and Country's Cause to free ;
 And have his first, that their Blood did conspire.
 For no way else, they said, but this, could be
 Their wrong-detained Honour to redeem ;
 Which true-bred Blood should more than Life
 [esteem.

XXXII.

“ And let not this our new-made faithless Lord,
 “ Saith * *Surrey*, think that we are left so bare,
 “ (Tho' bare enough) but we will find a Sword ;
 “ To kill him with, when he shall not beware.
 For he that is with Life and Will enstor'd,
 Hath (for Revenge) enough, and needs not care :
 For Time brings Means to furnish him withal ;
 Let him but wait th' Occasions as they fall.

* Thomas late Duke of Surrey.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

Then of the Manner how t'effect the Thing,
 Consulted was——And in the End agreed,
 That at a Masque and Common Reveling,
 Which was ordain'd, they should perform the:
 [Deed:

For that would be least doubted of the King,
 And fittest for their Safety to proceed.
 The Night, their Number, and the sudden Act,
 Would-dash all Order, and protect their Fact.

XXXIV.

Besides, they might under the fair Pretence
 Of Tilts and Tournaments, which they intend,
 Provide them Horse and Armour for Defence,
 And all Things else convenient for their End.
 Besides, they might hold sure Intelligence
 Among themselves, without Suspect t'offend:
 The King would think, they sought but Grace in
 [Court,
 With all their great Preparing in this Sort.

XXXV.

A Solemn Oath religiously they take;
 By intermutual Vows protesting there,
 This never to reveal, nor to forsake
 So good a Cause, for Danger, Hope or Fear.
 The Sacrament, the Pledge of Faith, they take:
 And ev'ry Man upon his Sword doth swear,
 By Knighthood, Honour, or what else should bind;
 To assure the more each other's Mind.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

And when all this was done, and thought well
 [done,
 And every one assures him good Success,
 And easy seems the Thing to every one,
 That nought could cross their Plot, or them sup-
 [press;
 Yet one among the rest, (whose Mind not won
 With th'over-weaning Thought of hot Excess,
 Nor headlong carry'd with the Stream of Will,
 Nor by his own Election led to Ill;)

XXXVII.

Judicious * *Blount*, (whose Learning, Valour, Wit,
 Had taught true Knowledge in the Course of Things;
 Knew Dangers as they were; and th'hum'rous Fit
 Of 'ware-less Discontent, what End it brings)
 Counsels their Heat with calm grave Words, and fit
 (Words well fore-thought, that from Experience
 [springs.)
 And warns a Warier Carriage in the Thing,
 Left blind Presumption work their Ruining.

XXXVIII.

" My Lords, saith he, I know your Wisdom's
 [such,
 " As that of mine Advice you have no need;
 " I know you know how much the Thing doth touch
 " The Main of all your States, your Blood, your
 [Seed;
 " Yet since the same concerns my Life as much
 " As his, whose Hand is chiefest in this Deed,
 " And that my Foot must go as far as his;
 " I think my Tongue may speak what needful is.

* *Sir Thomas Blount.*

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

" The Thing we enterprize, I know, doth bear
 " Great Possibility of good Effect ;
 " For that so many Men of Might there are,
 " That venture here this Action to direct ;
 " Which meaner Wights, of Trust and Credit
 [bare,
 " Not so respected, could not look t' effect.
 " For none, without great Hopes, will follow such,
 " Whose Pow'r and Honour doth not promise such.

XL.

" Besides this New and Doubtful Government,
 " The wav'ring Faith of People vain and light ;
 " The secret Hopes of many discontent ;
 " The natural Affection to the Right ;
 " Our Lawful Sov'reign's Life, in Prison pent,
 " Whom Men begin to pity now, not spite ;
 " Our well-laid Plot and all, I must confess,
 " With our just Cause, doth promise good Success.

XLI.

" But this is yet the outward, fairest Side
 " Of our Design—Within rests more of Fear,
 " More Dread of sad Event yet undescry'd,
 " Than (my most worthy Lords) I would there
 [were.
 " But yet I speak not this, as to divide
 " Your Thoughts from th' Act, or to dismay your
 Cheer ;
 " Only to add unto your forward Will,
 " A med'rate Fear, to cast the worst of Ill.

XLII.

XLII.

" Danger before, and in, and after th' Act,
 " You needs must grant is great, and to be weigh'd.
 " Before; lest while we do the Deed protract;
 " It be by any of our selves bewray'd:
 " For many being privy to the Fact,
 " How hard is it to keep it unbetray'd?
 " When the Betrayer shall have Life and Grace,
 " And rid himself of Danger and Disgrace.

XLIII.

" For tho' some few continue resolute,
 " Yet many shrink, which at the first would dare;
 " And be the foremost Men to execute,
 " If th' Act and Motion at one Instant were:
 " But Intermission suffers Men dispute
 " What Dangers are, and cast with further Care.
 " Cold Doubt cavils with Honour, scorneth Fame;
 " And in the end, Fear weighs down Faith with
 [Shame.

XLIV.

" Then in the Act what Perils shall we find,
 " If either Place, or Time, or other Course,
 " Cause us to alter th' Order now assign'd;
 " Or that than we expect Things happen worse?
 " If either Error, or a fainting Mind,
 " An indiscreet Amazement, or Remorse,
 " In any at that Instant should be found;
 " How much it might the Act, and all confound?

XLV.

" After the Deed, the Dangers are no less;
 " Lest that our Forwardness not seconded;
 " By our own Followers and Accomplices,
 " (Being kept back, or slow, or hindered)
 " The hasty Multitude rush on, t' oppress
 " Confused Weakness, there unsuccoured;

" Or.

“ Or raise another Head of that same Race,
 “ T’avenge his Death, and prosecute the Case.

XLVI.

“ All this, my Lords, must be considered,
 “ (The best and worst of that which may succeed)
 “ That Valour mix’d with Fear, Boldness with
 [Dread,
 “ May march more circumspect, with better Heed.
 “ And to prevent these Mischiefs mentioned,
 “ Is by our Faith, our Secrecy, and Speed :
 “ For ev’n already is the Work begun ;
 “ And we rest all undone, till all be done.

XLVII.

“ And tho’ I could have wish’d another Course,
 “ In open Field t’ have hazarded my Blood ;
 “ Yet some are here, whose Love is of that Force
 “ To draw my Life, whom Zeal hath not with-
 [stood.
 “ But like you not of your Design the worse :
 “ If the Success be good, your Course is good ;
 “ And ending well, our Honour then begins :
 “ No Hand of Strife is pure, but that which wins.

XLVIII.

This said, a sad still Silence held their Minds,
 Upon the fearful Project of their Woe ;
 But that not long e’re forward Fury finds,
 Encouraging Persuasions on to go.
 “ We must, (said they) we will ; our Honour
 [binds ;
 “ Our Safety bids ; our Faith must have it so.
 “ We know the worst can come ; ’Tis thought upon.
 “ We cannot shift—Being in, we must go on.

XLIX.

XLIX.

And on indeed they went——But O! not far;
 A fatal Stop travers'd their head-long Course;
 Their Drift 'comes known, and they discover'd
 [are:

For some (of many) will be false of force.
Aumarle became the Man that all did mar,
 Whether thro' Indiscretion, Chance, or worse;
 He makes his Peace with off'ring others Blood,
 And shews the King how all the Matter stood.

L.

Then lo! dismay'd Confusion all possess'd
 Th' afflicted Troop, hearing their Plot descry'd.
 Then runs amaz'd Distress, with sad Unrest,
 To this, to that; to fly, to stand, to hide:
 Distracted Terror knew not what was best;
 On what Determination to abide.
 At last, Despair would yet stand to the Sword,
 To try what Friends would do, or Fate afford.

LL.

Then this, then that Man's Aid, they crave, im-
 [plore;
 Post here for Help, seek there their Followers;
 Conjure their Friends they had, labour for more;
 Solicit all reputed Favourers,
 Who *Richard's* Cause seem'd to affect before:
 And in his Name write, pray, send Messengers,
 To try what Faith was left, if by this Art
 Any would step to take Affliction's Part.

LII.

LII.

And some were found—And some again drew
[back:
Uncertain Pow'r could not it self retain.
Intreat they may ; Authority they lack :
And here and there they march (but all in vain)
With desp'rate Course ; like those that see their
[Wreck
Ev'n on the Rocks of Death ; and yet they strain,
That Death may not them idly find t' attend
Their certain last, but work to meet their End.

LIII.

And long they stand not, e're the Chief, sur-
[priz'd,
Conclude with their dear Blood their Tragedy :
And all the rest dispers'd, run, some disguiz'd
To unknown Coasts ; some to the Shores do fly ;
Some to the Woods, or whither Fear advis'd :
But running from, all to Destruction hie.
The Breach once made upon a batter'd State,
Down goes Distress : No Shelter shrouds their
[Fate.

LIV.

And now what Horror in their Souls doth grow !
What Sorrows with their Friends and Near-Allies !
What Mourning in their ruin'd Houses now !
How many Children's Plaints, and Mother's Cries !
How many woful Widows left to bow
To sad Disgrace ! What perish'd Families !
What Heirs of High Rich Hopes their Thoughts must
[frame
To base down-looking Poverty and Shame !

LV.

LV.

This Slaughter and Calamity fore-goes
 Thy eminent Destruction, woful King!
 This is the bloody Comet of thy Woes,
 That doth foretel thy present Ruining.
 Here was thy End decreed, when these Men rose;
 And ev'n with theirs this Act thy Death did bring,
 Or hasten'd at the least upon this Ground;
 Yet if not this, another had been found.

LVI.

Kings, Lords of Times, and of Occasions, may
 Take their Advantage when, and how they list:
 For now the Realm, he thought, in this Dismay,
 To avoid like Mischiefs, neither would resist,
 Nor feel the Wound at all: Since by this way,
 All future Disturbations would desist.
 The Root cut off, from whence these Tumults rose,
 He should have Rest, the Commonwealth repose.

LVII.

He knew this Time: And yet he would not seem
 Too quick to Wrath, as if affecting Blood;
 But yet complains so far, that Men might deem
 He would 'twere done, and that he thought it
 [good:
 And wish'd that some would so his Life esteem,
 As rid him of these Fears wherein he stood.
 And therewith * eyes a Knight that then was by,
 Who soon could learn his Lesson by his Eye.

* This Knight was Sir Pierce of Exon.

LVIII.

LVIII.

The Man he knew was one that willingly
 For one good Look would hazard Soul and all;
 An Instrument for any Villany,
 That needed no Commission more at all:
 A great Ease to the King, that should hereby
 Not need in this a Course of Justice call,
 Nor seem to will the Act. For tho' what's wrought
 Were his own Deed, he grieves should so be thought.

LIX.

"So foul a Thing (O!) thou *Injustice* art,
 "That tort'rest both the Doer and Distrest.
 "For when a Man hath done a wicked Part,
 "How doth he strive t'excuse, to make the best,
 "To shift the Fault, t'unburthen his charg'd Heart;
 "And glad to find the least Surmise of Rest!
 "And if he could make his seem others Sin,
 "What great Repose, what Ease he finds therein!

LX.

This Knight--But yet why should I call him Knight,
 To give Impiety to this Rev'rent Stile?
 Title of Honour, Worth, and Virtue's Right,
 Should not be given to a Wretch so vile.
 —But pardon me, if I do not aright;
 It is because I will not here defile
 My unstain'd Verse with his opprobrious Name,
 And grace him so, to place him in the same.

LXI.

This Caitiff goes, and with him takes Eight more,
 As desp'rate as himself, impiously bold,
 (Such Villains, as he knew would not abhor
 To execute what wicked Act he would)
 And hastes him down to *Pomfret*: Where before,
 The restless King convey'd, was laid in Hold:

There would he do the Deed he thought should
To him great Grace and Favour with his King. [bring

LXII.

Whether the Soul receives Intelligence
By her near *Genius*, of the Body's End,
And so imparts a Sadness to the Sense,
Fore-going Ruin, whereto it doth tend :
Or whether Nature else hath Conference
With profound Sleep, and so doth Warning send
By prophetizing Dreams, what Hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful Heart to fear :

LXIII.

However, so it is ; the now sad King
(Toss'd here and there, his Quiet to confound)
Feels a strange Weight of Sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling Heart, and sees no Ground ;
Feels sudden Terror bring cold Shivering :
Lifts not to eat ; still muses ; sleeps unsound :
His Senses droop, his stiddy Eyes unquick ;
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

LXIV.

The Morning of that Day which was his last,
After a weary Rest rising to Pain,
Out at a little Grate his Eyes he cast
Upon those bord'ring Hills, and open Plain,
And views the Town, and sees how People pass'd ;
Where others Liberty makes him complain
The more his own, and grieves his Soul the more ;
Conferring Captive Crowns, with Freedom poor.

LXV.

LXV.

- " O Happy Man, faith he, that lo I see
 " Grazing his Cattle in those pleasant Fields !
 " If he but knew his Good, (How blessed he,
 " That feels not what Affliction Greatness yields !)
 " Other than what he is he would not be,
 " Nor change his State with him that Sceptres
 " Thine, thine is that true Life---That is to Live,
 " To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

LXVI.

- " Thon sitt'st at Home safe by thy quiet Fire,
 " And hear'st of others Harms, but feel'st none ;
 " And there thou talkest of Kings, and who aspire,
 " Who fall, who rise, who triumphs, who do
 " Perhaps thou talk'st of Me, and dost enquire
 " Of my Restraint ; why here I live alone ;
 " And pitiest this my miserable Fall :
 " For Pity must have Part ; Envy not all.

LXVII.

- " Thrice happy you, that look as from the Shore,
 " And have no Venture in the Wreck you see ;
 " No Interrest, no Occasion to deplore
 " Other Mens Travels, while your selves sit free.
 " How much doth your sweet Rest make us the
 " To see our Misery, and what we be ! [more
 " Whose blinded Greatness ever in Turmoil,
 " Still seeking Happy Life, makes Life a Toil.

LXVIII.

" Great * *Dioclesian*, (and more great therefore,
 " For yielding up that whereto Pride aspires.)
 " Reck'ning thy Gardens in *Illyria* more
 " Than all the Empire, all what th' Earth admires;
 " Thou well did'st teach, that he is never poor.
 " That little hath, but, he that much desires,
 " Finding more true Delight in that small Ground,
 " Than in Possessing all the Earth was found.

LXIX.

" Are Kings (that Freedom give) themselves not
 " [free,
 " As meaner Men, to take what they may give?
 " What! are they of so fatal a Degree,
 " That they cannot descend from that, and live?
 " Unless, they still be Kings, can they, no be?
 " Nor may they their Authority survive?
 " Will not my yielded Crown redeem my Breath?
 " Still am I fear'd?—Is there no Way, but Death?

LXX.

Scarce this Word *Death* from Sorrow did proceed,
 When in rush'd one, and tells him, such a Knight
 Is new arriv'd; and comes from Court in Speed.
 " What News (said he) with him, that trait'rous
 " [Wight?
 " What more Removing yet?—Alas! what need?
 " Are We not far enough sent out of Sight?
 " Or is this Place here not sufficient strong,
 " To guard Us in? Or must We have more Wrong?

* *Primus Imperium communicavit, & posuit Diocle-*
fianus; & in eo ponendo dixisse fertur. Recipe Jupiter
Imperium, quod mihi commodasti.

LXXI.

LXXI.

By this the bloody Troop were at the Door ;
 When as a sudden and a strange Dismay
 Enforc'd them strain who should go in before.
 One offers, and in off'ring makes a Stay :
 Another forward sets, and doth no more :
 A Third the like ; and none durst make the Way.
 So much the Horror of so vile a Deed,
 In vilest Minds, deters them to proceed.

LXXII.

At length, as to some great, advent'rous Fight,
 This *Braw* cheers these Dastards all he can ;
 And valiantly their Courage doth incite,
 And all against One weak, unarmed Man.
 A great Exploit, and fit for such a Knight ;
 Wherein so much Renown his Valour wan.
 But see how Men that very Presence fear,
 Which once they knew Authority did bear !

LXXIII.

Then on thrusts one, and he would foremost be
 To shed another's Blood ; but lost his own.
 For entring in, as soon as he did see
 The Face of *Majesty*, to him well known ;
 Like *Marius* Soldier at *Minternum*, he
 Stood still amaz'd, his Courage overthrown.
 The King seeing this, starting from where he sat,
 Out from his trembling Hand his Weapon gat.

LXXIV.

Thus ev'n his Foes, who came to bring him Death,
 Bring him a Weapon, that before had none ;
 That yet he might not idly lose his Breath,
 But die reveng'd in Action, not alone.
 And this good Chance that thus much favoureth,
 He slacks not---For he presently speeds on ;

And, Lion-like, upon the rest he flies :
And here falls one ;---and there another lies.

LXXV.

And up and down He traverses his Ground ;
Now wards a felling Blow, now strikes again ;
Then nimbly shifts a Thrust, then lends a Wound ;
Now back he gives, then rushes on amain,
His quick and ready Hand doth so confound
These shameful Beasts, that Four of them lie slain :
And all had perish'd happily and well,
But for one Act, that (O !) I grieve to tell.

LXXVI.

This Coward-Knight seeing with Shame and Fear,
His Men thus slain, and doubting his own End,
Leaps up into a Chair that (lo !) was there ;
The whilst the King did all his Courage bend
Against those Four which now before him were,
Doubting not who behind him doth attend ;
And plies his Hands undaunted, unaffear'd,
And with good Heart, and Life for Life he stir'd.

LXXVII.

And whilst he this, and that, and each Man's
[Blow
Doth eye, defend, and shift, being laid to fore ;
Backward he bears for more Advantage now,
Thinking the Wall would safe-guard him the more ;
When lo ! with impious Hand, O wicked Thou,
That (shameful) durst not come to strike before,
Behind him gay'st that lamentable Wound,
Which laid that wretched Prince flat on the Ground.

LXXVIII.

LXXVIII.

Now proditorious Wretch, what hast thou done,
 To make this barb'rous base Assassinate
 Upon the Person of a Prince; and one
 Fore-Tper: with Sorrow, and all desolate?
 What great Advancement hast thou hereby won;
 By being the Instrument to perpetrate
 So foul a Deed? Where is thy Grace in Court,
 For such a Service, acted in this sort?

LXXIX.

First, he for whom thou dost this Villany,
 Tho' pleas'd therewith, will not avouch thy Fact;
 But let the Weight of thine own Infamy
 Fall on thee unsupported, and unback'd:
 Then all Men else will joath thy Treachery,
 And thou thy self abhor thy proper Act.
 "So th' Wolf, in hope the Lion's Grace to win,
 "Betraying other Beasts, lost his own Skin.

LXXX.

But now, as this Sweet Prince distended lay,
 And him nor Life nor Death their own could call;
 (For Life removing, rid not all away;
 And Death, tho' entring, had not seiz'd on all;)
 That short-tim'd Motion had a little Stay,
 (The Mover ceasing) tho' it were but small:
 As th' Organ-Sound a-time survives the Stop,
 Before it doth the dying Note give up:

LXXXI.

When lo! there streams a Spring of Blood so
 [fast,
 From those deep Wounds, as all embr'd the Face.
 Of that accursed Caitiff, as he pass'd
 (After the Deed effected) thro' the Place:
 And therewithal, those dying Eyes did cast
 Such an upbraiding Look on his Disgrace,

F. 4.

(Seem-

(Seeming to check so cowardly a Part)
As left th' Impression even in his Heart.

LXXXII.

And this one King, most near in Blood ally'd,
Is made th' Oblation for the other's Peace :
Which Peace yet was not hereby ratify'd,
So as it could all future Fears release.
For tho' the other did forthwith provide,
To have the Rumour run of his Decease,
By drawing the * Corps to *London*, where it was
Laid, Three Days to be seen, with open Face.

LXXXIII.

Yet so great was this Exceerable Deed,
As Men would scarce therein believe their Eyes,
Much less their Ears : And many sought to feed
The easy Creditors of Novelties,
By Voicing him † alive—How he was freed
By strange Escape out of his Miseries.
And many did conspire now to relieve
Him dead, who had forsaken him alive.

* *The Corps was convey'd from Pomfret to London ; where it lay with open Face in Paul's Three Days ; and after a Solemn Obsequy, was had to Langley, and there meanly interr'd.*

† *K. Richard bruted to be alive, after he was thus murdered : Which begat a Conspiracy ; for the which Sir Roger Clarendon (supposed to be the Base Son of the Black Prince) was executed, with divers Fryars.*

LXXXIV.

LXXXIV.

And many suffer'd for his Cause, when now
 He had none. Many wish'd for him again,
 When they perceiv'd th' Exchange did not allow
 Their Hopes so much as they did look to gain,
 By Traffiquing of Kings; and all saw how
 Their full Expectances were in the Wain.
 They had a King was more than him before;
 But yet a King, where they were nought the more.

LXXXV.

And sure this murth' red Prince, tho' weak he was,
 He was not ill; nor yet so weak, but that
 He shew'd much Martial Valour in his Place,
 Advent'ring oft his Person for the State:
 And might amongst our better Princes pass;
 Had not the Flattery, Rapine, and Debate
 Of factious Lords, and greedy Officers,
 Disgrac'd his Actions, and abus'd his Years.

LXXXVI.

Nor is it so much Princes Weaknesses,
 As the Corruption of their Ministers,
 Whereby the Commonwealth receives Distress.
 For they attending their Particulars,
 Make Imperfections their Advantages,
 To be themselves both Kings and Counsellors.
 And sure this Commonwealth can never take
 Hurt by weak Kings, but such as we do make.

LXXXVII.

Besides, he was (which People much respect
 In Princes, and which pleases vulgarly)
 Of goodly Personage, and of sweet Aspect;
 Of mild Access, and Liberality;
 And Feasts, and Shews, and Triumphs did affect,
 As the Delights of Youth and Jollity.

But here the great* Profusion, and Expence
Of his Revenues, bred him much Offence :

LXXXVIII.

And gave Advantage unto Enmity,
This grievous Accusation to prefer ;
“ That He consum'd the common Treasury ;
“ Whereof He being the Simple Usager
“ But for the State, (not in Propriety)
“ Did alien at his Pleasure, and transfer
“ The same to his Minions, and to whom he list ;
“ By which the Commonwealth was to subsist.

LXXXIX.

“ Whereby, said they, the poor concussed State,
“ Shall ever be exacted for Supplies.
Which Accusation was th'Occasion that
His Successor, by Order, nullifies
Many his † Patents, and did revoke
And re-assume his Liberalities.
And yet, for all these Wastes, these Gifts and Feasts,
He was not found a || Bankrupt in his Chests.

* He had in his Court 1000 Persons, in ordinary Allowance of Diet ; 300 Servitors in his Kitchen ; above 300 Ladies, Chamberers, and Landerers. His Apparel was sumptuous ; and so was it generally in his Time. He had one Coat of Gold and Stone, valued at 30000 Marks. One Interview with the French King at Ardes, when his Wife Isabel was deliver'd unto him, cost him 300000 Marks.

† Henry IV. revoketh all Letters-Patents of Annuities, granted by K. Edward and K. Richard, Anno Regni 6.

|| When he was first surpriz'd in Wales, the Duke of Lancaster had in Holt-Castle 100000 Marks in Coin, and 200000 Marks in Jewels : And at his Resignation in the Tower, 300000 l. in Coin, besides Plate and Jewels.

XG.

XC.

But they who took to *Sindick* in this sort
 The Actions of a Monarch, knew those Things
 Wherein th' Accomps were likely to fall short,
 Between the State of Kingdoms and their Kings :
 Which President, of pestilent Import,
 (Had not the Heav'ns bless'd thy Endeavourings),
 Against thee, *Henry*, had been likewise brought,
 Th' Example made of thy Example wrought.

XCI.

For tho' this Bounsy, and this Lib'ralness,
 A glorious Virtue be ; it better fits
 Great Men than * Kings : Who giving in Excess,
 Give not their own, but others Benefits :
 Which calls up many's Hopes, but pleasures less ;
 Destroying far more Love, than it begets.
 " For Justice is their Virtue—That alone
 " Makes them sit sure, and glorifies the Throne.

* A Prince excessive in Gifts, makes his Subjects excessive in Suits.

The End of the Third Book.

The



The HISTORY of the CIVIL WAR.

BOOK IV.

The ARGUMENT.

*King Henry his Excuses publishes
For Richard's Death ; and Truce doth entertain
With France.---The Scots, aggriev'd for Wrongs, ad-
Themselves to War ; and are appeas'd again. [dress
---The Welch rebel.---The Piercies Practices
(To part the State) are stopp'd ; in Battel slain.
Continual Troubles still afflict this King ;
Till Death an End doth to his Travails bring.*

I.

THE Bounds once over-gone that hold Men in,
They never stay ; but on from bad to worse.
“ Wrongs do not leave off there where they begin,
“ But still beget new Mischiefs in their Course.
Now, *Henry*, thou hast added to thy Sin
Of Usurpation, and intruding Force,
A greater Crime ; which makes that gone before
T' appear more than it did, and noted more.

II.

II.

For now thou art enforc'd t'apologize
 With * Foreign States, for Two Enormous Things,
 Wherein thou dost appear to scandalize
 The publick Right, and common Cause of Kings;
 Which, tho' (with all the Skill thou can'st devise)
 Thou over-lay'st with fairest Colourings;
 Yet th' Under-Work, transparent, shews too plain.
 " Where open Acts accuse, th' Excuse is vain.

III.

And these Defences are but Compliments,
 To dally with confining Potentates;
 Who, busied in their proper Governments,
 Do seldom tend th' Affairs of other States:
 Their Wisdom, which to present Pow'r consents,
 Live Dogs before dead Lions estimates:
 " And no Man more respects these publick Wrongs,
 " Than so much as t'his private State belongs.

IV.

Yet most it seem'd the *French* King to import,
 As Sharer in his Daughter's Injury:
 " Tho' Blood in Princes links not in such sort,
 " As that it is of any Pow'r to tye,
 Where their Estates may seem t'adventure Hurt;
 Or where there is not a Necessity,
 That doth combine them with a stronger Chain,
 Than all these great Alliances contain.

* Commissioners are sent to Foreign Princes, to excuse
 and justify the King's Proceedings.

V.

V.

For tho' this King might have Resentment,
 And Will t'avenge him of this Injury ;
 Yet at that Time his * State being turbulent,
 Factions, and full of Partiality,
 And oftentimes he himself impotent,
 By Means of his Frederick Malady ;
 It was not likely any Good could rise,
 By undertaking such an Enterprize.

VI.

And therefore both Sides, upon Entercourse,
 (As fitted best their present Terms) agreed,
 The former † Truce continue should in Force,
 According as it had been fore-decreed
 Upon the March with *Richard* ; and a Course
 For *Isabel* (with all convenient Speed)
 Provided, with an Honourable Train
 Suiting her State, to be sent Home again :

VII.

Whom willingly they would have still retain'd,
 And match'd unto the || Prince. But She (tho'
 Yet sensible of that which appertain'd [young
 To Honour and Renown) scorn'd any Tongue,
 That offer'd such a Motion ; and disdain'd
 To have it thought, She would but hear that Wrong.

* In this Time of Charles VI. began the Civil Wars
 in France, between the Dukes of Orleans and Bur-
 goign.

† The Truce made with Richard II. renew'd for 30
 Years ; but broken the next Year after, upon their Part ;
 sending Jaques de Bourbon with Forces into Wales, to
 the Aid of Glendour.

|| The King labours to have Queen Isabel match'd to
 his Son Henry, Prince of Wales.

MOV'D

Mov'd to her, of her Lord and Husband dead,
To have his Murtherers Race enjoy his Bed.

VIII.

Besides, the French (doubting the Government,
Thus gotten, would be subject still to Strife)
Not willing were to urge her to consent
T' accept a troublous and uncertain Life :
And being return'd, she grew in th' end content
To be (at Home) a * Duke of Orleans Wife ;
'Scap'd from such Storms of Pow'r, holding it best
To be below her self, to be at Rest.

IX.

And so hath Henry assur'd that Side,
And therewithal his † State of Gascony ;
Which, on th' Intelligence was notify'd
Of Richard's Death, were wrought to Mutiny ;
And hardly came to be repacify'd,
And kept to hold in their Fidelity.
So much to him were they affectioned,
For having been amongst them born and bred.

* Queen Isabel was married to Charles, Son to Louis Duke of Orleans.

† Thomas Piercy, Earl of Worcester, was sent into Gascony, with Two Hundred Men at Arms, and Four Hundred Archers ; to assist Sir Robert Knowles, Lieutenant there ; where he pacified that Country, being incensed by the French to revolt, upon their Discontentment for the Death of King Richard, whom they especially loved for being born at Bourdeaux.

X.

These Toils abroad, these Tumults with his own,
 (As if the Frame of all disjointed were,
 With this disorder'd Shifting of the Crown)
 Fell in the Revolution of one Year.
 Beside, the Scot (in Discontentment grown,
 For the Detaining, and Supporting here,
 The Scourge of all that Kingdom, * *George Dunbar*)
 With Fire and Sword proclaims an open War ;

XI.

Taking their Time in these Disturbances,
 And Newness of a wav'ring Government,
 T'avenge them of their former Grievances,
 And by our Spoils their Fortunes to augment.
 Against whose Forces *Henry* furnishes
 A pow'ful Army, and in Person went ;
 But wars with a retiring Enemy,
 With much more Travail than with Victory.

XII.

And being (by sharp deformed Winter's Force)
 Caus'd to retire, he finds new Storms at Home,
 From other Coasts arising ; that prov'd worse
 Than those which now he was returned from.
 In † *Wales*, a Cause of Law, by violent Course,
 Was (from a Variance) now a War become ;

* *George Dunbar, Earl of March, flying out of Scotland, was received and cherished in England, and warred against his Country.*

† *Owen Glendour, an Esquire in North-Wales, contesting with the Lord Grey of Ruthen, for certain Lands which he claimed by Inheritance ; and being not powerful enough by his own Means to recover them, procur'd Force, and made War upon the Lord Grey : And after Attempts for the Principality of that Country, Anno regni 2.* And

And *Owen Glendour*, who with *Grey* of late
Contests for private Lands, now seeks a State.

XIII.

Whom to repress, he early in the Spring,
With all Provisions fit, doth forward set ;
When strait his Enemies (not purposing
To hazard Battel) to the Mountains get :
Where after long and weary Travelling,
Without performing any great Defeat,
He only their Provisions wastes and burns,
And with some Prey of Cattle home returns.

XIV.

Wherewith the Rebel rather was the more
Encourag'd than addaunted ; and begun
T' adventure farther than he did before ;
Seeing such a Monarch had so little done,
Being com'n in Person with so great a Pow'r,
And suddenly again retir'd and gone.

" For in this Case they help, who hurt so small ;
" And he hath nothing done, that doth not all.

XV.

But now (behold !) other New Heads * appear,
New *Hydras* of Rebellion, that procure
More Work to do, and give more Cause of Fear ;
And shew'd, that nothing in his State stood sure.
And these ev'n of his chiefest Followers were,
Of whom he might presume him most secure ;
Who had th' especial Engines been, to rear
His Fortunes up unto the State they were.

* Anno Regni 3.

XVI.

The *Piercies* were the Men---Men of great Might,
 Strong in Alliance, and in Courage strong ;
 Who now conspire, under Pretence to right
 Such Wrongs as to the Commonwealth belong :
 Urg'd either thro' their Conscience, or Despite ;
 Or finding now the Part they took was wrong.
 Or else Ambition hereto did them call,
 Or others envy'd Grace ; or rather all.

XVII.

And such they were, who might presume t' have
 [done
 Much for the King, and Honour of the State ;
 Having the chiefest Actions under-gone,
 Both Foreign and Domestical of late ;
 Beside that famous Day of * *Homeldon*,
 Where *Hotspur* gave that wonderful Defeat
 Unto the Scots, as shook that Kingdom more
 Than many Monarchs Armies had before.

XVIII.

Which might perhaps advance their Minds so far,
 Above the Level of Subjection, as
 T' assume to them the Glory of that War ;
 Where all Things by their Pow'r were brought to
 They being so mighty, and so popular, [pass
 And their Command so spacious as it was,
 Might (to their State) forget, how all these Things
 That Subjects do effect, must be their Kings.

* In this Battel of Homeldon, the Lord Henry, Piercy, (surnamed Hotspur) accompanied with George Dunbar, Earl of March, overthrew the Scottish Forces : Where were slain 23 Knights, and 10000 of the Commons ; the Earls of Fife, Murray, Angus, with Five Hundred other of meaner Degree, taken Prisoners.

XIX.

XIX.

And so fell after into Discontent,
 For that the King requir'd to have as his,
 Those Lords were taken Prisoners; whom they
 To hold still as their proper Purchases: [meant
 Then, that he would not at their Suit consent
 To work their Cousin *Mortimer's* Release
 Out of the Rebel *Owen Glendour's* Hands,
 Who held him Prisoner in disgraceful Bands.

XX.

But be what will the Cause, strong was their Plot,
 Their Parties great, Means good, the Season fit;
 Their Practice close, their Faith suspected not;
 Their States far off, and they of wary Wit:
 Who with large Promises so woo'd the Scot
 To aid their Cause, as he consents to it;
 And glad was to disturn that furious Stream
 Of War on us, that else had swallowed them.

XXI.

Then join they with the *Welsh*; who now well
 [train'd
 In Arms and Action, daily grew more great.
 Their Leader by his Wiles had much attain'd,
 And done much Mischief on the *English* State:
 Beside his Prisoner *Mortimer* he gain'd,
 From being a Foe, to b' his Confederate;
 A Man the King much fear'd—And well he might
 Left he should look whether his Crown stood right.

XXI.

* In the 9th Year of the Reign of King Richard II.
 was by Parliament ordained Roger Earl of March, Heir
 Apparent to the Crown.

THE

XXII.

For *Richard*, (for the Quiet of the State)
 Before he took those *Irish* Wars in Hand,
 About Succession doth deliberate ;
 And finding how the certain Right did stand,
 With full Content this Man did ordinate
 The Heir Apparent to the Crown and Land ;
 Whose Competency was of tender Touch :
 Altho' his Might was small, his Right was much.

XXIII.

With these the *Piercies* them confederate,
 And as Three Heads conjoin in one Intent ;
 And instituting a Triumvirate,
 Do part the Land in Triple Government ;
 Dividing thus among themselves the State :
 The *Piercies* should rule all the *North* from *Trent* ;
 And *Glendour, Wales* ; The Earl of *March* should be
 Lord of the *South*, from *Trent*---And so they gree.

XXIV.

Then those *Fair Bates* these *Trouble-States* still use,
 (*Pretence of Common Good*, the King's ill Course)
 Must be cast forth, the People to abuse,
 And give their Cause and them the better Force.
 The King for Tyranny they do accuse,
 By whom the State was grown from bad to worse ;

This Roger was the Son of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippa, the only Daughter of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the Third Son of K. Edward III. who by her had Issue this Roger, and Elizabeth. Roger had Issue Four Children ; all which (save only Anne) died without Issue. Anne was married to Richard Earl of Cambridge, Second Son to Edmund Duke of York. This Richard (beheaded at Southampton) had Issue by Anne, Richard, (surnamed Plantagenet) after Duke of York.

A

A perjur'd Man, who held all Faith in Scorn ;
Whose trusted Oaths had others made forsworn.

XXV.

And * therewithal the Execrable Aft
On their late murder'd King they aggravate :
" How he employ'd the Dbers of the Fact,
" Whom afterwards he did remunerate ;
" And daily such Taxations did enact,
" As were against the Order of the State ;
" Presuming those great Sums he did impose,
" About his private Uses to dispose.

XXVI.

" And how he was environed with such
" As had possess'd him ; and in stand'rous sort
" Accus'd them so, as they durst not approach
" To clear themselves of such unjust Report.
" And thereupon they flatly disavouch
" To yield him more Obedience, or Support :
" And as t' a perjur'd Duke of Lancaster,
" Their Cartel of Defiance they prefer ;

XXVII.

" Protesting these Objections to make good
" With Sword in Hand ; and to confirm and seal
" Their Undertaking with their dearest Blood,
" As Procurators for the Commonweal
" And that upon their Consciences it stood,
" And did import their Duty and their Zeal
" Unto the State, as Peers, to see redress'd
" Those Miseries wherewith it was oppress'd.

XXVIII.

* *The Piercys article Against Henry IV. Anno Regni*

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

Great seem'd their Cause ; and greatly too did add
The People's Love thereto, these Crimes impos'd ;
That many gather'd to the Troops they had,
And many sent them Aid, tho' undisclos'd ;
So that the King (with all main Speed) was glad,
Both by his Remonstrances well compos'd,
And with his Sword (his best Defence) provide
To right himself, and to correct their Pride.

XXIX.

“ Divulging first a fair Apology
“ Of his clear Heart, touching the foul Report
“ Of that Assassinate ; which utterly
“ He doth abjure & Prottesting, in no sort
“ T' agree thereto, in Will or Privy.
“ And how he had been us'd to extort,
“ The State could witness best ; by whose Consent
“ Was granted what he had in Parli'ment :

XXX.

“ Which never was but only One Supply,
“ In Four Years troublous and expensive Reign ;
“ And that upon extreme Necessity,
“ The Safety of the Publick to maintain.
“ And that the Pierc'd best could testify,
“ How most that Money issu'd was again ;
“ To whom the same was render'd, to the end
“ To war the Scot, and Borders to defend.

XXXI.

“ And that the rest was to the same Effect,
“ For which it was obtain'd, in the sort spent.
“ And whereas they did slanderously object,
“ How that they durst not hazard to present
“ In Person their Defences, in respect
“ He was incens'd by some Malevolent :

" It was most false--For he knew no Defence
 " They were to make, till now they made Offence,

XXXII.

" And how far he had been from Cruelty,
 " Both *Wales* and *Scotland* could him Witness bear;
 " Where those Effects of his great Clemency,
 " In Sparing Blood, do to his Cost appear.
 " Much more his Subjects find his Lenity;
 " Whose Love he seeks to have, and not their Fear.
 " But thus, said he, they ever do pretend
 " To have receiv'd a Wrong, who Wrong intend.

XXXIII.

Not to give Time unto th' increasing Rage,
 And gath'ring Fury; forth he march'd with Speed,
 Left more Delay, or giving longer Age
 To th' Evil grown, it might the Cure exceed.
 All his best Men at Arms, and Leaders sage;
 All he prepar'd he could; and all did need:
 For to a mighty Work thou goest, O King,
 That equal Spirits, and equal Pow'rs shall bring.

XXXIV.

There shall young *Hotspur*, with a Fury led,
 Engapple with thy Son, as fierce as he:
 There *Martial Worcester*, long experienced
 In Foreign Arms, shall come t' encounter thee.
 There *Douglas*, to thy *Stafford*, shall make Head;
 There *Vernon*, for thy valiant *Blount*, shall be.
 There shalt thou find a doubtful bloody Day,
 Tho' Sickness keep *Northumberland* away.

XXXV.

XXXV.

Who yet reserv'd (tho' after quit for this)
 Another Tempest on thy Head to raise ;
 As if still wrong-revenging *Nemesis*
 Meant to afflict all thy continuing Days.
 And here this Field he happily doth miss,
 For thy great Good ; and therefore well he stays.
 What might his Force have done, being brought
 [there to,
 When that already gave so much to do ?

XXXVI.

The swift * Approach, and unexpected Speed,
 The King had made upon this new-rais'd Force,
 In th' unconfirmed Troops much Fear did breed,
 Untimely hind'ring their intended Course.
 The Joining with the *Welch*, they had decreed,
 Was hereby dash'd ; which made their Cause the
Northumberland, with Forces from the North, [worse :
 Expected to be there, was not set forth.

XXXVII.

And yet undaunted *Hotspur* (seeing the King
 So near arriv'd) leaving the Work in Hand,
 With forward Speed his Forces Marshalling,
 Sets forth, his farther Coming to withstand :
 And with a cheerful Voice encouraging
 His well-experienc'd and advent'rous Band,
 Brings on his Army, eager unto Fight,
 And plac'd the same before the King in Sight.

* The King (hasten'd forward by George Dunbar) was in sight of his Enemies, lying in Camp near to Shrewsbury, sooner than he was expected. For the Piercies supposed he would have stay'd longer than he did at Burton upon Trent, for the coming of his Council with other Forces, which were there to meet him. Whereupon they left to assail the Town of Shrewsbury, and prepar'd to encounter the King's Forces. Anno Reg. 4. XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

" This Day, saith he, my valiant, trusty Friends,
 " Whatever it doth give, shall Glory give :
 " This Day with Honour frees our State, or ends
 " Our Misery with Fame, that still shall live.
 " And do but think, how well the same he spends,
 " Who spends his Blood, his Country to relieve !
 " What ! have we Hands ; and shall we servile be ?
 " Why were Swords made ; but to preserve Men
 [free ?

XXXIX.

" Besides, th' assured Hope of Victory,
 " Which we may ev'n fore-promise on our Side,
 " Against this weak, constrained-Company ;
 " Whom Force and Fear, not Will and Love, doth
 " Against a Prince, whose foul Impiety [guide ;
 " The Heav'ns do hate ; the Earth cannot abide.
 " Our Number being no less, our Courage more ;
 " No doubt we have it, if we work therefore.

XL.

This said, and thus resolv'd, ev'n bent to charge
 Upon the King, who well their Order view'd,
 And wary noted all the Course at large
 Of their Proceeding, and their Multitude :
 And deeming better, if he could discharge
 The Day with Safety, and some Peace conclude ;
 Great * Proffers sends of Pardon and of Grace,
 If they would yield, and Quietness embrace.

* The Abbot of Shrewsbury, and one of the Clerks of
 the Privy-Seal, were sent from the King to the Piercys;
 to offer them Pardon, if they would come to any reason-
 able Agreement. Whereupon the Earl of Worcester coming
 to the King, received many kind Proffers ; and promising
 to move his Nephew therein, did at his Return (as is
 said) conceal them, and hasten'd to the Battel ; which
 was fought near Shrewsbury, Anno Reg. 4.

XLI.

Which tho' his Fears might drive him to propose,
 To time his Bus'ness for some other End ;
 Yet sure he could not mean t' have Peace with those,
 Who did in that supreme Degree offend.
 Nor were they such as would be won with Shows,
 Or Breath of Oaths, or Vows could apprehend ;
 So that (in Honour) th' Offers he doth make,
 Were not for him to give, nor them to take.

XLII.

And yet this much his Courses do approve,
 He was not bloody in his Natural ;
 And yield he did to more, than might behove
 His Dignity to have dispens'd withal.
 And unto *Worc'ster* he himself did move
 A Reconcilement to be made of all ;
 But *Worc'ster* knowing 't could not be secur'd,
 His Nephew's Onset yet for all procur'd.

XLIII.

Which seeing, the King with greater Wrath in-
 Rage against Fury doth with Speed prepare : [cens'd,
 " And tho' (said he) I could have well dispens'd
 " With this Day's Blood, which I have fought to
 [spare ;
 " That greater Glory might have recompens'd
 " The forward Worth of these that so much dare ;
 " That we might Good have had by th' Overthrown,
 " And th' Wounds we make might not have been
 [our own:

XLIV.

XLIV.

" Yet since that other Men's Iniquity
 " Calls on the Sword of Wrath against my Will,
 " And that themselves exact this Cruelty,
 " And I constrained am this Blood to spill :
 " Then on, brave Followers ; on courageously,
 " True-hearted Subjects, against Traytors ill :
 " And spare not them who seek to spoil us all ;
 " Whose foul, confused End, soon see you shall.

XLV.

Forthwith began these Fury-moving Sounds,
 The Notes of Wrath, the Musick brought from Hell ;
 The rattling Drums, (which Trumpets Voice con-
 [sounds]
 The Cries, th' Encouragements, the Shouting shrill,
 That all about the beaten Air rebounds
 Confused, thund'ring Murmurs, horrible ;
 To rob all Sense, except the Sense to fight.
 Well Hands may work : The Mind hath lost his Sight.

XLVI.

O War ! begot in Pride and Luxury,
 The Child of Malice, and revengeful Hate ;
 Thou impious Good, and good Impiety,
 That art the foul Refiner of a State ;
 Unjust-just Scourge of Men's Iniquity,
 Sharp-Easer of Corruptions desperate :
 Is there no Means, but that a Sin-sick Land
 Must be let Blood with such a boist'rous Hand ?

XLVII.

How well might'st thou have here been spar'd this
 Had not wrong-counsell'd *Piercy* been perverse ? [Day,
 Whose forward Hand, intr'd to Wounds, makes way
 Upon the sharpest Fronts of the most Fierce ;
 Where now an equal Fury thrusts, to stay
 And back-repel that Force, and his disperse.

Then these assail ; then those re-chase again ;
Till stay'd with new-made Hills of Bodies slain.

XLVIII.

There lo ! that new-appearing glorious Star,
Wonder of Arms, the Terror of the Field,
Young * *Henry* lab'ring where the Stoutest are,
And ev'n the Stoutest forceth back to yield :
There is that Hand bolden'd to Blood and War,
That must the Sword in wondrous Actions wield :
Tho' better he had learn'd with others Blood ;
A less Expence to Us, to Him more good.

XLIX.

Yet here had he not speedy Succour lent
To his endanger'd Father, near oppress'd,
That Day had seen the full Accomplishment
Of all his Travels, and his final Rest.
For *Mars-like Douglas* all his Forces bent
T' encounter, and to grapple with the best ;
As if disdaining any other Thing
To do that Day, but to subdue a King.

L.

And Three, with fiery Courage, he assails ;
Three, all as Kings adorn'd in Royal Wise ;
And each successive after other quails,
Still wond'ring whence so many Kings should rise.
And doubting lest his Hand or Eye-sight fails,
(In these confounded) on a Fourth he flies,
And him unhorses too : Whom had he sped,
He then all Kings in him had vanquished.

* *Prince Henry, at this Battle, was not 17 Years of Age.*

LL

For *Henry* had divided (as it were)
 The Person of himself into Four Parts ;
 To be less known, and yet known ev'ry where,
 The more to animate his People's Hearts :
 Who cheered by his Presence, would not spare
 To execute their best and worthiest Parts.
 By which, Two Special Things effected are ;
 His Safety, and his Subjects better Care.

LIL

And never Worthy Prince a Day did quie
 With greater Hazard, and with more Renown,
 Than Thou did'st, Mighty *Henry*, in this Fight ;
 Which only made Thee Owner of thine own :
 Thou never prov'dst the Tenure of thy Right.
 (How thou did'st hold thy easy-gotten Crown)
 Till now : And now Thou shew'st thy self Chief
 By that Especial Right of Kings, the Sword. [Lord,

LIII.

And dear it cost, and much good Blood is shed ;
 To purchase Thee a Saving Victory :
 Great * *Stafford*, thy High-Constable, lies dead,
 With *Shorley*, *Clifton*, *Gawsett*, *Calverly*,
 And many more—whose brave Deaths witnessed
 Their Noble Valour and Fidelity :
 And many more had left their dearest Blood
 Behind that Day, had *Hotspur* longer stood.

* *Edmond Earl of Stafford*, Constable of England.

LIV.

But He, as *Douglas* with his Fury led,
 Rushing into the thickest Woods of Spears,
 And Brakes of Swords, still laying at the Head,
 (The Life of th' Army) whilst he nothing fears,
 Or spares his own ; comes all environed
 With Multitude of Pow'r, that over-bears
 His Manly Worth : Who yields not in his Fall ;
 But Fighting dies, and Dying kills withal.

LV.

What Ark, what Trophy, what Magnificence
 Of Glory, *Hotspur*, had'st thou purchas'd here ;
 Could but thy Cause as fair as thy Pretence,
 Be made unto thy Country to appear !
 Had it been her Protection and Defence,
 (Not thy Ambition) made thee sell so dear.
 Thy self this Day ; She must have here made good
 An Everlasting Statue for thy Blood.

LVI.

Which thus mis-spent, thy Army presently
 (As if they could not stand when thou wert down)
 Dispers'd in Rout, betook them all to fly :
 And *Douglas*, faint with Wounds, and overthrown,
 Was taken ; who yet won the Enemy
 Which took him, (by his Noble Valour shown,
 In that Day's mighty Work) and was preserv'd.
 With all the Grace and Honour he deserv'd.

LVII.

LVII.

* *Worcester* (who had escap'd unhappily
 His Death in Battel) on a Scaffold dies,
 The next Day after, in the Company
 Of other Chiefest of that Enterprize.
 And so the Tempest of this Mutiny
 Became allay'd; and those great Jeopardies
 Blown over in this sort, the Coasts well clear'd,
 But for one threatening Cloud that yet appear'd.

LVIII.

Northumberland recover'd, still out stands;
 The Principal of this Great Family,
 And Faction: Having *Berwick* in his Hands,
 With other Holds: Strong by Confed'racy
 With *Scotland*: Mighty by his own Command.
 And likely now his utmost Pow'r to try,
 To avenge him on the Ruin of his Blood,
 And join with *Wales*, which yet undaunted stood.

LIX.

Which mov'd the King, (who had too much en-
 dur'd
 In this Day's Work, to hazard new again)
 By all the aptest Means could be procur'd,
 To lay to draw him in by any Train.
 And write he did, and vow'd, and him assur'd.
 (Upon his Princely Word) to entertain
 With former Grace, if he would but submit,
 And come to yield th' Obedience that was fit.

* *Thomas Piercy, Earl of Worcester, with Sir Richard Vernon, and the Baron of Kinderton, were taken in the Battel, and beheaded.*

LX.

The Earl being now by this Defeat dismay'd,
 (And fearing his Confederates would fail,
 With Fortune, and betray, rather than aid
 Those who are down ; being for their own Avail)
 Relying on his Sov'reign's Oath, obey'd ;
 Which with his tender Grievs did much prevail :
 And in he came, and had no Detriment,
 But (for a Shew) some short Imprisonment.

LXI.

The Parli'ment that afterward ensu'd,
 Restor'd him t'all his Dignities and Lands.
 And now none but the *Welch* seem'd to seclude
 The King, from having wholly in his Hands
 All Peace within : And them he had pursu'd,
 Whilst this brave Army, with these ready Bands,
 Were yet on foot ; could he but have got Pay
 To hold them, and his Charge of War defray.

LXII.

But that he could not gain, tho' all the Ways
 That might be wrought, he labours to procure
 Means to effect the same. But those Delays,
 And long Protraction, which he must endure
 By way of Parli'ment, so much betrays
 The Opportunity, that might secure
 His Undertaking ; as th' Occasion lost,
 Drave both the State and him to greater Cost.

LXIII.

LXIII.

For now the * Rebel, thus forborn, grows strong,
 Both in his Reputation and Success :
 For having with his Pow'r held out so long,
 Many adventure with more Forwardness
 To yield him Aid, and to support his Wrong,
 And Foreign Princes (in his Business
 Whom he solicits) now will lend their Hand
 To hold him up, seeing himself can stand.

LXIV.

And thus he prospers : Whilst the King here spent
 Much Time to † levy Treasure, to maintain
 His Charge abroad : Which, with that Discontents,
 That Murmur, those Denials, he doth gain,
 As that he finds it ev'n as turbulent
 To war for it, as with it, all his Reign ;
 Tho' he had those Enforcements of Expence,
 Both for Offence, Retainments, and Defence.

LXV.

For here beside these Troubles in the Land,
 His Large Dominions held abroad require
 A plentiful, and a prepared Hand,
 To guard them ; where so || mighty Men aspire
 To assail, distract, and trouble his Command,
 With Hopes and Promises, with Sword and Fire.

And

* The French King sends Aid to Owen Glendour, with
 140 Ships, which landed at Milford-Haven, An. Reg. 6.

† An. Reg. 6. With much ado, the Laity granted Two
 Fifteenths, upon Condition that the Lord Furnival should
 receive all the Money, and see it to be spent in the King's
 Wars.

|| The Duke of Orleans, with an Army of 6000 Men,
 entred into Guienne, and besieged Vergi the Space of

G 5

Three

And then as deep imports his Coasts to clear,
Which by his Neighbours much infested were :

LXVI.

The *Flemings*, *Britains*, with the *French* and all,
Attempt Incurfions, and work much Despite.
Orleans for *Guien* : And here the * *Count St. Paul*
For *Calais* labours, and the *Isle of Wight* :
Wherein tho' neither had Success at all ;
Yet *Cler'mont* overcame, and won by Fight
Important Holds in *Gascony* the while,
And did the *English* much distress and spoil.

LXVII.

All which require Provisions to withstand ;
And all are succour'd with great Providence.
A Navy, to secure the Seas, is mann'd ;
And † Forces sent to *Calais*, for Defence.
And wherein other Parts defective stand,
They are supply'd with careful Diligence :
So that his Subjects could not but well know,
That what they granted, he did sure bestow.

Three Months, and returned without obtaining it. Anno
Reg. 5. The Count Clerimont, Son to the Duke of Bour-
bon, with Monsieur de la Bret, won divers Castles in
Gascony. The same time the Count St. Paul invadeth
the Isle of Wight with 1200 Men.

* *Anno Regni 6. The Count St. Paul besiegeth the*
Castle of Mark, within Three Miles of Calais. The
Britains, under the Conduct of the Lord of Cassis, spoil-
ed and burnt the Town of Plimouth.

† *The King sends 4000 Men to Calais, and 3000 to*
the Seas, under the Conduct of his Second Son, Thomas of
Launcester, afterwards Duke of Clarence.

LXVIII.

LXVIII.

Nor did he spare himself, nor his ; but (being
 All-wholly unto active Worthiness)
 The Prince of *Wales* unto his Province sent,
 Where he was sure he should not take his Ease ;
 His Second Son is with the Earl of *Kent*,
 Employ'd as Governor to keep the Seas.
 A * Third, tho' very young, likewise sent forth
 With *Westmorland*, attends unto the North.

LXIX.

Thus were they bred, who after were to be
 Men amongst Men. Here, with these grave Adjoints,
 (These learned Masters) they were taught to see
 Themselves, to read the World, and keep their Points.
 Thus were they entred in the first Degree
 (And Accidence) of Action ; which acquaints
 Them with the Rules of Worth and Nobleness ;
 Which in true Concord they learn'd well to express.

LXX.

And whilst h' attends the State thus carefully,
 The Earl of *March's* Children are convey'd
 Out of the Tow'r of *Windsor* secretly ;
 Being Prisoners there not for their Merit laid,
 But for their Blood ; and to the End whereby
 This Chain of Nature might be interlaid
 Between the Father and his high Intent,
 To hold him back, to save these Innocents.

* John, after Duke of Bedford, sent with Ralph New-
 vil, Earl of *Westmorland*, into the North.

LXXI.

LXXI.

For which Attempt, (tho' it were frustrated
 By their Recov'ry, who were got again)
Aumarle (now Duke of York) is challenged
 By his own * Sister, to have laid that Train ;
 Who late her Lord (with others) ruined,
 In secretly betraying them, t' obtain
 His Grace and Peace---Which yet contents him not :
 For who hath Grace and Peace by Treason got ?

LXXII.

So much did Love t' her executed Lord
 Predominate in this Fair Lady's Heart,
 As in that Region it would not afford
 Nature a Place to rest in any Part
 Of her Affections ; but that She abhorr'd
 Her proper Blood, and left to do the Part
 Of Sisterhood, to do that of a Wife ;
 T' avenge a Husband's Death, by Brother's Life.

LXXIII.

Upon which Accusation, presently
 The Duke committed is, without much Stir
 Or vulgar Noise ; for that it tenderly
 Did touch the secret'st Wounds of *Lancaster* :
 When strait another † New Conspiracy
 (As if it were a certain Successor,

Ally'd

* *The Lady Spencer, Sister to Edward D. of York, late Wife to Thomas Lord Spencer, (executed at Bristol, An. Reg 1.) accused her Brother to be the Chief Author of Conveying away the Earl of March's Sons out of the Tower of Windsor.*

† *Henry Piercy, Earl of Northumberland, again conspires against the King ; with Rich. Scroope, Archbishop*

Ally'd to this) engender'd in the North,
Is by th' Archbishop Strype with Pow'r brought forth.

LXXIV.

And with Fair Zeal and Picty approv'd,
To be for th' universal Benefit
And Succour of the People; who (soon mov'd
By such Perswaders as are held upright,
And for their Zeal and Charity belov'd)
Use not t' examine if the Cause be right,
But leap into the Toil, and are undone
By following them that they rely'd upon.

LXXV.

Here new Aspersions, with new Obloquies,
Are laid on old Deserts; and future Ill
On present Suff'rings bruted to arise,
That farther * Grievances engender will.
And then Concussion, Rapine, Pillories,
Their Catalogue of Accusations fill:
Which to redress, they do presume to make
Religion to avow the Part they take.

LXXVI.

And ev'n as *Canterbury* did produce
A Pardon, to advance him to the Crown;
The like now † *York* pronounces, to induce
His Faction for the Pulling of him down:
Whilst th' Ignorant, deceiv'd by this Abuse,
Makes others Ends to be as if their own.

*bishop of York; Thomas Mowbray, Earl Marshal;
Thomas Lord Burdolph, and others. They assembled
the Citizens of York, with the Countrey adjoining, to take
their Part, for the Commodity of the Realm.*

* They divulge grievous Articles against the King.

† The Archbishop of York offers Pardon to all that take
their Part against the King.

But

But what would these have done against the Crimes,
Oppressions, Riots, Wastes of other Times?

LXXVII.

Since now they had a Monarch, and a Man,
Rais'd by his Worth, and by their own Consent,
To govern them; and works the best he can,
To advance the Crown, and give the State Content;
Commits not all to others Care, nor ran
An idle Course, or on his Minions spent.

" But thus the Horse at first bites at the Bit;

" That after is content to play with it.

LXXVIII.

Grown to a mighty Pow'r (attending now
Northumberland, with his prepared Aid)
The Bishop (by a *Parle*) is, with a Show
Of Combination, cunningly betray'd
By * *Westmorland*; whose Wit did overthrow
(Without a Sword) all these great Fears, and stay'd
The mightiest Danger that did ever yet
Thy Crown and State, disturbed. *Henry*, threat.

LXXIX.

For which this † Rev'rend Priest with *Mowbray* dies;
Who both drawn on with Passion of Despite,
To undertake this fatal Enterprize,
(The one his Brother's Bloodshed to requite;
The other for his Father's Injuries)
Did wrong themselves, and did not others Right.

" For

* *The Earl of Westmorland, with John D. of Lancaster, gather'd an Army against the Conspirators; whose Power being too great for them, the Earl made Semblance to join with the Archbishop, for Redress of such Grievances as he pretended; and so circumvented, and disfurnish'd him of his Forces, Anno Reg. 6.*

† *The Archbishop was Brother to William Scroope, Earl of Wiltshire, Treasurer of England, before beheaded.*

Tho.

" For who thro' th' Eyes of their Affections look,
 " And not of Judgment, thus are overtook.

LXXX.

Whereof when News came to * *Northumberland*;
 (Who seldom other than of Misery
 Seems born to hear ; being ever behind hand
 With Fortune, and his Opportunity)
 To *Scotland* flies : Where giv'n to understand
 Of some Entrapment by Conspiracy,
 Gets into *Wales* ; whence he adventured
 T' attempt another Day, and lost his Head.

LXXXI.

Whereby once more those Parts are quieted ;
 When as the † King (who never had his Brow
 Seen free from Sweat, nor Heart from Trouble rid)
 Was, with Suspicion that his Son grew now
 Too popular, and forward, so much sed'
 By wicked Instruments, (who well knew how
 To gain by Princes Fears) as he thereby
 Fell in his Grief to great Extremity.

Thomas Mowbray, *Earl Marshal, Son to the Duke of Norfolk, banished about the Quarrel with Henry Bolingbroke.*

* *The E. of Northumberland returning out of Wales, recovers new Forces in Yorkshire ; and is, with the Lord Bardolph, overcome at Bramham-Moor, and slain in the Battel, Anno Regni 9.*

† *The King grows jealous of his Son Henry, Prince of Wales : Who, with a better Mind than Fashion, came to his Father, and cleared himself, Anno Regni 13,*

LXXXII.

LXXXII.

Which when that Virtuous Prince (who born to be
The Model of a Glorious Monarch) heard,
With humble Protestations did so free
His Father's Fears, and his own Honour clear'd,
As that he plainly made the World to see,
How base Detraction and Deceit appear'd ;
And that a Heart so nobly built, could not
Contain (within) a Thought that wore a Blot.

LXXXIII.

Wherewith the King betakes him to some Peace ;
Yet to a Peace much like a Sick Man's Sleep,
(Whose unrelenting Pains do never cease,
But always Watch upon his Weakness keep)
That never any Sabbath of Release
Could free his Travels, and Afflictions deep :
But still his Cares held working all his Life,
Till Death concludes a final End with Strife,

LXXXIV.

Whose Herald, 'Sickness, being employ'd before,
With full Commission to denounce his End ;
And Pain and Grief enforcing more and more,
Besieg'd the Hold that could not long defend ;
Consuming so all that resisting Store
Of those Provisions Nature deign'd to lend,
As that the Walls (worn thin) permit the Mind
To look out thorough, and his Frailty find.

LXXXV.

For now (as if those Vapours vanish'd were,
Which Heat of boiling Blood and Health did breed,
To cloud the Judgment). Things do plain appear
In their own Colours, as they are indeed ;
When as th'illighten'd Soul discovers clear
Th' abusive Shews of Sense, and notes with Heed

How

How poor a Thing is Pride ; " When all, as Slaves,
 " Differ but in their Fetters, not their Graves.

LXXXVI.

And lying on his last, afflicted Bed,
 Pale Death and Conscience both before him stand ;
 Th' one holding out a Book, wherein he read
 In bloody Lines the Deeds of his own Hand :
 The other shews a Glass, which figured
 An ugly Form of foul corrupted Sand ;
 Both bringing Horror in the high'st degree,
 With *what* he was, and *what* he soon should be.

LXXXVII.

Which seeing, (all trembling, and confus'd with
 He lay a-while amaz'd with this Affright : [Fear,
 At last commands some that attending were,
 To fetch the Crown, and set it in his Sight :
 On which with fixed Eye, and heavy Chear,
 Casting a Look—" O God, saith he, what Right
 " I had to thee, I now in Grief conceive : [leave !
 " Thee,---which with Blood I held ! with Horror

LXXXVIII.

And herewithal, the Soul (rapt with the Thought
 Of Mischiefs past) did so attentive weigh
 These present Terrors, whilst (as if forgot)
 The dull oppressed Body senseless lay ;
 That he as breathless quite, quite dead is thought :
 When lo ! the Son comes in, and takes away
 This fatal Crown from thence ; and out he goes,
 As if impatient longer Time to lose.

LXXXIX.

LXXXIX.

To whom (call'd back for this presumptuous
 The King, return'd from out his Extasy, [Deed)
 Began---" O Son, what need'st thou make such Speed,
 " To be before-hand with thy Misery ?
 " Thou shalt have Time enough, if thou succeed,
 " To feel the Storms that beat on Dignity.
 " And if thou could'st but be (be any Thing)
 " In Liberty, then never be a King,

XC.

" Nay, Father, since your Fortune did attain
 " So High a Stand ; I mean not to descend,
 " Replies the Prince. As if what you did gain,
 " I were of Spirit unable to defend.
 " Time will appease them well, who now complain,
 " And ratify our Int'rest in the end.
 " What Wrong hath not Continuance quite out-worn ?
 " Years make that right, which never was so born.

XCI.

" If so, God work his Pleasure, said the King :
 " Yet thou must needs contend with all thy Might,
 " Such Evidence of Virtuous Deeds to bring,
 " That well may prove our Wrong to be our Right.
 " And let the Goodness of the Managing
 " Rase out the Blot of Foul Attaining quite ;
 " That Discontent may all Advantage miss,
 " To wish it otherwise than now it is.

XCII.

" And since my Death my Purpose doth prevent,
 " Touching this *Holy War* I took in Hand,
 " (An Action wherewithal my Soul had meant
 " To appease my God, and reconcile my Land)
 " To thee is left to finish my Intent ;
 " Who, to be safe, must never idly stand :

" But

" But some great Actions entertain thou still,
 " To hold their Minds, who else will practise ill.

XCIII.

" Thou hast not that Advantage by my Reign,
 " To riot it, as they whom long Descent
 " Hath purchas'd Love by Custom : But with Pain
 " Thou must contend to buy the World's Content.
 " What their Birth gave them thou hast yet to gain,
 " By thine own Virtues and good Government :
 " So that unless thy Worth confirm the Thing,
 " Thou never shalt be Father to a King.

XCIV.

" Nor art thou born in those calm Days, where
 " Hath brought asleep sluggish Security : [Rest
 " But in tumultuous Times, where Minds address'd
 " To Factions, are inur'd to Mutiny ;
 " A Mischief, not by Force to be suppress'd,
 " Where Rigor still begets more Enmity.
 " Hatred must be beguil'd with some new Course,
 " Where States are stiff, and Princes doubt their
 [Force.

XCV.

This, and much more, Affliction would have said,
 Out of th' Experience of a troublous Reign,
 (For which his high Desires had dearly paid
 The Int'rest of an ever-toiling Pain)
 But that this all-subduing Pow'r here stay'd
 His salt'ring * Tongue ; and Pain (t'enforce't again)

* Anno Dom. 1412. the King died in the 46th Year
 of his Age, when he had reigned 13 Years 6 Months ;
 and left Four Sons : Henry, after him, King ; the Duke
 of Clarence, John Duke of Bedford, and Humphry
 Duke of Gloucester.

Barr'd

Barr'd up th'oppressed Passages of Breath,
To bring him quite under the State of Death.

XCVI.

' In whose Possession I must leave him now ;
And now into the *Ocean* of New Toils,
Into the stormy Main (where Tempests grow
Of greater Ruins, and of greater Spoils)
Set forth my Course (to hasten on my Vow)
Ov'r all the troublous Deep of these Turmoils.
And if I may but live t' attain the Shore
Of my desired End, I wish no more.

The End of the Fourth Book.

The



The HISTORY of the CIVIL WAR.

BOOK V.

The ARGUMENT.

*Henry the Vth cuts off his Enemy,
The Earl of Cambridge, that conspir'd his Death.
Henry the Vth (marry'd unluckily)
His, and his Country's Glory ruineth.
Suffolk, that made the Match, prefer'd too high;
Going t' Exile, a Pyrate murdereth.
What Means the Duke of York observ'd, to gain
The World's Good-Will, seeking the Crown t' attain.*

I.

Close smother'd lay the low depressed Fire,
Whose after-issuing Flames confounded all,
The whilst Victorious * Henry did conspire
The Wreck of France, that at his Feet did fall:
Whilst Joys of gotten Spoils, and new Desire
Of greater Gain, to greater Deeds did call

* Henry V. began his Reign, March 20. 1412.

His Conqu'ring Troops ; that could no Thoughts re-
Save Thoughts of Glory, all that active Reign. [tain,

II.

Whom here, methinks, (as if he did appear
Out of the cloudy Darkness of the Night)
I do behold approach with Martial Cheer,
And with a dreadful (and yet lovely) Sight :
Whose Eye gives Courage, and whose Brow hath
Both representing Terror and Delight ; [Fear,
And stays my Course, and off my Purpose breaks ;
And in upbraiding Words thus fiercely speaks.

III.

“ Ungrateful Times ! that impiously neglect
“ That Worth, that never Times again shall show.
“ What ! merits all our Toil no more Respect ?
“ Or else stands Idleness ashamed to know
“ Those wondrous Actions, that do so object
“ Blame to the Wanton, Sin unto the Slow ?
“ Can *England* see the best that She can boast
“ Lie thus ungrac'd, undeck'd, and almost lost ?

IV.

“ Why do you seek for feigned *Palladines*,
“ (Out of the Smoak of idle Vanity)
“ Who may give Glory to the true Designs
“ Of *Bourchier, Talbot, Nevile, Willoughby* ?
“ Why should not you strive to fill up your Lines,
“ With Wonders of your own, with Verity ?
“ T' enflame their Offspring with the Love of Good,
“ And glorious true Examples of their Blood.

V.

V.

" What Everlasting Matter here is found,
 " Whence new Immortal *Iliads* might proceed !
 " That those whose happy Graces do abound
 " In blessed Accents, here may have to feed
 " Good Thoughts, on no imaginary Ground
 " Of hungry Shadows, which no Profit breed ;
 " Whence, Musick-like, instant Delight may grow ;
 " Yet when Men all do know, they nothing know.

VI.

" And why dost thou, in lamentable Verse,
 " Nothing but Blood-shed, Treasons, Sin and Shame,
 " The worst of Times, th' Extreme of Ills rehearse ;
 " To raise old Stains, and to renew dead Blame ?
 " As if the Minds of th' Evil and Perverse,
 " Were not far sooner trained from the same,
 " By good Example of fair virtuous Acts,
 " Than by the Shew of foul ungodly Facts.

VII.

" Would God our Times had had some sacred
 " Whose Words as happy as our Swords had been, [Wight,
 " To have prepar'd for us *Trophies* aright
 " Of undecaying Frames t' have rested in ;
 " Triumphant Arks of perdurable Might :
 " O Holy Lines ! that such Advantage win
 " Upon the Scythe of Time, in Spite of Years :
 " How blessed they, who gain what never wears !

VIII.

" For what is it to do ; if what we do
 " Shall perish near as soon as it is done ?
 " What is that Glory we attain unto
 " With all our Toil, if lost as soon as won ?
 " A small Requital for so great ado,
 " Is this poor present Breath, a Smoak soon gone ;
 " Or

- " Or these dumb Stones, erected for our Sake :
 " Which formless Heaps few stormy Changes make.

IX.

- " Tell Great *ELIZA*, (since her Days are grac'd
 " With those Bright Ornaments to Us deny'd)
 " That She repair what Darkness hath defac'd,
 " And get our ruin'd Deeds re-edify'd.
 " She ! in whose all-directing Eye is plac'd
 " A Pow'r, the Highest Pow'rs of Wit to guide ;
 " She may command the Work, and over-see
 " The Holy Frame, that might Eternal be.

X.

- " For would She be content that Time should make
 " A ravenous Prey upon her Glorious Reign ;
 " That Darkness and the Night should overtake
 " So clear a Brightness shining without Stain ?
 " Ah ! no : She fosters some, no doubt, that wake
 " For her Eternity, with pleasing Pain.
 " And if She for Her Self prepare this Good,
 " Let her not so neglect Those of her Blood.

XI.

This that Great Monarch *Henry* seem'd to crave :
 When (weighing what a Holy Motive here
 Virtue propos'd, and fit for him to have,
 Whom all Times ought of Duty hold most dear)
 I sigh'd--and wish'd that some would take t' engrave,
 With curious Hand, so proud a Work to rear,
 (To grace the present, and to bless Times past)
 That might for ever to our Glory last !

XII.

XII.

So should our well-taught Times have learn'd
 [alike,
 How fair shin'd Virtue, and how foul Vice stood ;
 When now my self am driven to dislike
 Those Deeds of Worth I dare not vow for good :
 I cannot moan who lose, nor praise who seek
 By mighty Actions here t'advance their Blood.
 I must say, who wrought most, least Honour had :
 However good the Cause, the Deeds were bad.

XIII.

And only tell the Worst of ev'ry Reign ;
 And not the intermeddled good Report.
 I leave what Glory Virtue did attain
 At th' Ever-memorable *Agincourt*.
 I leave to tell, what Wit, what Pow'r did gain
 Th' assieged *Rian*, *Caen*, *Dreux* ; or in what Sort :
 How Majesty with Terror did advance
 Her conqu'ring Foot on all-subdued *France*.

XIV.

All this I pass ; and that Magnan'mous King,
 Mirror of Virtue, Miracle of Worth ;
 Whose mighty Actions, with wise Managing,
 Forc'd prouder boasting Climes to serve the *North* :
 The Best of all the Best the Earth can bring,
 Scarce equals him in what his Reign brought forth ;
 Being of a Mind as forward to aspire,
 As fit to govern what he did desire.

XV.

His Comely Body was a goodly Seat,
 Where Virtue dwelt most fair, as lodg'd most pure :
 A Body strong ; where Use of Strength did get
 A stronger State to do, and to endure.
 His Life he makes th' Example to beget
 Like Spirit in those he did to Good inure ;

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H

And.

146. C I V I L W A R.

And gave to *Worth* such Life and Livelihood,
As if he Greatness fought but to do good.

XVI.

He, as the Chief and All-directing Head,
Did with his Subjects as his Members live ;
And them to Goodness forced not, but led ;
Winning, not much to have, but much to give,
(Deeming the Pow'r of his, his Pow'r did spread)
As born to bless the World, and not to grieve :
Adorn'd with others Spoils, not Subjects Store ;
No King exacting less, none winning more.

XVII.

He, after that corrupted Faith had bred
An ill-inur'd Obedience for Command,
And languishing Luxuriousness had spread
Weyward Unapness over all the Land ;
Those long-unorder'd Troops so marshalled,
Under such formal Discipline to stand,
That ev'n his Soul seem'd only to direct
So great a Body, such Exploits t' effect.

XVIII.

He brings abroad distracted Discontent,
Dispers'd ill Humours into Actions high ;
And to unite them all in one Consent,
Plac'd the fair Mark of Glory in their Eye ;
That Malice had no Leisure to dissent,
Nor Envy Time to practise Treachery.
The present Actions do divert the Thought
Of Madness past, while Minds were so well wrought.

XIX.

Here now were Pride, Oppression, Usury,
(The Canker-eating Mischiefs of the State)
Call'd forth to prey upon the Enemy ;
Whilst the home-burthen'd better lighten'd sat.
Exactors did not with a greedy Eye
Examine States, or private Riches rate.

The

The silent * Courts warr'd not with busy Words;
Nor wrested Law gave the Contentious Swords.

XX.

Now nothing entertains th' attentive Ear,
But Stratagems, Assaults, Surprizes, Fights :
How to give Laws to them that conquer'd were ;
How to articulate with yielding Wights.
The Weak with Mercy, and the Proud with Fear,
How to retain : To give Deserts their Rights ;
Were now the Arts—And nothing else was thought,
But how to win, and maintain what was got.

XXI.

Nor here were any privately possess'd,
Or held alone imprison'd Majesty ;
Proudly debarring Entrance from the rest,
As if the Prey were theirs by Victory.
Here no Detractor wounds who merits best ;
Nor shameless Brow cheers on Impiety.
Virtue who all her Toil with Zeal had spent,
Nor here all unrewarded fighting went.

XXII.

But here, the equally-respecting Eye
Of Pow'r, looking alike on like Deserts,
Blessing the Good, made others good thereby ;
More mighty by the Multitude of Hearts.
The Field of Glory unto all doth lie
Open alike ; Honour to all imparts.
So that the only Fashion in Request,
Was, to be good, or good-like as the rest.

* The Courts of Justice.

XXIII.

So much, O thou Example, dost effect,
 (Being far a better * Master than Command)
 That how to do, by doing dost direct,
 And teachest others Action by thy Hand.

" Who follows not the Course that Kings elect ?
 " When Princes work, who then will idle stand ?
 " And, when that doing good is only thought
 " Worthy Reward ; who will be bad for nought ?

XXIV.

And had not † th' Earl of Cambridge, with vain
 Untimely practis'd for another's Right, [Speed,
 With Hope t' advance those of his proper Seed,
 (On whom the Rule seem'd destined to light)
 The Land had seen none of her own to bleed,
 During this Reign, nor no aggrieved Sight :
 None the least Blackness interclouded had
 So fair a Day, nor any Eye look'd sad.

XXV.

But now when France perceived from a-far
 The gath'ring Tempest growing on from hence,
 Ready to fall, threatening their State to marr,
 They labour all Means to provide Defence,
 And practising how to prevent this War;
 And shut out such Calamities from thence,
 Do foster here some Discord lately grown,
 To hold Ambition busied with her own.

* ——— Doctet tolerare Labores; non jubet.

† Richard Earl of Cambridge, the Second Son to Edmund Langley, Duke of York; married Anne, the Daughter of Roger Mortimer, E. of March, descended from Lionel Duke of Clarence, the Third Son to King Edward III. By whose Right, Richard Duke of York, Son to this Earl of Cambridge, afterwards claimed the Crown.

XXVI.

XXVI.

Finding those Humours which they saw were fit
 Soon to be wrought, and easy to be fed,
 Swol'n full with Envy, that the Crown should sit
 There where it did, (as if established)
 And whom it touch'd in Blood, to grieve at it;
 They with such Hopes and Helps solicited,
 That this Great Earl was drawn to attempt the Thing,
 And practiseth how to depose the King.

XXVII.

For being of mighty Means to do the Deed,
 And yet of mightier Hopes than Means to do;
 And yet of Spirit that did his Hopes exceed;
 And then of Blood as great, to add thereto:
 All these, with what the Gold of *France* could
 [breed,
 (Being Pow'rs enough a climbing Mind to woo)
 He so employ'd, that many he had won.
 Ev'n of the * Chief the King rely'd upon.

XXVIII.

The well-known Right of th' Earl of *March* allur'd
 A leaning Love; whose Cause he did pretend:
 Whereby he knew that so himself procur'd
 The Crown for his own Children in the End.
 For the Earl being (as he was assur'd)
 Unapt for Issue; it must needs descend
 On those of his, being next of *Clarence* Race;
 As who by Course of Right should hold the Place.

* *The Earl of Cambridge conspiring the Death of the King, was, with Henry Scroope, Lord Treasurer, and Sir Thomas Grey, executed at Southampton, Anno 3. Regni.*

XXIX.

It was the Time, when as the forward Prince
 Had all prepar'd for his great * Enterprize ;
 And ready stand his Troops to part from hence,
 And all in stately Form and Order lies ;
 When open Fame gives out Intelligence,
 Of these bad Complots of his Enemies.
 Or else this Time of purpose chosen is ;
 Tho' known before, yet let run on till this.

XXX.

That this might yield the more to aggravate
 Upon so foul a Deed untimely sought,
 Now at this Point t' attempt to ruinate
 So Glorious a Design so forward brought ;
 Whilst careful Virtue seeks t' advance the State,
 And for her everlasting Honour sought :
 That tho' the Cause seem'd right, and Title strong ;
 The Time of doing it yet makes it wrong.

XXXI.

But strait an unlamented Death he had.
 And strait were joyfully the Anchors weigh'd,
 And all flock fast aboard with Village glad ;
 As if the Sacrifice had now been paid
 For their good Speed, that made their Stay so sad,
 Loathing the least Occasion that delay'd.
 And now new Thoughts, great Hopes, calm Seas,
 [fair Winds,
 With present Action entertain their Minds.

* At Southampton.

XXXII.

XXXII.

No other Cross, O *Henry*, saw thy Days
But this, that touch'd thy now possessed Hold ;
Nor after long, till this Man's * Son assays
To get of thine the Right that he controll'd ;
For which contending long, his Life he pays.
So that it fatal seem'd, the Father should
Thy Winning seek to stay ; and then his Son
Should be the Cause to lose, when thou had'st won.

XXXIII.

Yet now in this so Happy a Mean-while,
And interlightning Times thy Virtues wrought,
That Discord had no Leisure to defile
So fair Attempts with a tumultuous Thought :
And ev'n thy self thy self did'st so beguile
With such Attention upon what was sought,
That Time affords not now (with Fear or Hate)
Others to seek, Thee to secure thy State.

XXXIV.

Or else how easy had it been for thee,
All the Pretendanc Race t'have laid full low ?
If thou proceeded had'st with Cruelty,
Not suff'ring any fatal Branch to grow.
But unsuspicious Magnanimity
Shames such Effects of Fear and Force to show ;
Busied in free and open Actions, still
Being great—For being good, hates so to be ill.

* *Richard Duke of York, Son to the Earl of Cambridge, by Anne Daughter to the Earl of March, made his Claim in the 30th Year of Henry VI.*

XXXV.

And yet such Wrongs are held meet to be done,
 And often for the State thought requisite ;
 As when the Publick Good depends thereon,
 When great Injustice is esteem'd great Right.
 But yet, what Good with doing ill is won ?
 Who hath of Blood made such a Benefit,
 As hath not fear'd more after than before ;
 And made his Peace the less, his Plague the more ?

XXXVI.

Far otherwise dealt this undaunted King,
 That cherish'd the Offspring of his Foes,
 And his Competitors to Grace did bring ;
 And them his Friends for Arms and Honours chose :
 As if plain Courses were the safest Thing,
 Where upright Goodness sure and stedfast goes ;
 Free from that subtle mask'd Impiety,
 Which this depraved World calls *Policy*.

XXXVII.

Yet how hath Fate dispos'd of all this Good ?
 What have these Virtues After-Times avail'd ?
 In what stead hath high-raised Valour stood,
 When this continuing Cause of Greatness fail'd ?
 Then when proud-grown the irritated Blood,
 Enduring not it self, it self assail'd ;
 As tho' that *Prowess* had but learn'd to spill
 Much Blood abroad, to cut her Throat with Skill.

XXXVIII.

How doth th' Eternal, in the Course of Things,
 Immix the Causes both of Good and Ill ?
 That thus the one Effects of th' other brings ;
 As what seems made to bliss, is born to spill ?
 What ! from the best of Virtues, Glory, springs
 That which the World with Misery doth fill ?

Is

Is th' End of Happiness but Wretchedness?
Hath Sin his Plague, and Virtue no Success?

XXXIX.

Either that is not good the World holds good;
Or else is so confus'd with Ill, that we
(Abused with th' appearing Likelihood)
Run to offend, whilst we think good to be:
Or else the Heav'ns made Man (in furious Blood)
To torture Man; allotting no Course free
From Mischief long. Sending fair Days, that breed
But Storms; to make more foul Times that succeed.

XL.

Who would have thought that so great Victories,
Such Conquests, Riches, Land, and Kingdom gain'd,
Could not but have establish'd in such wise.
This powerful State, in State to have remain'd?
Who would have thought that Mischief could devise
A way, so soon to lose what was attain'd?
As if Pow'r were but shew'd to grieve, not grace,
And to reduce us into far worse Case.

XLI.

With what Contagion, *France*, did'st thou infect
This Land, by thee made proud, to disagree?
T'enrage them so, their own Swords to direct
Upon themselves, that were made sharp in thee?
Why did'st thou reach them here at home t' erect
~~Trophies of their Blood, which of thine should be?~~
Or was the Date of thine Affliction out;
And so (by Course) was ours to come about?

XLII.

But that untimely Death of this * Great King,
 Whose Nine Years Reign so mighty Wonders wrought,
 To thee thy Hopes, to us Despair did bring ;
 Not long to keep and govern what was got.
 For those that had th' Affairs in Managing,
 Altho' their Countrey's Good they greatly sought ;
 Yet so ill Accidents untily fell,
 That their Designs could hardly prosper well.

XLIII.

An † Infant-King doth in the State succeed,
 Scarce One Year old, left unto others Guide :
 Whose careful Trust, tho' such as shew'd indeed
 They weigh'd their Charge more than the World be-
 And did with Duty, Zeal, and Love proceed ; [side,
 Yee (for all what their Travail could provide)
 Could not woo Fortune to remain with us,
 When this her Minion was departed thus :

XLIV.

But by degrees, first this, then that regain'd,
 The turning Tide bears back with flowing Chance
 Unto the Dauphin, all we had attain'd ;
 And fills the late low-running Hopes of France.
 When Bedford (who but only Hold maintain'd)
 Death takes from us, their Fortune to advance ;
 And then Home-Strife, that on it self did fall,
 Neglecting Foreign Care, did soon lose all.

* Henry V. reigned Nine Years and Ten Months, and died in the 36th Year of his Age.

† Henry VI. scarce One Year old when he began his Reign, was committed to the Charge of the Two good Dukes, Bedford and Gloucester, his Uncles.

XLV.

XLV.

Near Threescore Years are pass'd since *Bolingbroke*
Did first attain (God knows how just) the Crown :
And now his Race, for Right Possessors took,
Were held of all to hold nought but their own :
When *Richard* Duke of *York* begins to look
Into their Right, and makes his Title known ;
Wak'ning up sleeping Right, that lay as dead,
To witness how his Race was injured.

XLVI.

His Father's End, in him no Fear could move
T'attempt the like, against the like of Might ;
Where long Possession now of Fear and Love,
Seem'd to prescribe ev'n an innat'd Right.
So that to prove his State, was to disprove
Time, Law, Consent, Oath and Allegiance quite a
And no Way but the Way of Blood there was,
Thro' which (with all Confusion) he must pass.

XLVII.

" And how much better for him had it been,
" T'endure a Wrong with Peace, than with such
[Toil]
" T'obtain a Bloody Right ?—Since Right is Sin,
" That is ill fought, and purchas'd with Spoil.
But this so wretched State are Kingdoms in,
Where One Man's Cause shall all the rest embroil :
" And oft advance a Tyrant to a Crown,
" Men run t'undo the State that is their own.

XLVIII.

And yet that Opportunity which led
Him to attempt, seem'd likewise him t'excuse :
A feeble-spirited King that governed,
Who ill could guide the Sceptre he did use ;
His Enemies, that his Worth maliced,
Who both the Land and him did much abuse :
The

The People's Love ; and his apparent Right,
May seem sufficient Motives to incite.

XLIX.

Besides, the now ripe Wrath (deferr'd till now)
Of that sure and unfailing *Justicer*,
That never suffers Wrong so long to grow,
And to incorporate with Right so far,
As it might come to seem the same in Show,
(T' encourage those that evil-minded are
By such Success) but that at last he will
Confound the Branch, whose Root was planted ill.

L.

Else might the Impious say, with grudging Spite,
" Doth God permit the Great to riot free;
" And bless the Mighty tho' they do unright,
" As if he did unto their Wrongs agree ?
" And only plague the weak and wretched Wight,
" For smallest Faults, ev'n in the highest Degree ?
" When he but using them for others Scourge,
" Likewise of them at length the World doth purge.

LI.

" But could not yet for Bloodshed satisfy
" The now well-Ruling of th' ill-gotten Crown ?
" Must ev'n the Good receive the Penalty
" Of former Sins, that never were their own ?
" And must a Just King's Blood (with Misery)
" Pay for a Bad, unjustly overthrown ?
" Well!—then we see, Right in his Course must go :
" And Men, t' escape from Blood, must keep it so.

LII.

And sure this King that now the Crown possess'd,
(*Henry the Sixth*) was one whose Life was free
From that Command of Vice, whereto the rest
Of most these mighty Sov'reigns Subjects be ;
And number'd might have been among the best
Of other Men, if not of that Degree.

A right Good Man, but yet an Evil King ;
Unfit for what he had id Managing.

LIII.

Of humble Spirit, of Nature content ;
No Thought to increase he had ; scarce keep his own :
For Pard'ning apter, than for Punishment ;
He choaks his Pow'r, to have his Bounty known.
Far from Revenge ; soon won ; soon made content ;
As fitter for a Cloyster than a Crown :
Whose Holy Mind so much addicted is
On th' World to come, that he neglecteth This.

LIV.

With such a weak-good, feeble-godly King,
Hath *Richard Duke of York* his Cause to try ;
Who by th' Experience of long Managing
The Wars of *France* with Supreme Dignity ;
And by his own great Worth, with furthering
The Common Good against the Enemy,
Had wrought, that Zeal and Love attend his Might,
And make his Spirit equal to his Right.

LV.

For now the Duke of *Bedford* being dead,
He is ordain'd the * Regent to succeed
In *France*, for Five Years : Where he travailed
With ready Hand, and with as careful Heed,
To seek to turn back Fortune, (that now fled)
And hold up falling Pow'r in Time of Need :
And got and lost ; and re-attains again,
That which again was lost for all his Pain.

* *The Duke of York made Regent in France, after the Death of the Duke of Bedford.*

LVI.

LVI.

His Time expir'd, he should for Five Years more
 Have had his Charge prolong'd : But * *Somerſet*,
 That ſtill had carry'd his Command before,
 That Place and Honour for himſelf did geſt :
 Which adds that Matter to th' already Store
 Of kindled Hate, which ſuch a Fire doth ſet
 Unto the Touch of a confounding Flame,
 As both their Bloods could never quench the ſame.

LVII.

And now the Weakneſs of that feeble Head
 (That doth neglect all Care, but his Soul's Care)
 So eaſy Means of Practice miniſter'd
 Unto th' ambitious Members, to prepare
 Their own Deſires to what their Humours led ;
 That all good Actions coldly followed are,
 And ſev'ral-tending Hopes do wholly bend
 To other now than to the Publick End.

LVIII.

And to draw on more ſpeedy Miſery,
 The King unto a fatal Match is led,
 With † *Rayner's* Daughter, King of *Sicily* ;
 Whom, with unlucky Stars, he married.
 For by the Means of this Affinity,
 Was loſt all that his Father conquer'd ;
 Ev'n as if *France* had ſome *Erynack* ſent,
 To avenge their Wrongs done by the iſolent.

* *Edmund Duke of Somerſet, a great Enemy of the Duke of York.*

† *This Rayner was Duke of Arjou, and only enjoyed the Title of King of Sicily.*

LIX.

This Marriage was the * Earl of Suffolk's Deed;
 With great Rewards won to effect the same;
 Which made him that he took so little Heed
 Unto his Country's Good, or his own Shame:
 It being a Match could stand us in no stead,
 For Strength, for Wealth, for Reputation, Fame:
 But cunningly contriv'd for others Gain;
 And cost us more than Anjou, *Mons*, and *Main*.

EX.

And yet (as if he had accomplished
 Some mighty Benefit unto the Land)
 He got his Travails to be registred
 In Parli'ment, for evermore to stand
 A Witness to approve all what he did;
 To th' end that if hereafter it were scann'd,
 Authority might yet be on his Side,
 As doing nought but what was ratify'd.

LXI.

Imagining th' Allowance of that Place
 Would make that good, the which he knew was
 And so would his Negotiation grace, [naught;
 As none might think it was his private Fault.
 Wherein tho' Wit dealt wary in this Case,
 Yet in the end it self it over-wrought:
 Striving to hide, he open'd it the more;
 His after-Care shew'd Craft had gone before.

† William de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, after created Duke of Suffolk, the chiefest Instrument in this Marriage; which was solemnized Anno Regni 23. between the King and the Lady Margaret, Daughter to Rayner Duke of Arlon; to whom was deliver'd up the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of Main, upon the Conclusion of this Match.

LXII.

LXII.

Dear did'st thou buy, O King, so Fair a Wife;
 So Rare a Spirit; so High a Mind the while;
 Whose Portion was Destruction, Dowry Strafe;
 Whose Bed was Sorrow; whose Embracing Spoil:
 Whose Maintenance cost thee and thine their Life;
 And whose best Comfort never was but Toil.
 What *Paris* brought this Booty of Desire,
 To set our mighty *Ilium* here on fire?

LXIII.

I grieve I should be forc'd to say thus much,
 To blame her, whom I yet must wonder at;
 Whose so sweet Beauty, Wit and Worth were such,
 As (tho' She Fortune lost) She Glory gat.
 Yet doth my Country's Zeal so nearly touch,
 That here my Muse it doth exasperate;
 Altho' unwilling that my Pen should give
 Stain to that Sex, by whom her Fame doth live.

LXIV.

For sure those Virtues well deserv'd a Crown:
 And had it not been ours, no doubt She might
 Have been among the Worthies of Renown,
 And now sat fair with Fame, with Glory bright.
 But coming in the way where Sin was grown
 So foul and thick, it was her Chance to light.
 Amidst the gross Infection of those Times;
 And so came stain'd with black, disgraceful Crimes.

LXV.

For some the World must have, on whom to lay
 The heavy Burthen of Reproach and Blame;
 Against whose Deeds th' afflicted may inveigh,
 As th' only Authors whence Destruction came;
 When yet, perhaps, 'twas not in them to stay.
 The Current of that Stream, nor help the same;
 But

But living in the Eye of Action so,
Not hind'ring it, are thought to draw on Woe.

LXVI.

So much unhappy do the Mighty stand,
Who stand on other than their own Defence,
When as Destruction is so near at hand ;
That if by Weakness, Folly, Negligence,
They do not coming Misery withstand,
They shall be deem'd the Authors of th' Offence,
And to call in that which they kept not out ;
And curs'd, as they who brought those Plagues about ;

LXVII.

And To remain for ever registred
In that Eternal Book of Infamy :
When yet how many other Causes led
As well to that as their Iniquity ?
The worst Complots oft lie close smothered :
And well-meant Deeds fall out unluckily ;
Whilst the aggriev'd stand not to weigh th' Intent,
But ever judge according to th' Event.

LXVIII.

I say not this to excuse thy Sin, O Queen;
Nor clear their Faults who mighty Actors are :
I cannot but affirm thy * Pride hath been
A special Means this Commonwealth to marr,
And that thy wayward Will was plainly seen
In vain Ambition, to presume too far
And that by thee the only way was wrought,
The Duke of Gloucester to his Death was brought :

* The Pride and Haughtiness of this Queen Margaret,
gave the first Original, to the Mischiefs that followed, by
the Death of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, Protector.

LXIX.

LXIX.

A Man, tho' seeming in thy Thought to fit
Between the Light of thy Desires and thee ;
Yet did his taking thence plainly permit
Others to look to that they could not see
During his Life, nor would adventure it :
When his Remove quite made that Passage free ;
That by his Fall thinking to stand alone,
Thou scarce could'st stand at all when he was gone.

LXX.

For this Duke (as *Protector*) many Years
Had rul'd the Land, during the King's young Age ;
And now the self-same Charge and Title bears,
As if he still were in his Pupilage :
Which such Disgrace unto the Queen appears,
That (all incens'd with an ambitious Rage)
She doth conspire to have him made away,
As one that stay'd the Current of her Sway.

LXXI.

Thrust therein to not only with her Pride,
But by her Father's Counsel and Consent ;
Who griev'd likewise that any one beside,
Should have the Honour of the Government :
And therefore he such deep Advice apply'd,
As Foreign Craft and Cunning could invent,
To circumvent an unsuspecting Wight,
Before he should discern of their Despite.

LXXII.

And many ready Hands She strait doth find
To aid her Deed, of such as could not brook
The Length of one Man's Office in that kind ;
Who all th' Especial Charges undertook,
Rul'd all himself ; and never had the Mind
To impart a Part with others, who would look

To

To have likewise some Honour in their Hands,
And griev'd at such Engrossing of Commands.

LXXIII.

For had he not had such a greedy * Love
To entertain his Offices too long,
Envy had been unable to reprove
His acted Life, unless she did him wrong.
But having liv'd so many Years above,
He grieves now to descend, to be less strong;
And kills that Fame that Virtue did beget,
Chose to be held less good, than seen less great.

LXXIV.

" For could the Mighty but give Bounds to Pride;
" And weigh back Fortune e're she pull them down;
" Contested with enough, with Honour satisfy'd;
" Not striving how to make so much their own,
" As to leave nothing for the rest beside;
" Who seem by their High-spredding over-grown,
" Whilst they themselves remain in all Men's Sight,
" The odious Mark of Hatred and Despice:

LXXV.

" Then never should so many Tragedies
" Burthen our Knowledge with their bloody End;
" Nor their disgrac'd, confounded Families,
" From so high Pride to so low Shame descend;
" But planted on that Ground where Safety lies,
" Their Branches should t' Eternity extend.
" But ever they who over-look so much,
" Will over-see themselves, their State is such.

* Nil tam utile, quam brevem Potestatem esse que
magna sit.

LXXVI.

LXXVI.

Severe * He was, and strictly did observe
 Due Form of Justice towards every Wight ;
 Unmoveable, and never won to swerve
 For any Cause, in what he thought was right :
 Wherein altho' he did so well deserve,
 In the Licentious yet it bred Despite ;
 " So that ev'n Virtue seems an Actor too,
 " To ruin those Fortune prepares t' undo.

LXXVII.

Now such being forward, who (the Queen well
 Hated his Might, and glad to innovate ; [knew)
 Unto so great and strong a Party grew,
 As it was easy to subvert his State :
 And only Hope of Alteration drew
 Many to yield, that had no Cause to hate.
 " For ev'n with Goodness Men grow discontent,
 " Where States are ripe to fall, and Virtue spent.

LXXVIII.

And taking all the Rule into her Hand,
 (Under the Shadow of that feeble King)
 The Duke Sh'excludes from Office and Command ;
 And in the Reach of Enmity doth bring,
 From that respected Height where he did stand,
 (When Malice scarce durst mutter any thing).
 And now the worst of him comes all reveal'd,
 Which former Fear, or Rigor kept conceal'd.

LXXIX.

Now is he taxed that he rather sought
 His Private Profit, than the Publick Good ;
 And many Things presumptuously had wrought,
 Other than with our Laws and Customs stood :

* *The Virtues of Humphry D. of Gloucester.*

As one that would into the Land have brought
 The Civil Form, in Cases touching Blood : [found ;
 And such poor Crimes---that shew'd their Spite was
 But yet bewray'd, their Matter wanted Ground.

LXXV.

Yet serv'd they well the Turn, and did effect
 That which is ealy wrought in such a Case ;
 Where what suborned Justice shall object,
 Is to the Purpose, and must pass with Grace ;
 And what the Wretched bring, of no Effect ;
 Whose heinous Faults his Matter must deface.
 " For where Pow'r hath decreed to find th' Offence,
 " The Cause is better still than the Defence.

LXXXI.

A Parli'ment at Berry summoned,
 Dispatch'd the Deed more speedily than well.
 For thither came the * Duke without all Dread,
 Or ought imagining of what befel :
 Where now the Matter is so followed,
 That he convented is, ere he could tell
 He was in Danger, or had done Offence ;
 And presently to Prison sent from thence.

LXXXII.

Which quick and sudden Action gave no Time
 For Men to weigh the Justice of the Deed ;

* *The Duke of Gloucester coming to this Parliament from his Castle of the Vierz in Wiltshire, was arrested by John Lord Beaumont, High-Constable, the Dukes of Buckingham and Somerset, with others ; who appointed certain of the King's Household to attend upon him : But he died before he was brought to his Answer ; some say of Sorrow, others of a Palsy, or an Imposthume, An. Reg. 25. The Duke of Suffolk was a principal Instrument in this Business.*

Whilst

Whilst looking only on the urged Crime,
 Unto the farther Drift they take no heed.
 For these Occasions taken in the Prime
 Of Courses new, that old Dislikes succeed,
 Leave not behind that feeling Touch of Wrong.
 " Satiety makes Passions still less strong.

LXXXIII.

And yet they seem'd some Mutiny to doubt,
 For thus proceeding with a Man of Might ;
 Consid'ring he was popular and stout,
 And resolute would stand upon his Right :
 And therefore did they cast this way about,
 To have him closely murder'd out of Sight ;
 That so his Trouble, and his Death hereby,
 Might come together, and together die.

LXXXIV.

Reck'ning it better, since his End is meant,
 And must be wrought, at once to rid it clear,
 And put it to the Fortune of th' Event,
 Than by long Doing to be long in Fear :
 When in such Courses of High Punishment,
 The Deed and the Attempt like Danger bear.
 And oft Things done (perhaps) do less annoy,
 Than may the Doing handled with Delay.

LXXXV.

And so they had it strait accomplished.
 For next Day after his Commitment, he
 Is dead brought forth, being found so in his Bed ;
 Which was by sudden Sicknes said to be,
 That had upon his Sorrows newly bred,
 As by apparent Tokens Men might see.
 " And thus, O Sickness, thou art oft bely'd,
 " When Death hath many Ways to come beside.

LXXXVI.

Are these the Deeds High Foreign Wits invent ?
 Is this that Wisdom whereof they so boast ?
 Well ;---then I would it never had been spent
 Here amongst us, nor brought from out their Coast.
 Let their vile Cunning, in their Limits pent,
 Remain amongst themselves that like it most :
 And let the *North* (they count of colder Blood)
 Be held more gross, so it remain more good.

LXXXVII.

Let them have fairer Cities, goodlier Soils,
 And sweeter Fields for Beauty to the Eye,
 So long as they have these ungodly Wiles,
 Such detestable, vile Impiety.
 And let us want their Vines, their Fruits the whites,
 So that we want not Faith and Honesty.
 We care not for those Pleasures ; so we may
 Have better Hearts, and stronger Hands than they.

LXXXVIII.

Neptune, keep out from thy Embraced Isle
 This foul Contagion of Iniquity ;
 Drown all Corruptions, coming to defile
 Our fair Proceedings order'd formally.
 Keep us mere *English* : Let not Craft beguile
 Honour and Justice, with strange Subtily :
 Let us not think how that our Good can frame,
 Which ruin'd hath the Authors of the same.

LXXXIX.

~~But by this impious Means, that worthy Man~~
 Is brought unto this Lamentable End :
 And now that Current with main Fury ran
 (The Stop remov'd that did the Course defend)
 Unto the full of Mischief, that began
 T'an universal Ruin to extend ;

That

That *Isthmus* failing, which the Land did keep
From the entire Possession of the Deep.

XC.

And now the King alone, all open lay,
No Under-Prop of Blood to stay him by :
None but himself stands weakly in the way,
'Twixt *Tork* and the affected Sov'reignty.
Gone is that *Bar*, that would have been the Stay,
T' have kept him back from Mounting up so high.
" But see, (ah !) see : What State stand these Men
" That cannot live *without*, nor *with* their Kin ? [in,

XCI.

The *Queen* hath yet by this her full Desire ;
And now She with her Minion *Suffolk* reigns :
Now She hath all Authority entire,
And all Affairs unto her self retains.
And only * *Suffolk* is advanced higher ;
He is the Man rewarded for his Pains :
He, that did in her Stead most chiefly stand,
And more advanc'd Her than he did the Land.

XCII.

Which when they saw who better did expect,
Then they began their Error to descry,
And well perceive that only the Defect,
Was in their Judgment, Passion-drawn awry ;
Found formal Rigor fitter to direct,
Than Pride and insolent Inconstancy.
" Better Severity that's right and just,
" Than impotent Affections led with Lust.

* De la Pole is created D. of Suffolk, An. Reg. 26.
and is banished, and murdered the next Year after.

XCIII.

XCIII.

And thereupon in Sorrow thus complain :
 " What wondrous Inconvenience do they feel,
 " Where as such Imbecillity doth reign,
 " As so neglects the Care of Commonweal ?
 " Where ever one or other doth obtain,
 " So high a Grace thus absolute to deal ;
 " The whilst th'aggrieved Subject suffers still
 " The Pride of some predominating Will.

XCIV.

" And ever one remov'd, a worse succeeds :
 " So that the best that we can hope, is War,
 " Tumults and Scirs, that this Disliking breeds ;
 " The Sword must mend, what Insolence doth marr.
 " For what Rebelions, and what bloody Deeds
 " Have ever follow'd, where such Courses are ?
 " What oft-Removes ? What Death of Counsellors ?
 " What Murder ? What Exile of Officers ?

XCV.

" Witness the *Spencers, Gavestone, and Vere* ;
 " The mighty Minions of our feeblest Kings ;
 " Who ever Subjects to their Subjects were,
 " And only the Procurers of these Things.
 " When worthy Monarchs, that hold Honour dear,
 " Master themselves and theirs ; which ever brings
 " That universal Rev'rence and Respect.
 " For who weighs him, that doth himself neglect ?

XCVI.

" And yet our Case is like to be far worse ;
 " Having a King, tho' not so bent to Ill,
 " Yet so neglecting Good ; that giving Force,
 " By giving Leave, doth all good Order kill ;
 " Suffering a violent Woman take her Course,
 " To manage all according to her Will :
 VOL. II. I " Which

" Which how she doth begin, her Deeds express ;
 " And what will be the End, our selves may guess.

XCVII.

Which after follow'd ev'n as they did dread :
 When now the shameful Loss of * *France* much grieves,
 Which unto *Suffolk* is attributed,
 As who in all Men's Sight most hateful lives ;
 And is accus'd, that || he (with *Lucre* led)
 Betrays the State, and secret Knowledge gives
 Of our Designs : And all that we did hold,
 By his Corruption is or lost or sold.

XCVIII.

And as he deals Abroad, so likewise here
 He robs at Home the Treasury no less ;
 Here, where he all Authorities doth bear,
 And makes a *Monopoly* of Offices.
 He is enrich'd ; He's rais'd, and placed near :
 And only He gives Counsel to oppress.
 Thus Men object ; whilst many, up in Arms,
 Offer to be revenged of these Harms.

XCIX.

The *Queen* perceiving in what Case She stood,
 To lose her Minion, or engage her State ;
 (After with long Contention in her Blood,
 Love and Ambition did the Cause debate)
 She yields to Pride ; and rather thought it good
 To sacrifice her Love unto their † Hate,

Than

* *The Dutchy of Normandy was lost in the Year 1449, after it had been held 30 Years, conquer'd by Henry V. An. Reg. 27.*

|| *Articles objected against De la Pole, D. of Suffolk.*

† *At the Parliament at Leicester, the Lower-House besought the King, that such Persons as assented to the Rendering*

Than to adventure else the Loss of all ;
Which by maintaining him was like to fall.

C.

Yet seeking at the first to temporize,
She tries if that some short Imprisonment
Would calm their Heat. When that would not suf-
Then to Exile him she must needs consent ; [fice,
Hoping that Time would salve it in such wise,
As yet at length they might become content,
And she again might have him Home at last,
When this first Fury of their Rage was past.

CI.

But as he to his judged * Exile went,
Hard on the Shore he comes encountered
By some, that so far off his Honour sent,
As put his Back-Return quite out of Dread :
For there, he had his rightful Punishment,
Tho' wrongly done ; and there he lost his Head.
Part of his Blood hath Neptune, Part the Sand ;
As who had Mischief wrought by Sea and Land.

*ding of Anjou and Main, might be duly punished : Of
which Fact, they accused as Principals the Duke of Suf-
folk, the Lord Say, Treasurer of England, with others.
Whereupon the King, to appease the Commons, sequestred
them from their Offices and Rooms ; and after banished
the Duke for Five Years.*

* *As the Duke was sailing into France, he was encoun-
ter'd with a Ship of War appertaining to the D. of Exe-
ter ; who took him, and brought him back to Dover ;
where his Head was stricken off, and his Body left on the
Sands, Anno Regni 27.*

CII.

Whose Death when swift-wing'd Fame at fall con-
[vey'd

To this disturbed Queen, misdoubting might ;

Despite and Sorrow such Affliction laid

Upon her Soul, as wondrous Passions wrought.

" And art thou *Suffolk*, thus (said she) betray'd ?

" And have my Favours thy Destruction brought ?

" Is this their Gain whom Highness favoureth ;

" Who Chief preferr'd, stand as preferr'd to Death ?

CIII.

" O fatal Grace ! without which Men complain,

" And with it perish---What prevails, that We

" Must wear the Crown, and other Men must reign,

" And cannot stand to be, that which We be ?

" Must our own Subjects limit and constrain

" Our Favours, whereas they themselves decree ?

" Must We our Love at their Appointment place ?

" Do We Command, and They Direct Our Grace ?

CIV.

" Must They our Pow'r thus from our Will divide ?

" And have We Might, but must not use our Might ?

" Poor Majesty, which other Men must guide ;

" Whose Discontent can never look aright.

" For evermore We see, those who abide

" Gracious in ours, are odious in their Sight,

" Who would All-mast'ring Majesty defeat

" Of her best Grace ; that is, to make Men Great.

CV.

" But well ;---We see, altho' the King be Head,

" The State will be the Heart. This Sov'reignty

" Is but in Place, not Pow'r ; and governed

" By th' equal Sceptre of *Necessity*.

" And we have seen more Princes ruined

" By their immod'rate Fav'ring privately,

" Than

“ Than by Severity in general :
 “ For best He’s lik’d, that is alike to all.

CVI.

Thus storms this Lady, all disquieted ;
 When as far greater * Tumults now burst out ;
 Which close and cunningly were practised,
 By such as sought great Hopes to bring about.
 For up in Arms in Kent were gathered
 A mighty, insolent, rebellious Rout,
 Under a dang’rous Head ; who to deter
 The State the more, himself nam’d *Mortimer*.

CVII.

The Duke of York, that did not idle stand,
 (But seeks to work on all Advantages)
 Had likewise in this Course a secret Hand,
 And hearten’d on their Chiefest Complices ;
 To try how here the People of the Land
 Would (if Occasion serv’d) b’ in Readiness
 To aid that Line, if one should come indeed
 To move his Right, and in due Course proceed :

CVIII.

Knowing himself to be the only one
 That must attempt the Thing, if any should ;
 And therefore lets the Rebel now run on,
 With that false Name, & effect the best he could ;
 To make a Way for him to work upon,
 Who but on certain Ground adventure would.
 For if the Traytor sped, the Gain were his ;
 If not, yet he stands safe, and blameless is.

* The Commons of Kent assembled themselves in great Number ; and had to their Captain Jack Cade, who named himself *Mortimer*, Cousin to the Duke of York ; with purpose to redress the Abuses of the Government.

CIX.

T' attempt with others Dangers, not his own,
 He counts it Wisdom if it could be wrought ;
 And t' have the Humour of the People known;
 Was now that which was chiefly to be sought.
 For with the Best he knew himself was grown
 In such Account, as made him take no Thought ;
 Having observ'd in those he meant to prove,
 Their Wit, their Wealth, their Carriage, and their
 [Love]

CX.

With whom, and with his own Alliances,
 He first begins to open (in some wise)
 The Right he had ; yet with such Doubtfulness,
 As rather Sorrow than his Drift describes :
 Complaining of his Country's Wretchedness,
 In what a miserable Case it lies ;
 And how much it imports them to provide
 For their Defence, against this Woman's Pride.

CXI.

Then with the Discontented he doth deal,
 In sounding theirs, not uttering his Intent ;
 As b'ing advis'd not so much to reveal,
 Whereby they might be made again content :
 But when they grieved for the Commonweal,
 He doth persuade them to be patient,
 And to endure—There was no other Course :
 Yet so persuades, as makes their Malice worse.

CXII.

And then with such as with the Time did run,
 In most upright Opinion he doth stand ;
 As one that never cross'd what they begun,
 But seem'd to like that which they took in Hand :

Seek-

Seeking all Causes of Offence to shun,
 Praises the Rule, and blames th' unruly Land;
 Works so with Gifts and kindly Offices,
 That ev'n of them he serves his Turn no less.

CXIII.

Then as for those who were his Followers,
 (Being all Choice Men for Virtues, or Deserts)
 He so with Grace and Benefits prefers,
 That he becomes the Monarch of their Hearts.
 He gets the Learned for his Counsellors,
 And cherishes all Men of rarest Parts:
 " To whom Good done doth an Impression strike
 " Of Joy and Love, in all that are alike.

CXIV.

And now by means of th' intermitted War,
 Many most valiant Men impoverish'd,
 Only by him fed and relieved are;
 Only respected, grac'd, and honoured:
 Which let him in unto their Hearts so far,
 As they by him were wholly to be led.
 " He only treads the sure and perfect Path
 " To Greatness, who Love and Opinion hath.

CXV.

And to have One some certain Province his,
 As the Main Body that must work the Fear;
Torkshire he chose, the Place wherein he is--
 By Title, Livings, and Possessions great.
 No Country he prefers so much as this;
 Here hath his Bounty her abiding Seat;
 Here is his Justice and relieving Hand,
 Ready to all that in Distress do stand.

CXVI.

What with his Tenants, Servants, Followers, Friends,
 And their Alliances and Amities ;
 All that *Shire* universally attends
 His Hand, held up to any Enterprize.
 And thus far Virtue with her Pow'r extends ;
 The rest, touching th' Event, in Fortune lies.
 With which Accomplements so Mighty grown,
 Forward he tends with Hope t' attain a Crown.

The End of the Fifth Book.

The



The HISTORY of the CIVIL WAR.

BOOK VI.

The ARGUMENT.

*The Bad Success of Cade's Rebellion.
York's open Fradition, and Conspiracy :
His Coming in; and his Submission.
Th' Effect of Printing, and Artillery.
Bourdeaux revolts ; craves our Protection.
Talbot, defending ours, dies gloriously.
The French Wars end--And York begins again;
And at St. Alban's Somerset is slain.*

I.

THE furious Train of that * tumultuous Rout,
Whom close sub-aiding Pow'r, and good Success,
Had made unwisely proud, and fondly stout,
Thrust headlong on, Oppression to oppress ;

And

* The Commons of Kent, with their Leader, Jack
Cade, divulge their many Grievances : Amongst which,

And now to Fulness grown, boldly give out,
 That they, the Publick Wrongs meant to redress.
 " Formless themselves, Reforming do pretend ;
 " As if Confusion could Disorder mend.

II.

And on they march with their false-named Head,
 Of base and vulgar Birth, tho' Noble feign'd ;
 Who puff'd with vain Desires, to *London* led
 His rash, abused Troops, with Shadows train'd.
 When as the King thereof ascertained,
 Supposing some small Pow'r would have restrain'd
 Disorder'd Rage ; sends with a simple Crew,
Sir Humphry Stafford, whom they overthrew.

III.

Which so increas'd th' Opinion of their Might,
 That much it gave to do, and much it wrought ;
 Confirm'd their Rage, drew on the vulgar Wight,
 Call'd forth th' tim'rous, fresh Partakers brought.
 For many, tho' most glad their Wrongs to right,
 Yet durst not venture their Estates for nought :

That the King was driven to live only on his Commons, and other Men to enjoy the Revenues of the Crown ; which caused Poverty in his Majesty, and the great Payments of the People, now late granted to the King in Parliament. Also they desire, that the King would remove all the false Progeny and Affinity of the late Duke of Suffolk, which be openly known ; and them to punish : And to take about his Person the true Lords of his Royal Blood ; to wit, the mighty Prince, the D. of York, late exiled by the Traiterous Motion of the false Duke of Suffolk, and his Affinity, &c. Also they crave, that they who contrived the Death of the High and Mighty Prince, Humphrey Duke of Gloucester, might have Punishment.

But

But seeing the Cause had such Advantage got,
Occasion makes them stir, that else would not.

IV.

So much he errs that scorns, or else neglects
The small Beginnings of arising Broils ;
And censures others, not his own Defects,
And with a Self-Conceit himself beguiles ;
Thinking small Force will compass great Effects,
And spares at first to buy more Costly Toils :
“ When true-observing Providence, in War,
“ Still makes her Foes far stronger than they are.

V.

Yet this good Fortune all their Fortune marr'd ;
“ Which Fools by helping, ever doth suppress :
For wareless Insolence (whilst undebarr'd
Of bounding Awe) runs on to such Excess,
That following Lust, and Spoil, and Blood so hard,
Sees not how they procure their own Distress
The Better loathing Courses so impure,
Rather will like their Wounds than such a Cure.

VI.

For whilst this wild, unreined Multitude
(Led with an unforeseeing, greedy Mind,
Of an imagin'd Good, that did delude
Their Ignorance, in their Desires made blind)
Ransack the City, and (with Hands embru'd)
Run to all Outrage in th' extreme kind ;
Heaping up Wrath and Horrot more and more,
They add fresh Guilt to Mischiefs done before.

VII.

And yet seeing all this Sorting to no End,
But to their own ; no promis'd Aid appear ;
No such Partakers as they did attend,
Nor such Successes as imagin'd were ;

Good

Good Men resolv'd the present to defend :
 Justice against them, with a Brow severe.
 Themselves fear'd of themselves ; tir'd with Excess,
 " Found Mischief was no fit way to redress.

VIII.

And as they stand in desp'rate Comberment,
 Environ'd round with Horror, Blood and Shame ;
 Cross'd of their Course, despairing of th' Event,
 A Pardon (that smooth Bait for Baseness) came ;
 Which as a Snare to catch the impotent,
 Being once pronounc'd, they strait embrace the same :
 And as huge snowy Mountains melt with Heat,
 So they dissolv'd with Hope, and Home they get ;

IX.

Leaving their * Captain to discharge alone
 The Shot of Blood, consumed in their Host ;
 Too small a Sacrifice for Mischiefs done,
 Was One Man's Breath, which Thousands did defeat.
 " Unrighteous Death, why art thou but all one
 " Unto the small Offender and the great ?
 " Why art thou not more than thou art, to those
 " That Thousands spoil, and Thousands Lives do
 [lose ?

X.

This Fury passing with so quick an End, ;
 Disclos'd not those that on th' Advantage lay ;
 Who see'ng the Course to such Disorder tend,
 Withdrew their Foot, asham'd to take that way ;
 Or else prevented whilst they did attend
 Some mightier Force, or for Occasion stay :
 But what they meant, ill Fortune must not tell ;
 Mischief b'ing oft made good by speeding well.

* Anno Regni 29.

XI.

Put by from this, the * Duke of York designs
 Another Course to bring his Hopes about;
 And with those Friends Affinity combines
 In surest Bonds, his Thoughts he pours out;
 And closely feels, and closely undermines
 The Faith of whom he had both Hope and Doubt;
 Meaning in more apparent, open Course,
 To try his Right, his Fortune, and his Force.

XII.

Love and Alliance had most firmly join'd
 Unto his Part that Mighty Family,
 The far distended Stock of Nevil's Kind;
 Great by their many-issu'd Progeny;
 But greater by their Worth, that clearly shin'd,
 And gave fair Light to their Nobility;
 So that each Corner of the Land became
 Enrich'd with some Great Worthy of that Name.

* The Duke of York, who at this time was in Ireland, (sent thither to appease a Rebellion; which he effected in such sort, as got him and his Lineage exceeding Love and Liking with that People ever after) returning Home, and pretending great Injuries to be offer'd him, both whilst he was in the King's Service, and likewise upon his Landing in North-Wales; combines himself with Richard Nevil Earl of Salisbury, Second Son to Ralph Earl of Westmorland, (whose Daughter he had married) and with Richard Nevil (the Son) Earl of Warwick, with other his especial Friends; with whom he consults for the Reformation of the Government, after he had complained of the great Disorders therein: Laying the Blame, for the Loss of Normandy, upon the Duke of Somerset; whom, upon his returning thence, he caused to be arrested, and committed.

XIII.

But greatest in Renown doth *Warwick* sit ;
 That brave King-Maker, *Warwick*, so far grown
 In Grace with Fortune, that he governs it,
 And Monarchs makes ; and made, again puts down.
 What Revolutions his first-moving Wit
 Here brought about, are more than too well known ;
 The fatal Kindle-fire of those hot Days ;
 Whose Worth I may, whose Work I cannot praise.

XIV.

With him, with *Richard Earl of Salisbury*,
Courtney and *Brooke*, and other his dear Friends,
 He intimates his Mind ; and openly
 The present bad Proceedings discommends ;
 Laments the State, the People's Misery,
 And (that which such a Pitier seldom mends)
 Oppression, that sharp two-edged Sword,
 That others wounds, and wounds likewise his Lord.

XV.

" My Lords, saith he, how Things are carry'd here,
 " In this Corrupted State, you plainly see ;
 " What Burthen our abused Shoulders bear,
 " Charg'd with the Weight of Imbecillity :
 " And in what base Account all we appear,
 " That stand without their Grace that all must be ;
 " And who they be, and how their Course succeeds,
 " Our Shame reports, and Time bewrays their
 [Deeds.

XVI.

" *Anjou* and *Main*, (the Maim that foul appears ;
 " Th' eternal Scar of our dismember'd Land)
 " *Guien*, all lost ; that did Three Hundred Years
 " Remain subjected under our Command.
 " From whence methinks there sounds unto our Ears
 " The Voice of those dear Ghosts, whose living Hand
 " Got

Got it with Sweat, and kept it with their Blood,
To do Us (thankless Us) their Offspring good :

XVII.

" And seem to cry, What ! can you thus behold
" Their hateful Feet upon our Graves should tread ?
" Your Fathers Graves ; who gloriously did hold
" That which your Shame hath left recovered ?
" Redeem our Tombs, O Spirits too too cold ;
" Pull back these Tow'rs our Arms have honoured :
" These Tow'rs are yours : These Forts we built for
" These Walls do bear our Names, and are your
" [you :
" [Due]

XVIII.

" Thus well they may upbraid our Wretchedness,
" Whilst we (as if at League with Infamy)
" Riot away for nought whole Provinces ;
" Give up as nothing-worth all *Normandy* ;
" Traffick important Holds, sell Fortresses
" So long, that nought is left but Misery,
" Poor *Calais*, and these Water-Walls about,
" That basely pound us in from breaking out.

XIX.

" And (which is worfe) I fear we shall in th' end
" (Thrown from the Glory of invading War)
" Be forc'd our proper Limits to defend ;
" Where ever Men are not the same they are ;
" The Hope of Conquest doth their Spirits extend
" Beyond the usual Pow'rs of Valour far.
" For more is he that ventureth for more,
" Than who fights but for what he had before.

XX.

XX.

" Put to your Hands, therefore, to rescue now
 " Th' endanger'd State (Dear Lords) from this Dis-
 " And let us in our Honour labour how [Grace ;
 " To bring this scorned Land in better Case.
 " No doubt but God our Action will allow,
 " That knows my Right, and how they rule the Place,
 " Whose Weakness calls up our Upwillingness,
 " As op'ning ev'n the Door to our Redress.

XXI.

" Tho' I protest, it is not for a Crown
 " My Soul is mov'd ; (yet if it be my Right,
 " I have no Reason to refuse mine own)
 " But only these Indignities to right.
 " And what if God (whose Judgments are unknown)
 " Hath me ordain'd the Man ; that by my Might
 " My Country shall be blest ? If so it be,
 " By Helping me, you raise your selves with me.

XXII.

Those in whom Zeal and Amity had bred
 A Fore-Impression of the Right he had,
 These stirring Words so much encouraged,
 That (with Desire of Innovation mad)
 They seem'd to run afore, not to be led,
 And to his Fire do quicker Fuel add :
 For where such Humours are prepar'd before,
 The op'ning them makes them abound the more.

XXIII.

Then Counsel take they, fitting their Desire :
 (For nought that fits not their Desire is weigh'd.)

The

The * Duke is strait advised to retire
 Into the Bounds of Wales, to levy Aid :
 Which, under smooth Pretence, he doth require ;
 T' amove such Persons as the State betray'd,
 And to redress th' Oppression of the Land ;
 The Charm which Weakness seldom doth withstand.

XXIV.

Ten Thousand strait caught with this Bait of
 Are towards greater look'd-for Forces led ; [Breath,
 Whose Pow'r the King by all means travaileth,
 In their Arising to have ruined :
 But their preventing Head so compasseth,
 That all Ambushments warily are fled ;
 Refusing ought to hazard by the way,
 Keeping his Greatness for a greater Day.

XXV.

And to the City strait directs his Course ;
 The City, Seat of Kings, and King's Chief Grace !
 Where having found his Entertainment worse
 By far than he expected in that Place ;
 Much disappointed, draws from thence his Force,
 And towards better Trust marcheth apace ;

* The Duke of York raiseth an Army in the Marches of Wales, under Pretext to remove divers Counsellors about the King ; and to revenge the manifest Injuries done to the Commonwealth : And withal he publisheth a Declaration of his Loyalty, and the Wrongs done him by his Adversaries ; offering to take his Oath upon the Blessed Sacrament, to have been ever true Eiege-Men to the King, and so ever to continue. Which Declaration was written from his Castle of Ludlow, January 9, Anno Reg. 30. Feb. 16. The King, with the Duke of Somerset, and other Lords, set forward towards the Marches ; but the Duke of York took other Ways, and made up towards London.

And

And down in *Kent*, (fatal for Discontents)
Near to thy Banks, fair *Thames* doth pitch his Tents.

XXVI.

And there, intrench'd, plants his Artillery ;
Artillery, th' Infernal * Instrument
New brought from Hell, to scourge Mortality
With hideous Roaring and Astonishment.
Engine of Horror ! fram'd to terrify
And tear the Earth, and strongest Tow'rs to rent :
Torment of Thunder ! made to mock the Skies,
As more of Pow'r in our Calamities.

XXVII.

If that first Fire subtle *Prometheus* brought,
Stol'n out of Heav'n, did so afflict Mankind,
That ever since plagu'd with a curious Thought
Of stirring Search, could never Quiet find ;
What hath he done, who now by Stealth hath got
Lightning and Thunder both, in wondrous Kind ?
What Plague deserves so proud an Enterprize ?
Tell, Muse ; and how it came ; and in what wise.

XXVIII.

It was the Time when fair † *Europa* sat
With many goodly Diadems address'd, And

* The Use of Guns, and great Ordnance, began about this Time ; or not long before.

† This principal Part of Europe, which contain'd the most flourishing State of Christendom, was at this time in the hands of many several Princes and Commonwealths, which quietly governed the same : For being so many, and none over-great, they were less attemptive to disturb others, and more careful to keep their own ; with a mutual

And all her Parts (in flourishing Estate)
 Lay beautiful, in Order, at their Rest.
 No swelling Member, unproportionate,
 Grown out of Form, sought to disturb the rest:
 The Less subsisting by the Greater's Might;
 The Greater by the Lesser kept upright.

XXIX.

No Noise of Tumult ever wak'd them all;
 Only perhaps some private Jar within,
 For Titles, or for Confines, might befall;
 Which ended, soon made better Love begin;
 But no Eruption did in general
 Break down their Rest with universal Sin:
 No Publick Shock disjointed this fair Frame,
 Till *Nemesis* from out the *Orient* came;

XXX.

Fierce *Nemesis*, Mother of Fate and Change!
 Sword-bearer of th' Eternal Providence!
 (That had so long with such Afflictions strange
 Confounded *Asia's* proud Magnificence,
 And brought foul impious *Barbarism* to range
 On all the Glory of her Excellence)
 Turns her stern Look at last unto the West,
 As griev'd to see on Earth such Happy Rest.

XXXI.

And for *Pandora* call'd presently;
Pandora, *Jove's* Fair Gift, that first deceiv'd

tual Correspondence of Amity. As Italy had then many
 more Principalities and Commonwealths than it hath:
 Spain was divided into many Kingdoms: France consist-
 ed of divers Free Princes. Both the Germanies, of ma-
 ny more Governments.

Poor

Poor *Epimetheus* Imbecillity,
 That thought he had a wondrous Boon receiv'd ;
 By means whereof Curious Mortality
 Was of all former Quiet quite bereav'd :
 To whom bring come, deck'd with all Qualities,
 The wrathful Goddess breaks out in this wise :

XXXII.

" Dost thou not see in what secure Estate
 " Those flourishing fair *Western* Parts remain ?
 " As if they had made Covenant with Fate,
 " To be exempted free from others Pain ;
 " At one with their Desires, Friends with Debate ;
 " In Peace with Pride, content with their own Gain ;
 " Their Bounds contain their Minds, their Minds ap-
 [ply'd
 " To have their Bounds with Plenty beautify'd.

XXXIII.

" Devotion (Mother of Obedience)
 " Bears such a Hand on their Credulity,
 " That it abates the Spirit of Eminence,
 " And busies them with humble Piety.
 " For see what Works, what infinite Expence,
 " What Monuments of Zeal they edify !
 " As if they would (so that no Stop were found)
 " Fill all with Temples, make all Holy Ground.

XXXIV.

" But we must cool this all-believing Zeal,
 " That hath enjoy'd so fair a Turn so long ;
 " And other Revolutions must reveal,
 " Other Desires, other Designs among :
 " Dislike of this first by degrees shall steal
 " Upon the Souls of Men, persuaded wrong ;

And

" And that abused * Pow'r which thus hath wrought,
" Shall give her self the Sword to cut her Throat.

XXXV.

" Go therefore thou, with all thy Ringing Train
" Of swelling Sciences, the Gifts of Grief;
" Go looke the Links of that Soul-binding Chain,
" Enlarge this uninquitive Belief:
" Call up Men's Spirits, that Simpleness retain;
" Enter their Hearts, and Knowledge make the Thief,
" To open all the Doors, to let in Light;
" That All may all Things see, but what is right.

XXXVI.

" Opinion arm against Opinion grown;
" Make new-born Contradiction still to rise,
" As if *Thebes* Founder (*Cadmus*) Tongues had sown
" Instead of Teeth, for greater Murmurs.
" Bring new-defended Faith against Faith known;
" Weary the Soul with Contraries;
" Till all Religion become retrograde,
" And that fair Tire the Mask of Sin be made.

XXXVII.

" And better to effect a speedy End,
" Let there be found Two fatal Instruments;
" The one to publish, th' other to defend
" Impious Contention, and proud Discontents:
" Make, that instamped Characters may send
" Abroad to Thousands, Thousand Men's Intent;
" And in a Moment may dispatch much more,
" Than could a World of Pens perform before.

* *The Church.*

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

- " Whereby all Quarrels, Titles, Secrecies,
- " May unto all be presently made known ;
- " Factions prepar'd, Parties allur'd to rise ;
- " Sedition under fair Pretensions sown ;
- " Whereby the Vulgar may become so wise,
- " That (with a Self-Presumption over-grown)
- " They may of deepest Mysteries debate,
- " Controll their Betters, censure Acts of State.

XXXIX.

- " And then when this dispersed Mischief shall
- " Have brought Confusion in each Mystery,
- " Call'd up Contempt of States in general,
- " Ripen'd the Humour of Impiety ;
- " Then have they th' other Engine, wherewithal
- " They may torment their self-wrought Misery,
- " And scourge each other in so strange a wise,
- " As Time or Tyrants never could devise.

XL.

- " For by this Stratagem they shall confound
- " All th' ancient Form and Discipline of War ;
- " Alter their Camps, alter their Fights, their Ground ;
- " Daunt mighty Spirits, Prowess and Manhood mar :
- " For basest Cowards from a-far shall wound
- " The most Courageous, forc'd to fight a-far ;
- " Valour wrapt up in Smoak, (as in the Night)
- " Shall perish without Witness, without Sight.

XLI.

- " But first, before this general Disease
- " Break forth into so great Extremity,
- " Prepare it by degrees : First kill this Ease ;
- " Spoil this Proportion ; mar this Harmony :

Make

C I V I L W A R. 191

- " Make * Greater States upon the Lesser seize ;
- " Join Many Kingdoms to One Sov'reignty :
- " Raise a few Great, that may (with greater Pow'r)
- " Slaughter each other, and Mankind devour.

XLII.

- " And first begin with Factions to divide
- " The Fairest Land ; that from her thrusts the rest,
- " As if she car'd not for the World beside ;
- " A World within her self, with Wonders blest !
- " Raise such a Strife as Time shall not decide,
- " Till the Dear Blood of most of all her Best
- " Be poured forth ; and all her People toss'd
- " With unkind Tumults, and almost all lost.

XLIII.

- " Let her be made the Sable Stage, whereon
- " Shall first be acted Bloody Tragedies ;
- " That all the Neighbour-States gazing thereon,
- " May make their Profit by her Miseries :
- " And those whom she before had march'd upon,
- " (Having by this both Time and Mean to rise)
- " Made Martial by her Arms, shall grow so great,
- " As (save their own) no Force shall them defeat.

XLIV.

- " Then when their Pow'r, unable to sustain
- " And bear it self, upon it self shall fall,
- " She may (recover'd of her Wounds again)
- " Sit and behold their Parts as Tragical !
- " For there must come a Time, that shall obtain
- " Truce for Distress ; when Make-Peace Hymn shall

* *The many States of Christendom reduced to a few.*

" Bring

" Bring the conjoined adverse Pow'rs to Bed,
 " And set the Crown (made One) upon One Head.

XLV.

" Out of which blessed Union shall arise
 " A Sacred Branch, (with Grace and Glory blest)
 " Whose Virtue shall her Land so patronize,
 " As all our Pow'r shall not her Days molest :
 " For She (fair She) the Minion of the Skies,
 " Shall purchase (of the High'st) to her's such Rest,
 " (Standing between the Wrath of Heav'n and them)
 " As no Distress shall touch her Diadem :

XLVI.

" And from the Rocks of Safety shall descry
 " The wondrous Wrecks that Wrath lays ruined :
 " All round about her Blood and Misery ;
 " Powers betray'd, Princes slain, Kings massacred ;
 " States all confus'd, brought to Calamity,
 " And all the Face of Kingdoms altered :
 " Yet She the same inviolable stands,
 " Dear to her own, Wonder to other Lands.

XLVII.

" But let not her Defence discourage thee,
 " For never one but She shall have this Grace,
 " From all Distresses to be so long kept free,
 " And with such Glory to discharge that Place.
 " And therefore, if by such a Pow'r thou be
 " Stopt of thy Course ; reckon it no Disgrace ;
 " Sith She alone (b'ing privileg'd from High)
 " Hath this Large Patent of her Dignity.

XLVIII.

" This Charge the Goddess gave--When ready strait
 The Subtle Messenger, accompany'd

With

With all her Crew of Arts that on her wait,
 Hastes to effect what She was counsell'd :
 And out She pours of her immense Conceit,
 Upon such searching Spirits as travailed
 In penetrating hidden Secrecies ;
 Who-soon these Means of Misery devise.

XLIX.

And boldly breaking with rebellious Mind,
 Into their Mother's close-lock'd Treasury,
 They Minerals combustible do find,
 Which (in stoep Concaves placed cunningly)
 They fire : And Fire imprison'd against kind,
 Tears out a way, thrusts out his Enemy ;
 Barking with such a Horror, as if wroth
 With Man, that wrongs himself and Nature both.

L.

And this Beginning had this cursed Frame,
 Which * York now planted hath against his King ;
 Presuming by his Pow'r, and by the same,
 His Purpose unto good Effect to bring ;
 When divers of the gravest Council came,
 Sent from the King, to understand what Thing
 Had thrust him into these Proceedings bad ;
 And what he sought, and what Intent he had.

** The Duke of York being not admitted into the City, passed over Kingston-Bridge, and so into Kent ; and on Brent-Heath, near Dartford, pitch'd his Field. The King makes after, and embattel'd upon Black-Heath : From whence he sends the Bishops of Winchester and Ely, with the Earls of Salisbury and Warwick, to Mediate a Peace.*

LI.

Who with Words mildly-sharp, gently-severe,
Wrought on those Wounds that must be touch'd with
[Heed ;

Applying rather Salves of Hope than Fear,
Lest Corrosives should desp'rate Mischiefs breed.
" And what, my Lord, (said they) should move you
" In this unseemly manner to proceed ? [here,
" Whose Worth b'ing such as all the Land admires,
" Hath fairer Ways than these to your Desires.

LII.

" Will you whose Means, whose many Friends,
[whose Grace
" Can work the World in Peace unto your Will,
" Take such a Course as shall your Blood deface,
" And make (by Handling bad) a good Cause ill ?
" How many Hearts hazard you in this Case, r
" That in all quiet Plots would aid you still ?
" Having in Court a Party far more strong
" Than you conceive, press'd to redress your Wrong.

LIII.

" Fie ! fie ! forsake this hateful Course, my Lord ;
" Down with these Arms, that will but wound your
[Cause.
" What Peace may do, hazard not with the Sword :
" Lay down the Force that from your Force with-
[draws ;
" And yield : And we will mediate such Accord,
" As shall dispense with Rigor and the Laws ;
" And interpose this Solemn Faith of our
" Betwixt your Fault and the offended Pow'r.

LIV.

LIV.

Which Engines of Protests, and Proffers kind,
 Urg'd out of seeming Grief and Shews of Love,
 So shook the whole * Foundation of his Mind,
 As they did all his Resolution move ;
 And present seem'd unto their Course inclin'd,
 So that the King would † *Somerfet* remove ;
 The Man, whose most intolerable Pride
 Trod down his Worth, and all good Men's beside.

LV.

Which they there vow'd should presently be
 [done.
 For what will not Peace-Lovers willing grant,
 Where dang'rous Events depend thereon,
 And Men unfurnish'd, and the State in Want ?
 And if with Words the Conquest will be won,
 The Cost is small : And who holds Breath so scant,
 As then to spare, tho' with Indignity ?
 " Better descend, than end in Majesty.

LVI.

And hereupon the Duke dissolves his Force,
 Submits him to the King on Publick Vow ;
 The rather too presuming on this Course,
 For that his Son, the Earl of *March*, was now
 With mightier Pow'rs abroad ; which would enforce
 His Peace ; which else the King would not allow.

* And finding the Kentish Men not to answer his Expectation, and the King's Forces far more than his ; he willingly condescends to Conditions of Peace.

† Edmund Duke of *Somerfet*, of the House of Lancaster, descended from John of Gaunt, was the especial Man against whom he pretended his Quarrel.

For seeing not all of him in him he hath,
His Death would but give Life to greater Wrath.

LVII.

Yet coming to the King, in former Place
(His Foe) the Duke of *Somerset* he finds ;
Whom openly reproaching to his Face,
He charg'd with Treason in the highest Kinds.
The Duke returns like Speeches of Disgrace ;
And fiery Words bewray'd their flaming Minds :
But yet the Trial was for them deferr'd,
Till fitter Time allow'd it to be heard.

LVIII.

At *Westminster* a Council summoned,
Deliberates what Course the Cause should end
Of th' apprehended Duke of *Tork* ; whose Head
Doth now on others doubtful Breath depend,
Law fiercely urg'd his Act, and found him dead :
Friends fail'd to speak, where they could not defend :
Only the King himself for Mercy stood ;
As prodigal of Life, niggard of Blood.

LIX.

And 'as if angry with the Laws of Death,
" Ah ! why should you, said he, urge Things so far ?
" You, that inur'd with Mercenary Breath,
" And hired Tongue, so peremptory are ;
" Braving on him whom Sorrow prostrateth :
" As if you did with poor Affliction war,
" And prey on Frailty Folly haeth betray'd ;
" Bringing the Laws to wound, never to aid.

LX.

" Dispense sometime with stern Severity ;
" Make not the Laws still Traps to apprehend :
" Win Grace upon the Bad with Clemency ;
" Mercy may mend, whom Malice made offend.

" Death

- " Death gives no Thanks, but checks Authority ;
- " And Life doth only Majesty commend.
- " Revenge dies not ; Rigor begets new Wrath :.
- " And Blood hath never Glory ; Mercy hath.

LXI.

- " And for my Part, (and my Part should be chief)
- " I am most willing to restore his State ;
- " And rather had I win him with Relief,
- " Than lose him with Despite, and get more Hate.
- " Pity draws Love : Bloodshed is Nature's Grief :
- " Compassion follows the Unfortunate :
- " And losing him, in him I lose my Pow'r.
- " We rule who live—The Dead are none of our.

LXII.

- " And should our Rigor lessen then the same,
- " Which we with greater Glory should retain ?
- " No ; let him live—His Life must give us Fame ;
- " The Child of Mercy newly born again.
- " As often Burials are Physicians Shame ;
- " So many Deaths argue a King's hard Reign.
- " Why should we say, The Law must have her Vigor ?
- " The Law kills Him ; but quits not Us of Rigor ?

LXIII.

- " You, to get more Preferment by your Wit,
- " Others to gain the Spoils of Misery,
- " Labour with all your Pow'r to follow it ;
- " Shewing us Fears, to draw on Cruelty.
- " You urge th' Offence, not tell us what is fit ;
- " Abusing wrong-informed Majesty ;
- " As if our Pow'r were only but to slay ;
- " And that to save were a most dangerous way.

LXIV.

Thus out of Pity spake that Holy King ;
 Whom mild Affections led to hope the best :
 When *Somerſet* began to urge the Thing
 With Words of hotter Temper, thus expreſt :
 “ Dear Sov’reign Lord, the Cauſe in Managing
 “ Is more than yours : ’t imports the Publick Reſt.
 “ We all have Part ; It toucheth all our Good :
 “ And Life’s ill ſpar’d, that’s ſpar’d to coſt more
 [Blood.]

LXV.

“ Compaſſion here is Cruelty, my Lord :
 “ Pity will cut our Throats, for Saving ſo.
 “ What Benefit enjoy we by the Sword,
 “ If Miſchief ſhall eſcape to draw on me ?
 “ Why ſhould we give what Law cannot afford ;
 “ To b’ Accessories to our proper Wo ?
 “ Wiſdom muſt judge ’twixt Men apt to amend,
 “ And Minds incurable, born to offend.

LXVI.

“ It is no private Cauſe, I do proteſt,
 “ That moves me thus to proſecute this Deed :
 “ Would God his Blood and mine had well releas’d
 “ The Dangers that his Pride is like to breed.
 “ Altho’ at me he ſeems to have addreſs’d
 “ His Spite ; ’tis not the End he hath decreed :
 “ I am not He alone he doth purſue ;
 “ But thoro’ me, he means to ſhoot at You.

LXVII.

“ For thus theſe Great Reformers of a State,
 “ Aſpiring to attain the Government,
 “ Still take Advantage of the People’s Hate,
 “ Who ever hate ſuch as are eminent.
 “ (For who can great Affairs negotiate,
 “ And all a wayward Multitude content ?)

“ And

" And then these People-Minions, they must fall
 " To work out us, to work themselves in^t all.

LXVIII.

" But note, my Lord, first *who* is in your Hand ;
 " Then *how* he hath offended ; *what's* his End.
 " It is the Man, whose Race would seem to stand
 " Before your Right, and doth a Right pretend :
 " Who (Traitor-like) hath rais'd a mighty Band,
 " With Colour, your Proceedings to amend :
 " Which if it should have happen'd to succeed,
 " You had not now sat to adjudge his Deed.

LXIX.

" If oftentimes the Person, not th' Offence,
 " Have been sufficient Cause of Death to some,
 " Where Publick Safety puts in Evidence
 " Of Mischief, likely by their Life to come ;
 " Shall He, whose Fortune and his Insolence,
 " Have both deserv'd to die, escape that Doom ;
 " When you shall save your Land, your Crown,
 " [thereby ;
 " And since You cannot live, unless He die ?

LXX.

Thus spake th'aggrieved Duke, that gravely saw
 Th'incomparable Pow'rs of Princes Minds ;
 And what Affliction his Escape might draw
 Unto the State, and People of all Kinds :
 And yet the humble Yielding, and the Awe
 Which * *Tork* there shew'd, so good Opinion finds,

* *The Duke was suffer'd to go to his Castle at Wigmore.*

K 4 That

That (with the Rumor of his Son's great Strength,
And French Affairs) he there came quit at length.

LXXI.

For ev'n the Fear t'exasperate the Heat [Might
Of th' Earl of *March*, whose forward Youth and
Well follow'd, seem'd a proud Revenge to threat,
If any Shame should on his Father light;
And then Desire in *Gascoign* to re-get
The Glory lost, which Home-Broils hinder might,
Advantaged the Duke, and sav'd his Head,
Which questionless had else been hazarded.

LXXII.

For now had * *Bordeaux* offer'd (upon Aid)
Present Revolt, if we would send with Speed:
Which fair Advantage to have then delay'd
Upon such Hopes, had been a shameful Deed.
And therefore this all other Courses stay'd,
And outwardly these inward Hates agreed,
Giving an Interpause to Pride and Spite;
Which breath'd but to break out with greater Might.

LXXIII.

Whilst dreadful *Talbot*, Terror late of *France*,
Against the *Genius* of our Fortune strove,
The down-thrown Glory of our State t'advance;
Where *France* far more than *France* he now doth prove:
For Friends, Opinion, and succeeding Chance,
(Which wrought the Weak to yield, the Strong to
[love])
Were not the same that he had found before.
In Happier Times, when less would have done more.

LXXIV.

* The City of *Bordeaux* send their Ambassadors, offering to revolt from the French Part, if Aid might be sent

LXXIV.

For both the * *Britain* and *Burgonian* now
 Came alter'd with our Luck, and won with theirs
 Those Bridges, and the Gates that did allow
 So easy Passage unto our Affairs ;
 Judging it safer to endeavour how
 To link with Strength, than lean unto Despairs.
 " And who wants Friends to back what he begins,
 " In Lands far off gets not, altho' he wins.

LXXV.

Which too well prov'd this Fatal Enterprize,
 The last that lost us all we had to lose ;
 Where tho' advantag'd by some Mutinies,
 And Petty Lords that in our Cause arose ;
 Yet those Great fail'd, whose ready, quick Supplies,
 Ever at hand, cheer'd us, and quell'd our Foes.
 Succours from far come seldom to our Mind :
 " For who holds League with *Neptune* and the Wind?

LXXVI.

Yet worthy † *Talbot*, thou did'st so employ
 The broken Remnants of dis-scatter'd Pow'r,

sent unto them : Whereupon John Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was employed with a Power of 3000 Men, and surprized the City of Bourdeaux.

* *The Dukes of Britany and Burgundy were great Means, in Times past, for the Conquering of France.*

† *The Earl of Shrewsbury, accompanied with his Son, Sir John Talbot, Lord Lisle by the Right of his Wife ; with the Lords Molins, Harrington, and Cameris ; Sir John Howard, Sir John Vernon, and others, recover'd divers Towns in Gascony ; amongst other, the Town and Castle of Chastillon in Perigent, which the French soon after besieged.*

K. 5

That

That they might see it was our Destiny,
 Not want of Spirit, that lost us what was our:
 Thy dying Hand sold them the Victory
 With so dear Wounds, as made the Conquest sour;
 So much it cost to spoil who were undone,
 And such ado to win when they had won.

LXXVII.

For as a fierce, courageous Mastiff fares,
 That having once sure fasten'd on his Foe,
 Lies tugging on that Hold; never forbears,
 What Force soever force him to forego:
 The more he feels his Wounds, the more he dares;
 As if his Death were sweet, in dying so:
 So held his Hold this Lord, whilst he held Breath;
 And scarce, but with much Blood, lets go in Death.

LXXVIII.

For tho' he saw prepar'd against his Side,
 Both unlike Fortune, and unequal Force,
 Born with the swelling Current of their Pride
 Down the main Stream of a most Happy Course;
 Yet stands he stiff, undash'd, unterrify'd;
 His Mind the same, altho' his Fortune worse:
 Virtue in greatest Dangers best shown;
 And tho' oppress'd, yet never overthrown.

LXXIX.

For Rescuing of besieg'd *Chatillon*,
 (Where having first constrain'd the *French* to fly,
 And following hard on their Confusion)
 Comes (lo!) encounter'd with a strong Supply
 Of fresh-arriving Pow'rs, that back thrust on
 Those flying Troops, another Chance to try;
 Who double-arm'd, (with Shame and Fury) strain
 To break their Foil, and win their Fame again.

LXXX.

LXXX.

Which seeing, th'undaunted *Talbot* (with more
[Might]

Of Spir't to will, than Hands of Pow'r to do)

Preparing t'entertain a glorious Fight,
Cheers up his weary'd Soldiers thereunto.

"Courage, faith he—Those braving Troops in fight,

"Are but the same that now you did undo.

"And what if there be come some more than they?"

"They come to bring more Glory to the Days.

LXXXI.

"Which Day must either thrust us out of all,

"Or all with greater Glory back restore.

"This Day your Valiant Worth adventure shall,

"For what our Land shall never fight for more :

"If now we fail, with us is like to fall"

"All that Renown which we have got before.

"This is the last—If we discharge the same,

"The same shall last to our Eternal Fame.

LXXXII.

"Never had worthy Men for any Fact :

"A more fair, glorious Theatre than we ;

"Whereon true Magnanimity might act

"Brave Deeds, which better witnessed could be.

"For lo ! from yonder Turrets yet unsack'd,

"Your valiant Fellows stand, your Worth to see ;

"T'avouch your Valour, if you live to gain ;

"And if we dye, that we dy'd not in vain.

LXXXIII.

"And ev'n our Foes. (whose proud and pow'rfull
[Might]

"Would seem to swallow up our Dignity)

"Shall not keep back the Glory of our Right ;

"Which their confounded Blood shall testify :

"For

- " For in their Wounds our gory Swords shall write
 " The Monuments of our Eternity.
 " For vile is Honour, and a Title vain,
 " The which true Worth and Danger do not gain.

LXXXIV.

- " For they shall see, when we (in careless fort)
 " Shall throw our selves on their despised Spears ;
 " 'Tis not Despair that doth us so transport,
 " But ev'n true Fortitude that nothing fears ;
 " Sith we may well retire us in some fort :
 " But Shame on him that such a foul Thought bears.
 " For be they more, let Fortune take their Part ;
 " We'll tug her too, and scratch her ere we part.

LXXXV.

- This said, a fresh-infus'd Desire of Fame
 Enters their warmed Blood, with such a Will,
 That they deem'd long they were not at the Game ;
 And tho' they march'd apace, thought they stood still,
 And that their ling'ring Foes too slowly came
 To join with them, spending much Time but ill.
 " Such Force had Words fierce Humours up to call,
 " Sent from the Mouth of such a General.

LXXXVI.

- Who yet his Forces weighing, (with their Fire)
 Turns him about in private to his * Son,
 (A worthy Son, and worthy such a Sire)
 And telleth him what Ground he stood upon,
 Advising him in secret to retire ;
 Consid'ring how his Youth but now begun,
 Would make it unto him at all no Stain ; [gain.
 His Death small Fame, his Flight no Shame could

* The Lord Lisle was advised by his Father to retire him out of the Battel.

LXXXVII.

LXXVII.

To whom th'aggrieved Son, (as if disgrac'd)

" Ah ! Father, have you then selected me

"To be the Man, whom you would have displac'd

" Out of the Roll of Immortality ?

"What have I done this Day, that hath defac'd

**" My Worth ; that my Hands' Work despis'd should
[be ?**

" God shield I should bear Home a Coward's Name :

"He long enough hath liv'd, who dies with Fame.

LXXXVIII.

At which the Father, touch'd with sorrowing Joy;
Turn'd him about, (shaking his Head) and says,

"O my Dear Son, worthy a better Day,

" To enter thy first Youth in hard Assays !

And now had Wrath, impatient of Delay,

Begun the Fight, and farther Speeches stays.

Fury thrusts on; striving whose Sword should be

First warmed in the Wounds of th' Enemy.

LXXIX.

Hotly these small (but mighty-minded) Bands
(As if ambitious now of Death) do strain
Against innumerable armed Hands,

And gloriously a wondrous Fight maintain;

Rushing on all whatever Strength withstands,

Whetting their Wrath on Blood, and on Disdain;

And so far thrust, that hard 'twere to descry,

Whether they more desire to kill, or dye.

XC.

Frank of their own, greedy of others Blood,
No Stroke they give but wounds, no Wound but kills :
Near to their Hate, close to their Work they stood ;
Hit where they would, their Hand obeys their Wills ;

Hit where they would, their Hand obeys their Wills ;

Scorn-

Scorning the Blow from far that doth no good,
 Loathing the Crack, unless some Blood it spills :
 No Wounds could let out Life that Wrath held in,
 Till others Wounds reveng'd did first begin.

XCL.

So much true Resolution wrought in those
 Who had made Covenant with Death before,
 That their small Number (scorning so great Foes)
 Made *France* most happy, that there were no more ;
 And Fortune doubt to whom she might dispose
 That weary Day ; or unto whom restore
 The Glory of a Conquest dearly bought,
 Which scarce the Conqueror could think well got.

XCH.

For as with equal Rage, and equal Might,
 Two adverse Winds combat, with Billows proud,
 And neither yield : (Seas, Skies maintain like Fight,
 Wave against Wave oppos'd, and Cloud to Cloud :)
 So war both Sides with obstinate Despite,
 With like Revenge ; and neither Party bow'd :
 Fronting each other with confounding Blows,
 No Wound one Sword unto the other owes.

XCIII.

Whilst *Talbot* (whose fresh Ardor having got
 A marvelous Advantage of his Years)
 Carries his unfelt Age as if forgot,
 Whirling about where any Need appears.
 His Hand, his Eye, his Wits all present, wrought
 The Function of the Glorious Part he bears :
 Now urging here, now cheering there, he flies ;
 Unlocks the thickest Troops, where most Force lies.

XCIV.

XCIV.

In midst of Wrath, of Wounds, of Blood and
 [Death,
 There is the most, where as he may do best;
 And there the closest Ranks the severest,
 Drives back the stoutest Pow'rs that forward press'd:
 There makes his Sword his way---There laboureth
 Th' infatigable Hand that never ceas'd;
 Scorning unto his mortal Wounds to yield,
 Till Death became best Master of the Field.

XCV.

Then like a sturdy Oak, that having long
 Against the Wars of fiercest Winds made Head,
 When (with some forc'd tempestuous Rage more
 [strong)
 His down-born Top comes over-mastered,
 All the near bord'ring Trees (he stood among)
 Crush'd with his weighty Fall, lie ruined:
 So lay his Spoils, all round about * him slain,
 To adorn his Death, that could not die in vain.

XCVI.

On th' other Part, his most all-daring † Son
 (Altho' the Inexperience of his Years
 Made him less skill'd in what was to be done;
 And yet did carry him beyond all Fears)
 Into the main Batallion, thrusting on
 Near to the King, amidst the Chiefest Peers,

* *The Death of John Lord Talbot, E. of Shrewsbury; who had serv'd in the Wars of France most valiantly for the Space of 30 Years.*

† *The Death of the Lord Lisle, Son to this worthy Earl of Shrewsbury.*

with

With Thousand Wounds became at length oppress'd ;
As if he scorn'd to die, but with the best.

XCVII.

Who thus Both having gain'd a Glorious End,
Soon ended that Great Day ; that see so red,
As all the Purple Plains that wide extend,
A sad tempestuous Season witnessed.
So much ado had Toiling France to rend
From us the Right so long inheris'd ;
And so hard went we from what we possess'd,
As with it went the Blood we loved best.

XCVIII.

Which Blood not lost, but fast laid up with heed :
In everlasting Fame, is there held dear,
To seal the Memory of this Day's Deed ;
Th' Eternal Evidence of what we were :
To which our Fathers, We, and who succeed,
Do owe a Sigh, for that it * touch'd us near.
Nor must we sin so much, as to neglect
The Holy Thought of such a Dear Respect.

XCIX.

Yet happy-hapless Day, blest ill-lost Breath,
Both for our better Fortune, and your own !
For what foul Wounds, what Spoil, what shameful
[Death,
Had by this forward Resolution grown ;

* 1453, An. Reg. 32. *This was the Dutchy of Aquitain lost ; which had remained in the Possession of the Crown of England by the Space almost of 300 Years. The Right whereof came by the Marriage of King Henry II. with Eleanor, Daughter to William Duke of Aquitain. In this Dutchy are 4 Archbishops, 24 Bishops, 50 Earldoms, 202 Baronies, and above 1000 Captainships and Bailiwicks.*

If at *St. Albans, Wakefield, Barnet-Heath*,
 It should unto your Infamy been shown ?
 Blest you, that did not teach how great a Fault
 Ev'n Virtue is in Actions that are naught.

C.

Yet would this sad Day's Loss had now been all
 That this Day lost : Then should we not much plain,
 If hereby we had com'n but there to fall,
 And that Day ended, ended had our Pain.
 Then small the Loss of *France*, of *Guien* small :
 Nothing the Shame to be turn'd Home again,
 Compar'd with other Shames--But now *France* lost,
 Sheds us more Blood than all her Winning cost.

CI.

For losing War abroad, at Home lost Peace ;
 B'ing with our unsupporting selves close pent ;
 And no Designs for Pride, (that did increase)
 But our own Throats, and our own Punishment :
 The working Spirit ceas'd not, tho' Work did cease,
 Having fit Time to practise Discontent,
 And stir up such as could not long lie still ;
 " Who not employ'd to Good, must needs do ill.

CII.

And now this Grief of our received Shame,
 Gave fit Occasion for ambitious Care,
 To draw the chief Reproach of all the same
 On such as obvious unto Hatred are,
 Th' Especial Men of State : Who all the Blame
 Of whatsoever Fortune doth must bear.
 For still in vulgar Ears Delight it breeds,
 To have the *Hated* Authors of Misdeeds.

CIII.

CIII.

And therefore easily Great * *Somerſet*
 (Whom Envy long had ſingled out before)
 With all the Volley of Diſgraces met,
 As th' only Mark that Fortune plac'd therefore :
 On whoſe ill-wrought Opinion Spite did what
 The Edge of Wrath, to make it pierce the more :
 And Grief was glad t' have gotten now on whom
 To lay the Fault of what muſt light on ſome.

CIV.

Whereon th' again out-breaking *Tork* begins
 To build new Models of his old Deſire :
 And ſee'ng the Boory Fortune for him wins,
 Upon the Ground of this enkindled Ire,
 He takes th' Advantages of others Sins
 To aid his own, and help him to aſpire.
 For doubting Peace ſhould better ſcan Deeds paſt,
 He thinks not ſafe to have his Sword out laſt.

CV.

Eſpecially ſince ev'ry Man (now preſs'd
 To Innovation) do with Rancour ſwell ;
 A ſtirring Humour gen'rally poſſeſs'd
 Thoſe Peace-ſpilt Times, weary of being well :

* *York procures the Hatred of the People againſt the Duke of Somerſet ; and ſo wrought (in a Time of the King's Sickneſs) that he cauſed him to be arreſted in the Queen's Great Chamber, and ſent to the Tower of London ; accusing him to have been the Occaſion of the Loſs of France : But the King being recovered, he was again ſet at Liberty, An. Reg. 32. The Duke of York perceiv- ing his Accuſations not to prevail againſt the Duke of Somerſet, reſolves to obtain his Purpoſe by open War : And ſo being in Wales, accompanied with his Special Friends, aſ- ſembled an Army, and march'd towards London.*

The

The Weak with Wrongs, the Happy tir'd with Rest ;
 And many Mad, for what they could not tell.
 The World, ev'n great with Change, thought it went
 To stay beyond the Bearing-time so long. [wrongs]

CVI.

And therefore now these Lords confedered
 (Being much increas'd in Number and in Spite),
 So shap'd their Course, that gath'ring to a Head,
 They grew to be of formidable Might :
 Th' abused World so hastily is led, [light)
 (Some for Revenge, some for Wealth, some for De-
 That York (from small-beginning Troops) soon draws
 A World of Men to venture in his Cause.

CVII.

Like as proud Severn from a private Head,
 With humble Streams at first doth gently glide,
 Till other Rivers have contributed
 The springing Riches of their Store beside ;
 Wherewith at length (high-swelling) she doth spread
 Her broad-distended Waters laid so wide,
 That coming to the Sea, she seems from far,
 Not to have Tribute brought, but rather War :

CVIII.

Ev'n so is York now grown ; and now is bent
 To encounter with the Best, and for the Best :
 Whose near Approach the * King haltes to prevent,
 With Hope (far off) to have his Pow'r suppress'd :

* R. Henry sets forward from London with 20000
 Men of War, to encounter with the Duke of York ; at-
 tended with Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, and Hum-
 phrey his Son, Earl of Stafford, Edmund Duke of So-
 merfet, Henry Percy E. of Northumberland, James
 Butler, Earl of Wiltshire, and Ormonde, Jasper E. of
 Pembroke, the Son of Owen Tudor, Half-Brother to
 the

Fearing the City, left some Insolent
And Mutinous, should hearten on the rest
To take his Part. But he so forward set,
That at St. Albans both the Armies met.

CIX.

Whereto their Haste far fewer Hands did bring,
Than else their better Leisure would have done;
And yet too many for so foul a Thing;
Sith who did best, hath but Dishonour won.
For whilst some offer Peace, sent from the King,
Warwick's too forward Hand hath War begun;
A War, that doth the Face of War deform;
Which still is foul, but foulest wanting Form.

CX.

And never Valliant Leaders (so well known
For brave-performed Actions done before)
Did blemish their Discretion and Renown
In any weak-effected Service more;
Bringing such Pow'rs into so strait a Town,
As to some City-Tumult or Uproar.

the King; Thomas Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, John Lord Clifford, the Lords Sudley, Barnes, Rofs, and others.

The Duke of York, with the Lords, pitched their Battel without the Town, in a Place called Keyfield: And the King's Power (to their great Disadvantage) took up the Town; where being assailed, and wanting Room to use their Power, were miserably overthrown and slaughter'd. On the King's Side were slain, Edmund Duke of Somerset; who left behind him Three Sons, Edmund, Henry, and John. Here was also slain, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Stafford, the Lord Clifford, Sir Robert Vere, with divers others, to the Number of 3000; and on the Lords Part, but 600. And this was the first Battel at St. Albans, May 23. AN. REG. 33. The Duke of

of

Which Slaughter (and no Battel) might be thought,
Sith that Side us'd their Swords, and this their Throat.

CXI.

But this on th' Error of the King is laid,
And upon *Somerſet's* Deſire t'obtain
The Day with Peace; for which they longer ſtay'd
Than Wiſdom would, advent'ring for the Main:
Whoſe Force in narrow Streets once over-laid,
Never recover'd Head; but ev'n there ſlain
Thē Duke and all the Greateſt Leaders are,
The King himſelf b'ing taken Priſoner.

CXII.

Yet not a Priſ'ner to the outward Eye,
For that he muſt ſeem grac'd with his Loſt Day;
All Things b'ing done for his Commodity,
Againſt ſuch Men as did the State betray.
For with ſuch apt-deceiving Clemency,
And ſeeming Order, *York* did ſo allay [Stealth
That Touch of Wrong, as made him make great
In weaker Minds, with Shew of Commonwealth.

CXIII.

Long-look'd-for Pow'r thus got into his Hand,
The former Face of Court doth new appear;
And all th' * Eſpecial Charges of Command
To his Partakers diſtributed were.

of York, with other Lords, came to the King where he was, and craved Grace and Forgiveness on their Knees, of that that they had done in his Preſence; intending nothing but for the Good of him, and his Kingdom: With whom they removed to London; concluding there to hold a Parliament the 9th of July following.

** Richard E. of Salisbury made Lord-Chancellor, and the E. of Warwick Governor of Calais.*

I

Him-

Himself is made *Protector* of the Land ;
 A Title found, which covertly did bear
 All-working Pow'r under another Stile ;
 And yet the Sov'reign Part doth act the while.

CXIV.

The King held only but an empty Name,
 Left with his Life ; whereof the Proof was such,
 As sharpest Pride could not transpierce the same,
 Nor all-desiring Greediness durst touch :
 Impiety had not enlarg'd their Shame
 As yet so wide, as to attempt so much.
 Mischief was not full ripe for such foul Deeds ;
 Left for th' unbounded Malice that succeeds.

The End of the Sixth Book.

The



The HISTORY of the CIVIL WAR.

BOOK VII.

The ARGUMENT.

*The King's reprix'd—York and his Side retires ;
And making Head again, is put to flight :
Returns into the Land, his Right requires :
Having regain'd the King, confirms his Right ;
And whilst his rash Improvidence aspires,
Is slain at Wakefield by Queen Marg'ret's Might ;
Who (at St. Albans) back her Lord regains :
Is forc'd from thence—And March the Crown attains.*

I.

Disordinate * Authority, thus gain'd,
Knew not at first, or durst not to proceed
With an out-breaking Course ; but stood restrain'd
Within the Compass of respective Heed :

Di-

* The Duke of York, in respect that K. Henry, for
his Holiness of Life, and Clemency, was highly esteemed
of

Distrust of Friends, and Pow'r of Foes, detain'd
That mounting Will from making too much Speed.
For tho' he held the Pow'r he long'd to win,
Yet had not all the Keys to let him in.

II.

The Queen abroad, 'with a revenging Hand
(Arm'd with her own Disgrace, and others Spite;
Gath'ring th' Oppressed Party of the Land)
Held over him the threatening Sword of Might;
That forc'd him in the Terms of Awe to stand,
(Who else had burst-up Right, to come t' his Right)
And kept him so confus'd, that he knew not
To make use of the Means which he had got.

III.

For either by his fearing to restrain
The Person of the King; or by Neglect
Of Guarding him with a sufficient Train;
The watchful Queen with Cunning doth effect
A Practice, that recovers him again,
(As one that with best Care could him protect :)
And He's convey'd to Coventry, to those
Who well knew how of Majesty dispose.

IV.

Tho' this weak King had blunted thus before
The Edge of Pow'r with so dull Clemency,
And left him nothing else was gracious, more
Than ev'n the Title of his Sov'reignty ;

of the Commons, durst not attempt any violent Course against his Person ; but only labours to strengthen his own Party ; which he could not do, but by the Oppression and Displacing of many worthy Men, with committing other Violences, whereunto Necessity enforced him, for the Pre-ferment of his Friends : Which rais'd a greater Party against him than that he had made.

Yet

Yet is that Title of so precious Store,
As it makes Golden Leaden Majesty :
And where, or howsoever it doth sit,
Is sure t' have the World attend on it.

V.

Whether it be, that Form and Eminence,
Adorn'd with Pomp and State, begets this Awe ;
Or whether an in-bred Obedience
To Right and Pow'r, doth our Affections draw :
Or whether Sacred Kings work Reverence,
And make that Nature now, which was first Law ;
We know not---But the Head will draw the Parts ;
And Good Kings, with our Bodies, have our Hearts.

VI.

For lo ! no sooner was his Person join'd
With this distracted Body of his Friends,
But strait the Duke, and all that Faction, find,
They lost the only Engine for their Ends :
Authority with * Majesty combin'd,
Stands bent upon them now, and pow'rful sends
Them Summons to appear ; who lately held
That Pow'r themselves, and could not be compell'd.

* *The Queen, with her Party, having recover'd the King, and withdrawing him far from London, (where they found the Duke of York was too much favour'd by the Citizens) grew to be very strong, by means that so many Lords, and much People, oppress'd and discontented with these Proceedings of their Enemies, resorted daily unto them. Whereupon the King summoned the Duke and his Adherents, to appear before him at Coventry : But they (finding their present Strength not sufficient to make good their Answer) retir'd themselves into several Parts. The D. of York withdraws him to Wigmore, in Wales; the E. of Salisbury into the North, the E. of Warwick to Calais.*

VII.

Wherewith confus'd, as either not prepar'd
 For all Events ; or seeing the Times not fit ;
 Or Men's Affections failing in Regard ;
 Or their own Forces, not of Pow'r as yet :
 They all retire them Home ; and neither dar'd
 T' appear, or to stand out to answer it.
 This unfore-thought-on Accident confounds
 All their Designs, and frustrates all their Grounds.

VIII.

As usually it fares with those that plot
 These Machines of Ambition, and high Pride ;
 Who (in their chiefest Counsels over-shot)
 For all Things, save what serve the Turn, provide ;
 Whilst that which most imports, rests most forgot,
 Or weigh'd not, or contemn'd, or undescry'd ;
 That something may be ever over-gone,
 Where Courses shall be cross'd, and Men undone.

IX.

York into Wales, Warwick to Calais hies ;
 Some to the *North*, others to other Parts ;
 As if they ran both from their Dignities,
 And also from themselves, and their own Hearts :
 " (The Mind decay'd, in Publick Jeopardies,
 " To th' Ill at Hand only it self converts)
 That none would think *York's* Hopes, b'ing so near dry,
 Could ever flow again, and swell so high.

X.

And yet, for all this ebbing Chance, remains
 The Spring that feeds that Hope, (which leaves Men
 Whom no Affliction so entire restrains, [last] :
 But that it may remount as in Times past.
 Tho' he had lost his Place, his Pow'r, his Pains ;
 Yet held his Love, his Friends, his Title fast :

The

The whole Frame of that Fortune could not fail ;
As that which hung by more than by one Nail.

XI.

Else might we think, what Error had it been,
These Parts thus sever'd not t' have quite destroy'd ?
But that they saw it not the way to win.
Some more Dependances there were beside ;
Which Age and Fate keeps us from looking in,
That their true Counsels come not right deserv'd :
Which our presumptuous Wits must not condemn ;
They b'ing not ignorant, but we of them.

XII.

For here we look upon another Crown,
Another Image of Nobility,
(Which Civil Discord had not yet brought down
Unto a lower Range of Dignity) ;
Upon a Pow'r as yet not over-flown
With th' Ocean of all-drowning Sov'reignty.
These Lords who thus against their King draw Swords,
Taught Kings to come how to be more than Lords.

XIII.

Which well this Queen observ'd ; and therefore
To draw them in, and ruin them with * Peace,
[sought
Whom

* *Divers Grave Persons were sent to the D. of York, to Mediate a Reconciliation : And a Great Council was call'd at London, An. Reg. 36. to agree all Differences. Whither came the E. of Salisbury, with 500 Men ; the D. of York, with 400 ; and was lodged at his House at Baynard's-Castle. The Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, with 800 Men, lodged without Temple-Bar. The Earl of Northumberland, the Lords Egremont and Clifford,*

Whom Force (She saw) more dangerous had wrought,
 And did their Pow'r and Malice but increase.
 And therefore to the City having got,
 A Council was convok'd, all Jars to cease :
 Where come these Lords at length ; but yet so strong,
 As if to do, rather than suffer Wrong.

XIV.

Here *Scottish* Border-Broils, and Fears of *France*,
 Urg'd with the present Time's Necessity,
 Brought forth a subtile-shadow'd Countenance
 Of quiet Peace, resembling Amity ;
 Wrapt in a strong and curious Ordinance
 Of many Articles, bound solemnly :
 As if those *Gordian* Knots could be so ty'd,
 As no impatient Sword could them divide :

XV.

Especially, whereas the self-same Ends
 Concur not in a Point of like Respect ;
 But that each Party covertly intends
 Thereby their own Designments to effect :
 Which Peace with more endang'ring Wounds offends,
 Than War can do ; that stands upon Suspect,
 And never can be ty'd with other Chain,
 Than intermutual Benefit and Gain.

with 1500, and lodged without the City. The Earl of Warwick, from Calais, with 600 Men all in his Livery. The Lord Mayor kept continual Watch with 2000 Men in Armour, during the Treaty. Wherein, by the great Travail and Exhortation of the Archbishop of Canterbury, with other grave Prelates, a Reconciliation was concluded, and celebrated with a Solemn Procession.

XVI.

XVI.

As well by this concluded Act is seen ;
 Which had no Pow'r to hold in Minds out-bent,
 But quickly was dissolv'd and cancell'd clean,
 Either by *Warwick's* Fortune or Intent.
 However urg'd, the * Servants of the Queen
 Assaulted his, as he from Council went ;
 Where his own Person eagerly pursu'd,
 Hardly (by Boat) escap'd the Multitude.

XVII.

Which Deed, most heinous made, and urg'd as his,
 The Queen (who soon th' Advantage apprehends)
 Thought forthwith t' have committed him on this :
 But he prevents, flies *Northward* to his Friends ;
 Shews them his Danger, and what Hope there is
 In her, that all their Overthrows intends :
 " And that these Drifts th' Effects of this Peace are ;
 " Which gives more deadly-wounding Blows than
 [War.

XVIII.

Struck with his Heat, began th' other's Fire,
 (Kindled with Danger and Disdain) t' enflame ;
 Which having well prepar'd to his Desire,
 He leaves the farther growing of the same,
 And unto *Calais* (to his strong Retire)
 With Speed betakes him, to prevent the Fame
 Of his impos'd Offence ; left, in Disgrace,
 He might be dispossest of that Place.

XIX.

York strait advis'd the Earl of *Salisbury*
 T' address him to the King : And thereupon,

* *The Earl of Warwick is set upon by the Queen's Servants.*

With other Grievances, to signify
 Th' injurious Act committed on his Son ;
 And there to urge the Breach of th' Amity,
 By these finifter Plots to be begun :
 But he so strongly goes, as Men might guess,
 He purpos'd not to crave, but make Redress.

XX.

Whom the * Lord *Audley* hasting to restrain,
 (Sent with Ten Thousand Men well furnished)
 Encounter'd on *Blore-Heath* ; where he is slain,
 And all his Pow'r and Force discomfited :
 Which Chance so open'd, and let out again,
 The Hopes of *Tork*, (whom Peace had fettered)
 That he resolves whatever should befall,
 To set up's Rest, to venture now for all.

XXI.

Fury unt'y'd, and broken out of Bands,
 Runs desp'rate presently to either Head :
 Faction and War (that never wanted Hands
 For Blood and Mischief) soon were furnished.
 Affection finds a Side ; and out it stands ;
 Not by the Cause, but by her Int'rest led :
 And many urging War, most forward are ;
 " Not that 'tis just, but only that 'tis War.

XXII.

Whereby the Duke is grown t'a mighty Head
 In *Shropshire*, with his *Welch* and *Northern* Aid :
 To whom came *Warwick*, having ordered
 His Charge at *Calais* ; and with him convey'd

* James Tuchet, Lord Audley, slain at Blore-Heath,
 and his Army discomfited by the Earl of Salisbury, with
 the Loss of 2400 Men, An. Reg. 38.

Many

Many Brave Leaders, that adventured
 Their Fortunes on the Side that he had laid :
 Whereof, as Chief, *Trollop* and *Blount* excell'd ;
 But * *Trollop* fail'd his Friends ; *Blount* faithful held :

XXIII.

The King (provok'd these Mischiefs to prevent ;
 Follow'd with *Somerset* and *Exeter*)
 Strongly appointed, all his Forces bent,
 Their Malice to correct, or to deter :
 And drawing near, a † Rev'rend Prelate sent
 To proffer Pardon, if they would refer
 Their Cause to Peace ; as b'ing a cleaner Course
 Unto their Ends, than this foul bar'rous Force.

XXIV.

" For what a War (said he) is here begun,
 " Where ev'n the Victory is held accurst ?
 " And who so wins, it will be so ill won,
 " That tho' he have the best, he speeds the worst.
 " For here your Making is to be undone ;
 " Seeking to obtain the State, you lose it first.
 " Both Sides b'ing one, the Blood consum'd all one ;
 " To make it yours, you work to have it none.

XXV.

" Leave then with this, tho' this be yet a Stain
 " T' attempt this Sin, to be so near a Fall.
 " The doubtful Dye of War cast at the Main,
 " Is such, as one bad Chance may lose you all.

* *Sir Andrew Trollop* afterward fled to the King.
John Blount remained with the Lords.

† *The King* being at *Worcester*, sends the *Bishop* of
Salisbury to the Lords, to induce them to Peace, and to
 offer Pardon.

- " A certain Sin seeks an uncertain Gain ;
 " Which got, your selves ev'n wail and pity shall.
 " No Way but Peace leads out from Blood and [Fears,
 " To free your selves, the Land, and Us from Tears.

XXVI.

- Whereto the Discontented Part replies,
 " That they hereto by others Wrongs enforc'd,
 " Had no way else but these Extremities,
 " And worst Means of Redress, t' avoid the worst.
 " For since that Peace did but their Spoils devise,
 " And held them out from Grace, (as Men divorc'd
 " From th' Honours that their Fortunes did afford)
 " Better die with the Sword, than by the Sword.

XXVII.

- " For if Pacts, Vows or Oaths, could have done [ought,
 " There had enough been done ; but to no end,
 " Save to their Ruin, who had ever fought
 " T' avoid these Broils, as grieving to contend :
 " Smoth'ring Disgraces, draw'ng to Parts remote,
 " As Exil'd Men ; where now they were t' attend
 " His Grace, with all Respect and Reverence ;
 " Not with the Sword of Malice, but Defence.

XXVIII.

Whereby they shew'd, that Words were not to
 But yet the * Pardon works so feelingly, [win :
 That to the King that very Night came in
 Sir Andrew Trollop, with some Company ;

* The Bishop of Salisbury offer'd Pardon to all such as would submit themselves.

Contented to redeem his Sin with Sin,
 Disloyalty with Infidelity ;
 And by this means became discover'd quite
 All th' Orders of th' intended next Day's Fight.

XXIX.

Which so much wrought upon their weaken'd Fears,
 That presently their Camp brake up, e're Day ;
 And ev'ry Man with all his Speed prepares,
 According to their Course to shift their way.
 * *Tork*, with his Youngest Son, t'wards *Ireland* bears ;
Warwick to *Calais*, where his Safety lay ;
 To that Sure Harbour of Conspiracy,
 Envy's Retreat, Rebellion's Nursery.

XXX.

Which † fatal Place seems that with either Hand
 Is made t' offend. For *France* sh' afflicts with th' one ;
 And with the other did infest this Land ;
 As if ordained to do good to none ;
 But as a Gate to both our Ills did stand,
 To let out Plagues on us, and int' her own,
 A Part without us, that small Good hath been,
 But to keep less entire the Whole within.

XXXI.

And there, as in their all and best Support,
 Is *Warwick* got, with *March* and *Salisbury* ;
 When all the Gates of *England*, ev'ry Port
 And Shore close shut, debars their Re-entry ;
 Lock'd out from All, and All left in that sort,
 As no Means seems can aid their Misery.

* *The Duke of York, with his youngest Son, the Earl of Rutland, withdrew him into Ireland ; where he was exceedingly beloved.*

† *The Inconveniencies of Calais at that Time,*

This Wound giv'n without Blow, weakens them more
Than all their Loss of Blood had done before.

XXXII.

For now again upon them frowningly
Stands Pow'r with Fortune, trampling on their States,
And brands them with the Marks of Infamy,
Rebellions, Treasons, and Assassinations ;
Attaints their Blood in all Posterity ;
Ransacks their Lands, spoils their Confederates ;
And lays so hideous Colours on their Crimes,
As would have terrify'd more tim'rous Times ;

XXXIII.

But here could do no good—For why, this Age
Being in a Course of Motion, could not rest
Until the Revolution of their Rage
Came to that Point whereto it was address'd.
Misfortune, Crosses, Ruin could not 'swage
That Heat of Hope, or of Revenge at least.
“ The World once set a-work, cannot soon cease ;
“ Nor ever is the same it is in Peace.

XXXIV.

For other Motions, other Interests here,
The acting Spirits up and awake do keep :
“ Faith, Friendship, Honour, is more sure, more
“ And more it self than when it is asleep. [dear,
Worth will stand out, and doth no Shadows fear :
Disgraces make Impressions far more deep ;
When Ease, e're it will stir, or break her Rest,
Lies still, bears all, content to be oppress'd.

XXXV.

York, and his Side, could not while Life remain'd,
Tho' thus dispers'd, but work and interdeal ;
Nor any Sword at Home could keep restrain'd
Th' out-breaking Pow'rs of this innatred Zeal.

This

This Humour had so large a Passage gain'd
On th' inward Body of the Commonweal,
That 'twas impossible to stop by Force
This Current of Affection's violent Course.

XXXVI.

Yet they at Home (Disorder to keep forth)
Did all what Pow'r could do, or Wit invent :
Plac'd in th' avoided Rooms Men of great Worth ;
Young ** Somerset* with Strength to *Calais* sent ;
Northumberland and *Clifford* to the North,
Whereof They only had the Government :
Defend all Landings, bar all Passages,
Strive to redress the Publick Grievances.

XXXVII.

And to this end summon a † Parliament :
Wherein when as the Godly King would not -
Unto th' Attainder of the Lords consent,
The Queen in Grief (and in her Passions hot)
Breaks out in Speech lovingly violent,
“ And what (saith she) my Lord, have you forgot -
“ To Rule, and be a King ? Why will you thus
“ Be mild to them, and cruel unto us ?

XXXVIII.

“ What Good have you procur'd by Clemency,
“ But giv'n to wild Presumption much more Head ?

** Henry the young Duke of Somerset was ; An. Reg. 37. made Captain of Calais ; and a Privy-Seal sent to the Earl of Warwick, to discharge him of that Place : Who, in respect he was made Captain there by Parliament, would not obey the Privy-Seal.*

† The Parliament at Coventry.

“ And

" And now what Cure, what other Remedy
 " Can to our desp'rate Wounds be ministred ?
 " Men are not good, but for Necessity ;
 " Nor orderly are ever born, but bred.
 " Sad Want and Poverty makes Men industrious ;
 " But Law must make them good, and Fear obsequi-
 [ous.

XXXIX.

" My Lord, He governs well, that's well obey'd ;
 " And Temp'rate Rigor ever safely fits.
 " For as to him who * *Cotis* did upbraid,
 " And call'd his Rigor Madness, raging Fits :
 " Content thee, thou unskilful Man, he said ;
 " My Madness keeps my Subjects in their Wits.
 " So to like Course, my Lord, y'are forc'd to fall ;
 " Or else you must in th' end undo us all.

XL.

" Look but, I pray, on this Dear Part of you !
 " This Branch sprung from your Blood, your own
 [Aspect !
 " Look on this Child ; and think what shall ensue
 " To this Fair Hope of ours, by your Neglect !
 " Tho' you respect not us, wrong not his Due ;
 " That must his Right, left you, from you expect ;
 " The Right of the Renowned *Lancasters*,
 " His Father's Father's, and Great Grandfather's.

XLI.

Then turns t'her Son : " O Son ! dost thou not see ?
 " He is not mov'd, nor touch'd, nor weighs our
 [Tears !

* *Cotis* a *Tyrant* of *Thrace*.

" What

" What shall I do ? What Hope is left for me ;
 " When he wants Will to help, and thou want'st
 " [Years ?
 " Could yet these Hands of thine but Partners be
 " In these my Labours to keep out our Fears,
 " How well were I ? That now alone must toil,
 " And turn, and toss ; and yet undone the while.

XLII.

" I know if thou could'st help, thy Mother thus
 " Should not beyond her Strength endure so much ;
 " Nor these proud Rebels, that would ruin us,
 " 'Scape with their Heinous Treasons without Touch :
 " I know thou would'st conceive how dangerous
 " Mercy were unto those, whose Hopes were such ;
 " And not preserve whom Law hath overthrown,
 " Saving their Livelihood, to lose our own.

XLIII.

" But sith thou can'st not, nor I able am,
 " Thou must no more expect of Me, Dear Son ;
 " Nor yet in Time to come thy Mother blame,
 " If thou by others Weakness be undone.
 " The World, with Me, must testify the same,
 " That I have done my best, what could be done ;
 " And have not fail'd, with Hazard of my Life,
 " The Duty of a Mother and a Wife.

XLIV.

" But well—I see which way the World will go :
 " And let it go—And so turns her about,
 Full with stout Grief, and with disdainful Woe ;
 Which now her Words shut up, her Looks out-let
 The Cast of her side-bended Eye, did show
 Both Sorrow and Reproof ; seeing so great Doubt,
 And no Pow'r to redress, but stand and vex,
 Imprison'd in the Fetters of her Sex.

XLV.

XLV.

Yet so much wrought these moving Arguments,
 (Drawn from that Blood where Nature urg'd her
 As his all-upward tending Zeal relents, [Right]
 And downward to his State declines his Sight;
 And so to their Attainders he consents,
 Provided He, on their Submission, might
 Out of his Princely Pow'r, in his own Name,
 Without a * Parliament, revoke the same.

XLVI.

Whilst † Somerset with main Endeavour lay
 To get his giv'n (but ungot) Government,
 The stout Calisians (bent another way)
 Fiercely repel him, frustrate his Intend;
 Yet takes he Guines, landing at Whitland-Bay.
 Whereas the Swords he brought would not consent
 To wound his Foes—The Fight no Rancor hath:
 Malice was Friends; and War was without Wrath.

XLVII.

Tho' be their Hands, yet Warwick had their Hearts;
 To whom both Men and Shipping they convey'd;

* At this Parliament at Coventry, in the Year 1459, in the 38th Year of K. Henry VI. & Richard D. of York, with his Son Edward, and all his Posterity, and Partakers, attainted, to the Ninth Degree; their Goods and Possessions escheated; their Tenants spoiled of their Goods; the Town of Ludlow, pertaining to the Duke of York, ransack'd; and the Dutches of York spoil'd of her Goods.

† Henry Duke of Somerset, with the Lords Audley and Ross, attempted the Town of Calais, but were repuls'd; his People yielding themselves to the E. of Warwick, and himself hardly escap'd.

Whilst

Whilst *England's* (tho' debarred) Shore imparts
 To him her other-where intended Aid.
 For the Lord * *Rivers*, passing to those Parts,
 T' have fresh Supplies unto the Duke convey'd ;
 At *Sandwich*, with his Son accompany'd,
 Staying for Wind, was taken in his Bed.

XLVIII.

Whose Shipping and Provisions † *Warwick* takes
 For *Ireland*, with his Chiefs to confer ;
 And within Thirty Days this Voyage makes,
 And back returns e're known to have been there :
 So that the Heav'ns, the Sea, the Wind permits
 With him, as if they of his Faction were ;
 Or that his Spirit and Valour were combin'd
 With Destiny, t' effect what he design'd.

XLIX.

Which working, tho' without, and on the Shore,
 Reach'd yet unto the Centre of the Land ;
 Search'd all those Humors that were bred before ;
 Shakes the whole Frame whereon the State did stand :
 " Affection, Pity, Fortune, Fear b'ing more
 " Far off and absent, than they are at hand.
 " Pity becomes a Traytor with th' oppress'd ;
 " And many have been rais'd, by b'ing suppress'd.

* *The Lord Rivers, and his Son, Sir Anthony Woodvil, were taken by John Dinham at Sandwich ; whether they were sent to guard the Town, and supply the D^y of Somerset.*

† *The Earl of Warwick sailed into Ireland, to confer with the D^y of York.*

L. For

For they had left, altho' themselves were gone,
 Opinion and their Memory behind ;
 Which so prevails, that nought could here be done,
 But strait was known as soon as once design'd.
 Court, Council-Chamber, Closet, all were won,
 To be Revelers of the Prince's Mind :
 So false is Factious, and so smooth a Liar,
 As that it never had a Side entire.

LI.

Whereby th' Exil'd had Leisure to prevent,
 And circumvent whatever was devis'd ;
 Which made that * *Falconbridge* to *Sandwich* bent,
 That Fortress and the Governor surpriz'd ;
 Who presently from thence to *Calais* sent,
 Had his unguilty Blood there sacrific'd :
 And *Falconbridge* returning back, relates
 Th' Affection here, and Zeal of all Estates.

LM.

Drawn with which News, and with a Spirit that
 T'attempts on any Likelihood of Support ; [dar'd
 They take th' Advantage of so great Regard :
 Their Landing here secur'd them in such sort
 By *Falconbridge* : The fatal Bridge prepar'd
 To be the way of Blood, and to transport
 Returning Fury to make greater Wounds,
 Than ever *England* saw within her Bounds.

LIII.

And but with Fifteen Hundred Men do land,
 Upon a Land, with many Millions stor'd ;

* *The Lord Falconbridge sent to Sandwich, took the Town, and Sir Simon Montfort, Governor thereof.*

So much did high-presuming Courage stand
 On th' Aid Home-Disobedience would afford.
 Nor were their Hopes deceiv'd—For such a Hand
 Had Innovation ready for the Sword,
 As e're they near unto the City drew,
 Their Pow'r beyond all former Greatness grew.

LIV.

Muse, what may we imaginè was the Cause
 That *Fury* works thus universally?
 What Humour, what Affection is it, draws
 Sides of such Pow'r to this Nobility?
 Was it their Conscience, to redress the Laws;
 Or Malice to a wrong-plac'd Sov'reignty,
 That caus'd them (more than Wealth or Life) desire
 Destruction, Ruin, Bloodshed, Sword and Fire?

LV.

Or was the Pow'r of Lords (thus inter-plac'd
 Betwixt the Height of Princes, and the State)
 Th' Occasion that the People so embrac'd
 Their Actions, and attend on this Debate?
 Or had their Greatness, with their Worth, embas'd
 The Touch of *Royalty* to so low Rate,
 As their Opinion could such Tumults move?
 Then Pow'r and Virtue, you contagious prove.

LVI.

And *Periander's* levell'd Ears of Corn
 Shew what is fittest for the Publick Rest;
 And that the Highest Minions which adorn
 A *Commonweal*, (and do become it best)
 Are Zeal and Justice, Law and Customs, born
 Of High Descent; that never do infest
 The Land with false Suggestions, Claims, Affrights,
 To make Men lose their own for others Rights.

LVII.

LVII.

But now against this Disproportion bends
 The feeble * King all his best Industry ;
 And from abroad, *Skales, Lovel, Kendal* sends,
 To hold the City in Fidelity ;
 The City, which before (for other Ends)
 Was wrought to leave the Part of Royalty :
 Where tho' the King's Command was of no Pow'r ;
 Yet work these Lords so, that they took the Tower.

LVIII.

And from thence labour to bring in again
 The out-let Will of Disobedience ;
 Send Terror, Threats, Intreaties, but in vain.
 † *Warwick* and *March* are with all Jollity
 And Grace receiv'd. The || City's Love did gain
 The best Part of a Crown: For whose Defence,
 And Entertaining still, stays *Salisbury*,
 Whilst *March* and *Warwick* other Fortunes try ;

LIX.

Conducting their fresh Troops against their King,
 (Who leaves a Woman to supply his stead :)

* *The King (from Coventry) sends the Lord Skales, the Lord Lovel, the Earl of Kendal, to London, with others, to keep the City in Obedience.*

† *The Earls of March, Warwick, and Salisbury, Landing at Sandwich, were met by the Archbishop of Canterbury ; who, with his Cross borne before him, accompanied them to London, An. Reg. 38.*

|| *The Affection which the City of London bore to the Duke of York, was an especial Mean for the Raising of that Line to the Crown.*

∴ *The Earl of Salisbury left to keep the City.*

And

And near * *Northampton* both Embattelling,
 Made now the very Heart of *England* bleed :
 Where what strange Resolutions both Sides bring,
 And with what deadly Rancour they proceed,
 Witness the Blood there shed, and foully shed ;
 That cannot but with Sighs be registred.

LX.

There † *Buckingham*, *Talbot*, and *Egremont*,
Beaumont and *Lucy* ; Parts of *Lancaster*,
 (Parts most important, and of chief Account)
 In this unhappy Day extinguish'd are.
 There the || *Lord Grey* (whose Faith did not amount
 Unto the Trust committed to his Care)
 Betrays his King, born to be strangely toss'd ;
 And lace again attain'd, again is lost.

LXI.

Again is lost this Outside of a . . King,
 Ordain'd for others Uses, not his own ;
 Who to the Part that had him could but bring
 A feeble Body only, and a Crown ;
 But yet was held to be the dearest Thing
 Both Sides did labour for so much, to crown
 Their Cause with the Apparency of Might ;
 From whom, and by whom they must make their
 [Right :

* *The Battel of Northampton.*

† *The Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Shrewsbury, the Lord Egremont, John Viscount Beaumont, Sir William Lucy, slain.*

|| *The Lord Edmund Grey of Ruthen, who led the Van-Guard of King Henry, withdrew himself, and took Part with the Lords.*

. . *The King is convey'd to London ; the Tower yielded up to the Lords, and the Lord Skales (who kept it) murder'd.*

LXII

LXII.

When He himself (as if He nought esteem'd
The Highest Crown on Earth) continues one ;
Weak to the World : Which his Religion deem'd
Like to the Breath of Man ; vain, and soon gone !
Whilst the stout Queen, by speedy Flight, redeem'd
The Safety of her self, and of her Son :
And with her * *Somerset* to *Durham* fled ;
Her Pow'rs suppress'd, her Heart unvanquish'd.

LXIII.

So much for absent *Tor* is acted here,
Attending *English* Hopes on th' *Irish* Coast :
Which when, unlook'd for, they related were,
Ambition (still on Horseback) comes in Post,
And seems with greater Glory to appear ;
As made the more by b'ing so long Time lost :
And to the Parli'ment with State is led,
Which his Associates had fore-summoned.

LXIV.

And com'n into the Chamber of the Peers,
He sets himself down in the Chair of State ;
Where such an unexpected Face appears,
Of an amazed Court, that gazing sat
With a dumb Silence, (seeming, that it fears
The Thing it went about to effectuate)
As if the Place, the Cause, the Conscience gave
Bars to the Words their forced Course should have.

LXV.

'Tis strange those Times which brought such Hands
[for Blood,
Had not bred Tongues to make good any Side ;

* *The Duke of Somerset.*

And

And that no prostituted Conscience stood,
 Any Injustice to have justify'd ;
 (As Men of the forlorn Hope, only good
 In desperate Acts to be employ'd.)
 And that none in th' Assembly there was found,
 That would t' ambitious Descant give a Ground :

LXVI.

That ev'n himself (forc'd of Necessity)
 Must be the Orator of his own Cause.
 For having view'd them all, and could espy
 None proff'ring once to speak ; (all in a Pause)
 On this Friend looks with an inviting Eye,
 And then on that, (as if he wou'd Applause)
 Holding the Cloth of State still in his Hand ;
 The Sign which he would have them understand.

LXVII.

But seeing none move ; with an Imperial Port
 Gath'ring his Spir'ts, he rises from his Seat ;
 Doth with such Pow'r of Words his Cause support,
 As seems all others Causes to defeat.
 " And sure, who works his Greatness in that sort,
 " Must have more Pow'rs than those that are born
 [Great
 " Such Revolutions are not wrought, but when
 " Those Spir'ts do work, which must be more than
 [Men

LXVIII.

He argues first his Right, so long with-held
 By th' Usurpation of the *Lancasters* ;
 " The Right of a Direct Line, always held
 " The Sacred Course of Blood ; our Ancestors,
 " Our Laws, our Rev'rent Customs have upheld
 " With Holy Hands. Whence when Disorder errs,
 " What Horrors, what Confusion do we see ;
 " Until it be reduc'd where it should be ?

LXIX.

LXIX.

" And how it prospers with this wretched Land,
 " Witness the Universal Misery,
 " Wherein (as if accurs'd) the Realm doth stand;
 " Depriv'd of State, Wealth, Honour, Dignity :
 " The Church, and Commons, underneath the Hand
 " Of Violence, Extortion, Robbery.
 " No Face of Order, no Respect of Laws :
 " And thus complains of what himself is Cause ;

LXX.

" Accusing others Insolence, that they
 " Exhausted the Revenues of the Crown ;
 " So that the King was forc'd only to prey
 " Upon his Subjects, poor and wretched grown :
 " And that they now sought *Ireland* to betray,
 " And *Calais* to the *French* ; which he had known
 " By th' intercepted Notes of their own Hand,
 " Who were the only Traytors of the Land ;

LXXI.

" And yet procur'd th' Attainders most unjust
 " Of others guiltless and unspotted Blood,
 " Who evermore had labour'd in their Trust,
 " And faithful Service for their Country's Good ;
 " And who with extreme Violence were thrust
 " Quite out of all, spoil'd of their Livelihood,
 " Expos'd to all the Miseries of Life ;
 " Which they endur'd, to put off Blood and Strife.

LXXII.

" But since (saith he) their Malice hath no End,
 " But t'end us all, and to undo the Land ;
 " (For which the hateful *French* gladly attend,
 " And at this Instant have their Swords in Hand)
 " And that the God of Heav'n doth seem to bend
 " Unto our Cause, whereto the best Men stand ;
 " And

" And that this Blood of mine so long Time sought,
 " Reserved seems for something to be wrought :

LXXIII.

" It rests within your Judgments to up-right
 " Ourselves to ruin utterly the Land :
 " For this be sure, I must pursue my Right
 " Whilst I have Breath, or I and mine can stand.
 " Think whether this poor State, b'ing in this Plight,
 " Stands not in need of some up-raising Hand;
 " Or whether 'tis not Time we should have Rest,
 " And this Confusion and our Wounds redrest.

LXXIV.

This said, he turns aside, and out he goes ;
 Leaves them to Counsel what was to be done :
 Where tho' the most Part gather'd were of those
 Who wish no Opposition sure would run ;
 Yet some, more temperate, offer'd to propose
 That which was fit to be consider'd on :
 Who tho' they knew his Claim was fair in Sight,
 Yet thought it now lack'd the right Face of Right :

LXXV.

Since for the Space of Threescore Years, the Crown
 Had been in Act possess'd, in Three Descents ;
 Confirm'd by all the * Nobles of Renown,
 The People's Suffrages, Oaths, Parliaments ;
 So many Acts of State, both of our own,
 And of all other Foreign Governments :
 " That Wrong, by Order, may grow Right by this ;
 " Sith Right th' Observer but of Order is.

* Non confirmatur tractu temporis, quod de Jure
 ab initio non subsistit.

LXXVI.

" And then confid'ring first how *Bolingbroke*,
 " Landing in *Yorkshire* but with Threescore Men,
 " By the Consent of all the Kingdom, took
 " The Crown upon him, held for Lawful then :
 " His Uncle *York*, and all the Peers betook
 " Themselves to him, as to their Sov'reign ; when
 " King *Richard's* Wrongs, and his Propinquity,
 " Did seem to make no Distance in their Eye.

LXXVII.

" Nor was without Example in those Days ;
 " Wherein (as in all Ages) States do take
 " The Side of Publick Peace, to counterpaise
 " The Weight of Wrong, which Time may rightful
 " No Elderhood * *Rufus* and *Henry* stays [make.
 " Th' Imperial Crown of *England* t'undertake :
 " And *John* before his Nephew *Arthur* speeds ;
 " Whom, tho' depriv'd, *Henry* his Son succeeds.

LXXVIII.

" *Edward* the Third made Sov'reign of the State
 " Upon his Father's Deprivation was.
 " All which, tho' seeming Wrongs, yet fairly sat
 " In their Succeeders, and for Right did pass.
 And if they could so work, t'accommodate
 And calm the Peers, and please the Populace ;
 They wist'd the Crown might where it stood remain,
 Succeeding Inconvenience to restrain.

LXXIX.

Thus th' Ancient Fathers of the Law advise,
 Grave Baron *Thorpe*, and Learned *Fortescue* ;

* *William Rufus* and *Henry I.* prefer'd before their
 Elder Brother.

Who

Who tho' they could not fashion otherwise
 Those strong-bent Humours, which averſive grew ;
 Yet ſeem'd to qualify th'Extremities,
 And ſome Reſpect more to their Sov'reign drew ;
 That, during Life, it was by all agreed
 He ſhould be King, and *York* ſhould him ſucceed.

LXXX.

Which preſently enacted, was (beſide)
 Proclaim'd throughout with all Solemnities,
 And intermutually there ratify'd
 With Proteſtations, Vows and Oaths likewise ;
 Built up with all the Strength of Form, r' abide
 Whatever Oppoſitions could ariſe ;
 And might have ſeem'd ſure and authentical,
 Had all this Body of the State been all.

LXXXI.

But *Trent*, thou kept'ſt a Part ; *Thames* had not all :
 The *North* divided Honour with the *South* ;
 And like Pow'r held like Greatneſs ſeveral :
 Where other Right ſpake with another Mouth ;
 Another Heir another Prince they call,
 Whom Natural Succeſſion follow doth ;
 The Branch of Kings, the true Son of the Crown ;
 To whom no Father can but leave his own.

LXXXII.

The King, as Husband to the Crown, doth by
 The Wife's Infeſſment hold ; and only here
 Enjoys the ſame for Life by Courteſy ;
 Without Pow'r to diſpoſe it otherwhere,
 After his Death, but as th' Authority,
 Order and Cuſtom of Succeſſion bear :
 And therefore *Henry's* Aſt cannot undo
 The Right of him whom it belongs unto.

LXXXIII.

And this Unnatural Intrusion here
Of that attainted Blood, out of all Course,
Effected with Confusion and with Fear,
Must be reduc'd to other Terms of Force.
These Insolencies Justice cannot bear :
The Sword (whereto they only had Recourse)
Must cut this Knot so intricately ty'd,
Whose vain contrived Ends are plain deserv'd.

LXXXIV.

Thus they give out—And out the Sword in Hand
Is drawn for Blood, to justify the same ;
And by a Side with many a Worthy mann'd :
Great Somerset, Exeter, Buckingham,
With Clifford, Courtney, and Northumberland,
(Lords of as mighty Courage, as of Name)
Which all against York's forced Courses bend ;
Who having done, yet had not made an End :

LXXXV.

But to another Work is forc'd to go,
The last Turmoil lab'ring Ambition had ;
Where Pride and Over-weening led him so,
(For Fortunes past) as made the Issue sad.
For whether Safer Counsel would or no,
His yet unfurnish'd Troops he desp'rate led
From Sandall-Castle unto Wakefield Green,
Against far mightier Forces of the Queen.

LXXXVI.

Where round enclos'd by * Ambushments fore-laid,
Hard-working for his Life, (but all in vain)
With

* The Battel of Wakefield, where the D. of York
is slain ; the Earl of Salisbury taken, and beheaded at
York ;

With Number and Confusion over-laid,
Himself and Valiant *Salisbury* are slain ;
With whom the most, and dearest Blood decay'd
Of his Courageous and Advent'rous Train :
So short a Life had those long Hopes of his,
Born not to wear the Crown he wrought for thus ;

LXXXVII.

But in the Rife of his out-springing Lust,
Now in the last of Hope receiv'd this Fall ;
Now that his working Pow'rs so far had thrust,
That his Desires had but this Step to all.
When, so near Home, he seem'd past all Distrust,
This unexpected Wreck doth him befall :
This Successor th' Inheritor foregoes ;
The Play-Game made of Fortune, and his Foes.

LXXXVIII.

Whose young Son, *Rutland*, (made the Sacrifice
For others Sins, e're he knew how to sin)
Brought only but to see this Exercise
Of Blood and Wounds, ends e're he did begin :
Whose Tears, whose Moan, whose lamentable Cries,
Could neither Mercy nor Compassion win.
The Branch of such a Tree, tho' tender now,
Was not thought fit should any longer grow.

LXXXIX.

Which turning Chance t'a long ungraced Side,
Brings back their almost quelled Hopes again ;
And thrust them on to use the present Tide
And Flow of this Occasion, to regain

York ; *Edmund Earl of Rutland*, youngest Son to the
Duke of York, murdered after the Battel, by the Lord
Clifford.

Th' inthrall'd Monarch, and so undecide
The late concluded Act they held for vain ;
And moves their Armies; new refresh'd with Spoil,
For more Confusion, and for more Turmoil :

XC.

Victoriously proceeding unwitstood,
Till at * *St. Albans* *Warwick's* forc'd t' a Stand.
Where-as (to make his own Undoing good)
The King is brought against himself to band :
His Pow'r and Crown is set against his Blood ;
Forc'd on the Side not of himself to stand.
Divided King ! in what a Case thou art,
To have thy Hand thus bent against thy Heart !

XCI.

And here this famous fatal Place again
Is made the Stage of Blood--Again these Streets,
Embru'd with Slaughter, cover'd with the Slain,
Witness what desp'rate Wrath with Rancour meets.
But Fortune now is in another Vein,
Another Side her turning Favour greets ;
The † King here lately lost, is now here won ;
Still sure t' undo the Side that he was on.

XCII.

|| *Warwick*, with other *Genius* than his own,
Had here to do : Which made him see the Face
Of sad Misfortune in the self-same Town,
Where prosp'rous Winning lately gave him Grace :

* *The Second Battel at St. Albans.*

† *The King is again recover'd by the Queen.*

|| *The Earl of Warwick, with the Duke of Norfolk,*
put to flight ; and Sir John Grey slain on the King's
Side.

And

And *Marg'ret* here, this Martial *Amazon*,
 Was with the Spirit of her self in place ;
 Whose Labours Fortune ev'n to pity stir,
 And bring a Woman, could but give it her.

XCIII.

The Reputation and Encouragement
 Of *Wakefield* Glory waken'd them to this :
 And this seems now the full Accomplishment
 Of all their Travail, all their Combrances.
 For what can more disturb this Government,
 When *Tork* extinct, and *Warwick* conquer'd is ?
 Directing *Salsb'ry* left without a Head,
 What rests there now that all's not finished ?

XCIV.

Thus for the Sick preserving Nature strives
 Against Corruption and the loathsome Grave,
 When out of Death's cold Hands she back reprieves
 Th' almost confounded Spirits she fain would save ;
 And them cheers up, illightens and revives,
 Making faint Sickness Words of Health to have,
 With Looks of Life, as if the worst were past ;
 When strait comes Dissolution, and his Last.

XCV.

So fares it with this late revived Queen ;
 Whose Victories thus fortunately won,
 Have but as only lightning Motions been
 Before the Ruin that ensu'd thereon.
 For now another Springing Pow'r is seen,
 Whereto (as to the New-arising Sun)
 All turn their Faces, leaving those low Rays
 Of Setting Fortune, which no Climber weighs.

XCVI.

Now is Young *March* more than a Duke of *Tork* :
 For Youth, Love, Grace and Courage make him more ;

All which for Formac's Favour now do work,
 Who graceth freshest Actors evermore ;
 Making the first Attempt the Chiefest Work
 Of any Man's Designs that strives therefore.
 " The After-Seasons are not so well blest ;
 " For those first Spirits make their first Actions best.

XCVII.

Now as the *Lybian* Lion, when with Pain
 The weary Hunter hath pursu'd his Prey
 From Rocks to Brakes, from Thickets to the Plain,
 And at the Point thereon his Hands to lay
 Hard by his Hopes, his Eye upon his Gam,
 Out-rushing from his Den, rapes all away ;
 So comes young *March* their Ends to disappoint,
 Who now were grown so near unto the Point.

XCVIII.

The Love of these Important *Southern* Parts,
 Of *Essex*, *Surrey*, *Middlesex* and *Kent*,
 The Queen had wholly lost ; as they whose Hearts
 Grew ill affected to her Government,
 Upon th' uncivil and presumptuous Parts,
 Play'd by the *Northern* Troops grown insolent ;
 Whom tho' she could not Govern otherwise,
 Yet th' Ill that's wrought for her, upon her lies.

XCIX.

" So wretched is this Execrable War,
 " This Civil Sword—Wherein tho' all we see
 " Be foul, and all Things miserable are,
 " Yet most distressful is the Victory ;
 " Which is not only th' extreme Ruiner
 " Of others, but her own Calamity :
 " Where who obtains, what he would cannot do ;
 " Their Pow'r hath Past, who help him thereunto.

C. The

C.

The * City, whose Good-Will they most desire,
 (Yet thereunto durst not commit their State)
 Sends them not those Provisions they require ;
 Which seem'd restrained by the People's Hate :
 Yet *March's* Help far off, and near this Fire
 (To win them Time) forc'd them to mediate
 A Reconcilement : Which well entertain'd,
 Was fairly now grown on, and nearly gain'd :

CI.

When with a Thousand Tongues swift-wing'd Fame
 And tells of *March's* Gallant Victories ; [comes,
 Who what withstands subdues ; All overcomes ;
 Making his Way thro' fiercest Enemies :
 As having now to cast in greater Sums
 The Reck'ning of his Hopes, that mainly rise.
 His Father's Death gives more Life unto Wrath ;
 And vexed Valour greater Courage hath.

CII.

And now, as for his last, his lab'ring Worth
 Works on the Coast which on fair *Severn* lies ;
 Whereto his Father (passing to the North)
 Sent him to Levy other fresh Supplies :
 But hearing now what *Wakefield* had brought forth,
 Imploring Aid against these Injuries,

* The Queen, after the Battel of *St. Albans*, sent to
 the Mayor of London for certain Provisions : Who willing
 to furnish her therewithal, the Commons of the City stay'd
 the same, and would not permit the Carts to pass.
 Whereupon the Lord-Mayor sent to excuse himself, and
 to appease the Displeasure of the Queen.

M 4.

Obtains.

Obtains from *Gloc'ster, Worc'ster, Shrewsbury*,
Important Pow'rs to work his Remedy.

CIII.

Which he against * *Pembroke* and *Ormond* bends ;
Whom *Marg'et* (now upon her Victory)
With all Speed possible from *Wakefield* sends,
With Hope to have surpriz'd him suddenly.
Wherein tho' She all Means, all Wit extends,
To th' utmost Reach of wary Policy ;
Yet nothing her avails---No Plots succeed,
T' avert those Mischiefs which the Heav'ns decreed,

CIV.

For near the † Cross ally'd unto his Name,
He cross'd those mighty Forces of his Foes,
And with a Spir't ordain'd for Deeds of Fame
Their eager-fighting Army overthrows ;
Making all clear behind from whence he came,
Bearing down wholly what before him rose,
Like to an all-confounding Torrent seems ;
And was made more by *Warwick's* mighty Streams.

CV.

With th' Inundation of which Greatness, ‖ he
(Having no Bounds of Pow'r to keep him back)
March'd

* *Jasper Earl of Pembroke, and James Butler, Earl of Ormond and Wiltshire.*

† *The Battel of Mortimer's Cross, where Owen Tudor, Father to the Earl of Pembroke, who had married K. Henry's Mother, was taken and beheaded,*

‖ *The Earl of Warwick, after his Overthrow at St. Albans, retires with all the Forces he could make, and joins with the Young Duke of York ; who coming to London, and received with all Joy, a great Council was pre. only*

March'd to the City : At whose Entrance free,
 No Signs of Joy, nor no Applauding lack:
 Whose near Approach when this sad Queen did see,
 (To avoid these Rocks of her near-threatening Wreck):
 With her griev'd Troops Northward she hence de-
 And leaves to Youth and Fortune these South Parts.

CVI:

Glory with Admiration entering now,
 Open'd that easy Door to his Intent,
 As that there needs not long Time to allow
 The Right he had unto the Government;
 Nor Henry's Injuries to disavow,
 Against his Oath, and th' Act of Parli'ment.
 " For here the speedi'st way he takes t' accord
 " Difference in Law, that pleads it with the Sword.

CVII:

Gather'd to see his Muster'd Companies,
 Stood all the flocking Troops of London Streets,
 When Falconbridge (with gentle Feeling) tries
 How strong the Pulse of their Affection beats,
 And reck'ning up the grievous Miseries,
 And Desolation which the Country threatens,

presently called of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal;
 where King Henry was adjudged insufficient for the Gov-
 ernment of the Realm, and to be deprived of all Regal
 Authority; and the Duke of York elected for King, and
 after proclaimed by the Name of Edward the IVth.
 March 4. 1460, at the Age of Eighteen. And so Hen-
 ry VI. after he had reigned 38 Years, 8 Months, was
 deposed.

M. S.

Ark'd

Ask'd them, Whom they would have to be their
To lead those Troops, and State in Form to ^{[King ;} bring?

CVIII.

Whereto, with such an universal Shout,
" The Earl of *March*, the Multitude replies,
As the rebounding Echo strait throughout
(From Tow'r to Tow'r reverberated) flies
To th' Ears of those Great Lords, who sat about
The Consultation for this Enterprife.
Whose Care is sav'd, which most they stood upon ;
For what they Counsel how to do, is done.

CIX.

And nothing now, but to confirm him King,
Remains (which must not long remain) to do :
The present Heat doth strait dispatch the Thing,
With all those Solemn Rites that 'long thereto :
So that what *Tork*, with all his Travailing,
Force and Intrusion, could not get unto ;
Is now thus freely laid upon his Son,
Who must make fair what foully was begun.

CX.

Whose End attain'd, had it here made an End
Of foul Destruction, and had stay'd the Blood
Which *Towton*, *Exham*, *Tewkesbury* did spend
With desperate Hands, and deeper Wounds with-
[stood ;
And that none other Crown brought to contend
With that of his, had made his seem less good ;
How had this long-afflicted Land been blest !
Our Sighs had ended, and my *Muse* had Rest.

CXL

CXL:

Which now (but little past Half her long way),
 Stands trembling at the Horrors that succeed;
 Weary with these Embroilments, fain would stay,
 Her farther Course, unwilling to proceed:
 And fain to see that Glorious Holiday
 Of Union which this Discord re-agreed,
 Knows not as yet what to resolve upon,
 Whether to leave off here, or else go on.

The End of the Seventh Book.

The



The HISTORY of the CIVIL WAR.

BOOK VIII.

The ARGUMENT.

*King Edward Pow'r against King Henry led;
And bath at Towton-Field the Victory :
From whence King Henry into Scotland fled;
Where he attempts his State's Recovery :
Steals into England ; is discovered ;
Brought Pris'ner to the Tow'r disgracefully.
And Edward, whilst Great Warwick doth assay
A Match in France, marries the Lady Grey.*

B.

ON yet, sad Verse---Tho' those bright Stars from
Thou had'st thy Light, are seen for evermore ; [whence
And that these Times do not like Grace dispense
To our Endeavours, as those did before :
Yet on---Since She, whose Beams do re-ignite
This Sacred Fire, seems as reserv'd in Store

Te

To raise this Work, and here to have my last,
Who had the first of all my Labours past.

II.

On, with her blessed Favour, and relate
With what new Bloodshed this new-chosen Lord
Made his first Entry to th' afflicted State ;
Pass'd his first Act of Publick with the Sword ;
Eager'd his new-worn Crown ; and how he gat
Possession of Affliction, and restor'd
His Right unto a Royal Misery,
Maintained with as Bloody Dignity.

III.

Shew how our Great *Pharsalian* Field was fought
At * *Towton* in the North ; the greatest Day
Of Ruin that Dissension ever brought
Unto this Kingdom. Where Two Crowns did sway
The Work of Slaughter--Two Kings Causes wrought
Destruction to One People, by the way
Of their Affections, and their Loyalties ;
As if One for these Ills could not suffice.

IV.

Where *Lancaster*, and that Courageous Side,
(That Noble Constant Part) came furnished
With such a Pow'r, as might have terrify'd
And over-run the Earth ; had they been led.

* Edward being proclaimed and acknowledged for King, presently sets forward towards the North, to encounter with King Henry VI. who in Yorkshire had assembled a Puissant Army of near 60000 Men ; and at a Place call'd *Towton*, about Four Miles from *York*, both their Powers met ; where was fought the greatest Battel our Stories mention in all these Civil Wars : Where both the Armies consisted of above 100000 Men, and all of our own Nation.

The

The way of Glory, where they might have try'd
 For th' Empire of all *Europe*, as those did
 The *Macedonian* led into the *East* ;
 Their Number being Double at the least.

V.

And where *Brave York* comes as compleatly mann'd:
 With Courage, Valour, and with Equal Might ;
 Prepar'd to try with a resolv'd Hand
 The Metal of his Crown, and of his Right :
 Attended with his fatal Firebrand
 Of War, *Warwick*, that Blazing-Star of Fight !
 The Comet of Destruction that portends
 Confusion and Distress, what way he tends.

VI.

What Rage, what Madness, *England*, do we see ?
 That this Brave People, in such Multitude
 Run to confound themselves ! And all to be
 Thus mad for *Lords*, and for mere Servitude !
 What might have been, if (*Roman*-like, and free)
 These Gallant Spir'its had Nobler Ends pursu'd,
 And strain'd to Points of Glory and Renown,
 For Good of the Republick, and their own ?

VII.

But here no *Cato* with a Senate stood
 For Commonwealth—Nor here were any sought
 To emancipate the State for Publick Good,
 But only head-long for their Faction wrought.
 Here ev'ry Man runs on to spend his Blood,
 To get but what he had already got.
 For whether *Pompey*, or a *Cesar* won,
 Their State was ever sure to be all one.

VIII.

VIII.

And first, before these fatal Armies met,
 Had forward *Warwick* laid the Passage free,
 At *Ferry-Briggs* ; where the Lord * *Clifford* (set
 With an Advent'rous, Gallant Company,
 To guard that strait, *Tork's* further March to let)
 Began the Scene to this great Tragedy ;
 Made the first Entrance on the Stage of Blood ;
 Which now set wide for Wounds, all open flood.

IX.

When *Edward* to exhort his Men began,
 With Words, whereto both Spirit and Majesty
 His Pers'nage gave : For that he was a Man
 (Besides a King) whose Crown sat gracefully.
 " Com'n is the Day, said he, wherein who can
 " Obtain the Best, is Best. This Day must try
 " Who hath the Wrong ; and whence our Ills have
 " And 'tis our Swords must make us Honest Men. [been :

X.

" For tho' our Cause (by God and Men allow'd)
 " Hath in it Honour, Right, and Honesty ;
 " Yet All as Nothing is to be avow'd,
 " Unless withal we have the Victory.
 " For Justice is (we see) a Virtue proud,
 " And cleaves to Pow'r, and leaves weak Misery :
 " And therefore see'ng the Case we now stand in,
 " We must resolve either to dye or win.

XI.

" So that if any here doth find his Heart
 " To fail him for this Noble Work, or stands

* *The Lord Clifford slain at Ferry-Briggs.*

- " Irresolute this Day ; let him depart,
 " And leave his Arms behind, for worthier Hands.
 " I know Enow will stay to do their Part ;
 " Here to redeem Themselves, Wives, Children,
 [Lands,
 " And have the Glory that thereby shall rise,
 " To free their Country from these Miseries..

XII.

But here what needed Words to blow the Fire,
 In Flame already, and enkindl'd so,
 As when it was proclaim'd they might retire,
 Who found Unwillingness to undergo
 That Vex'tious Work ; They All did so conspire
 To stand out Fortune, that not One would go.
 To bear away a Hand from Blood ; not One
 Defraud the Field of th' Evil might be done ?

XIII.

Where * *Warwick* too (producing in their Sight
 An Argument, whereby he did conclude
 There was no Hope of Safety, but by Fight)
 Doth sacrifice his Horse to Fortitude ;
 And thereby did the least Conceit of Flight,
 Or any Succour by Escape exclude ;
 " See'ng in the Streight of a Necessity,
 " The Means to win, is t' have no Means to fly.

XIV.

It was upon the Twilight of that Day,
 That Peaceful Day when the *Religious* bear
 The Olive-Branches as they go to Pray,
 (And we, in Lieu, the blooming *Palm* use here) ..

* The Earl of Warwick, before the Battel began,
 with his own Hands killed his Horse. When.

When both the Armies, ready in Array
 For th' Early Sacrifice of Blood, appear
 Prepar'd for Mischief, e're they had full Light
 To see to do it, and to do it right.

XV.

Th' Advantage of the Time, and of the Wind,
 (Which both with *Tork* seem as remain'd in Pay)
 Brave * *Falconbridge* takes hold on, and assign'd
 The Archers their Flight-Shafts to shoot away :
 Which th' adverse Side (with Sleet and Dimness
 Mistaken in the Distance of the Way) [blind,
 Answer with their Sheaf-Arrows, that came short
 Of their intended Aim, and did no Hurt.

XVI.

But gather'd by th' on-marching Enemy,
 Returned, were like Clouds of Steel ; which pour
 Destruction down, and did new-night the Sky,
 As if the Day had fail'd to keep his Hour :
 Whereat the ranged Horse break out, deny
 Obedience to the Riders, scorn their Pow'r ;
 Dis-rank the Troops, set all in Dis-array,
 To make th' Assailant Owner of the Day.

XVII.

Thus thou peculiar Engine of our Land !
 (Weapon of Conquest ! Master of the Field !)
 Renowned Bow ! (that mad'st this Crown command
 The Tow'rs of *France*, and all their Pow'rs to yield)
 Art made at Home to have th' especial Hand
 In our Diffensions, by thy Work upheld :
 Thou first did'st conquer us ; then rais'd our Skill
 To vanquish others ; here our selves to spill.

* William Nevil, Lord Falconbridge, after created,
 Earl of Kent.

XVIII.

And now how com'st thou to be out of Date,
 And all-neglected leav'st us, and art gone ;
 And with thee th' Ancient Strength, the Manly State
 Of Valour and of Worth, that Glory won ?
 Or else stay'st thou till new-priz'd Shot abate ?
 (That never shall affect what thou hast done)
 And only but attend'st some Blessed Reign,
 When Thou and Virtue shall be grac'd again.

XIX.

But this short Tempest drove *Northumberland*
 (Who led the Van-guard of King *Henry's* Side)
 With eager Heat join Battel out of Hand,
 And this Disorder with their Swords to hide.
 Where Twice Five Hours these furious Armies stand,
 And Fortune's Balance weigh'd on neither Side ;
 Nor either did but equal Bloodshed gain,
 Till *Henry's* * Chiefest Leaders all were slain.

XX.

Then to those Spirits, which from these Heads de-
 Their Motions, gave off working ; and in Haste
rive

* In this Battel of Towton, on King *Henry's* Side
 were slain, *Henry Piercy Earl of Northumberland* ;
 the Earls of *Shrewsbury and Devonshire* ; *John Lord*
Clifford ; the Lords *Beaumont, Nevil, Willoughby,*
Wells, Roos, Grey, Dacres, Fitz-Hugh, Mollneux,
Buckingham : Knights, the Two Base Sons of *Henry*
Holland, Duke of Exeter ; *Richard Piercy, Gervase*
Clifton, Andrew Trollop, &c.

The whole Number slain were accounted by some 33000,
 by others 35091.

Turn

Turn all their Backs to Death, and mainly strive
 Who from themselves shall run away most fast.
 The After-fliers on the former drive;
 And they again by the Pursuers 'chas'd,
 Make Bridges of their Fellows Backs, to pass
 The Brooks and Rivers whereas Danger was.

XXI.

Witness, O clear-stream'd *Cock* ! within whose Banks
 So many Thousand crawling helpless lay,
 With Wounds and Weariness ; who in their Ranks
 Had valiantly behav'd themselves that Day ;
 And might have had more Honour and more Thanks,
 By Standing to their Work, and by their Stay.
 " But Men at once Life seem to love and loath
 " Running to lose it, and to save it both.

XXII.

Unhappy *Henry*, from a little Hill,
 Plac'd not far off, (whence He might view the Fight)
 Had all th' entire full Prospect of this Ill,
 With all the scatter'd Slaughter, in his Sight ;
 Saw how the Victor rag'd, and spoil'd at Will,
 And left not off when All was in his Might :
 Saw with how great Ado himself was won ;
 And with what Store of Blood Kings are undone.

XXIII.

" We are not worth so much, nor I nor He,
 " As hath been spent for Us by you this Day,
 " Dear People ; said he---Therefore O ! agree ;
 " And leave off Mischief, and your Malice stay !
 " Stay, *Edward*, stay !---They must a People be,
 " When We shall not be Kings---And it is They,
 " Who make Us with their Miseries---Spare Them,
 " For whom thou thus dost seek a Diadem.

XXIV.

XXIV.

" For Me, I could be pleas'd t' have nought to do
 " With Fortune ; and content My Self were ill,
 " So *England* might be well : And that t' undo
 " Me might suffice the Sword, without more Ill.
 " And yet perhaps these Men, that cleave unto
 " The Parts of Princes with such eager Will,
 " Have likewise their own Ends of Gain or Hate
 " In these our Strifes, and nourish this Debate.

XXV.

Thus stood He (drawing Lines of his Discourse)
 In Contemplation ; when, more needfully,
 It did import him to devise a Course,
 How he might shift for his Recovery :
 And had been taken, had not some by Force
 Rescu'd and drawn him off more speedily,
 And brought him unto * *York* in all main Post ;
 Where he first told his Queen the Day was lost.

XXVI.

Who, as compos'd of that firm Temperature,
 Which could not bend to Base Complaints, nor wail
 As Weakness doth, (fore-knowing how t' endure)
 Fail'd not Her Self, tho' Fortune did her fail ;
 But rather casts about how to procure
 Means to reserve her Part, and to prevail
 Of that poor Time left her to save her own,
 As one tho' overcome, not overthrown.

XXVII.

Now when She had of fatal *Lancaster*
 Seen all the Pillars crush'd and ruined,

* *Queen Margaret, with her Son, were in the City of
 York, expecting the Event of this Battel.*

That

That under-set it ; All that follow'd her
 Of those Heroick Personages dead,
 Save only *Somerſet* and *Exeter*,
 (Who from this laſt Deſtruction hardly fled)
 And ſaw All loſt, and Nothing in her Might,
 But only that which muſt be ſav'd by Flight :

XXVIII.

Now when there was no *North* left of their own,
 To draw unto ; No Side to gather Head ;
 No People to be rais'd t' an empty Crown,
 Nor yet the Ground their own whereon they tread ;
 When yet your Faith, (worthy of all Renown)
 Conſtant *Northumbrians*, firm continued !
 And tho' you could not render Succours fit
 Unto your Sov'reign, you would ſave him yet ;

XXIX.

And be (as few Men in this World are) true
 Unto Affliction, and to Miſery ;
 And would not baſely purchaſe and renew
 Your Peace and Safety by Diſloyalty ;
 But wrought, that tho' the Victor did purſue
 With greedy Care, and eager Industry,
 To have surpriz'd him ; yet was all in vain,
 Till he recover'd *Berwick* with his Train.

XXX.

Where now he was at ſome more Vacancy
 To underſtand, and ſee himſelf undone ;
 Which in this ſudden-coming Miſery,
 He had no Leiſure to conſider on.
 And now ſurveys he that poor Company,
 Attending on Himſelf, his Wife, and Son ;
 Sees how that all the State which ſerv'd his Crown,
~~Was ſhut within the Walls of One ſmall Town :~~

XXXI.

XXXI.

Beholds there what a poor-distressed Thing,
 A King without a People was !—And whence
 The Glory of that Mightiness doth spring,
 That over-spreads (with such a Reverence)
 This Under-World ! Whence comes this Furnishing,
 And all this Splendor of Magnificence !
 He sees, what Chair soever Monarch sat
 Upon on Earth, the People was the State.

XXXII.

And yet altho' he did contain no more
 Than what he saw ; yet saw a Piece so small
 Could not contain him. What He was before,
 Made him incapable of any Wall,
 To yield him Succour now—He must have more
 Than only this Small Hold, or none at all.
 And therefore this, (see'ng it avail'd him not,
 Nor could he keep) he renders to the * Scot ;

XXXIII.

As th' Earnest to confirm and ratify
 The League between them Two, newly begun.
 Whereof to make more sure, and faster tye,
 He promis'd too th' Alliance of his Son ;
 And all that might secure their Amity,
 With Willingness on either Side was done.
 And here they practise all they can devise,
 To turn Revenge upon their Enemies.

XXXIV.

Thus, *England*, did'st thou see the Mighti'st King
 Thou ever had'st, (in Pow'r and Majesty

* Henry VI. delivers the Town of Berwick to the
 King of Scots.

Of

Of State, and of Dominions ; Governing
A most Magnificent Nobility ;
With an advent'rous People, flourishing
In all the Glories of Felicity)
Chas'd from his Kingdom ; forc'd to seek Redress
In Parts remote, distress'd and succourless.

XXXV.

Now *Bolingbroke*, these Miseries here shown,
Do much unloud thy Sin ; make thy Ill good :
For if thou did'st by Wrong attain the Crown,
'Twas without Cries ; it cost but little Blood.
But *York* by his Attempt hath overthrown
All the Best Glory wherein *England* stood ;
And did his State by her Undoing win ;
And was, tho' White without, yet Red within.

XXXVI.

And thus he hath it--And is now to deal
For th' Entertaining and Continuance
Of Men's Affections ; and to seek to heal
Those foul Corruptions, which the Maintenance
Of so long Wars bred in the Commonweal.
He must remunerate, prefer, advance
His Chiefest Friends ; and prosecute with Might
The adverse Part ; do wrong, to do Men right.

XXXVII.

Whilst Martial *Marg'ret*, with her Hopeful Son,
Is Travelling in *France*, to purchase Aid ;
And plots, and toils, and Nothing leaves undone ;
Tho' all in vain.--For b'ing thus over-laid
By Fortune, and the Time ; all that is done,
Is out of Season. For She must have stay'd
Till that first Heat of Men's Affections (which
They bear New Kings) were laid, and not so much.

XXXVIII.

XXXVIII.

When they should find that they had gain'd no
Than th' Afs by Changing of his Masters did ; [more,
(Who still must labour as he us'd before)
And those Expectancies came frustrated,
Which they had set upon th' imagin'd Score
Of their Accounts : And had considered,
How that it did but little benefit
The Doves, to change the Falcon for the Kite.

XXXIX.

And yet, Brave * Queen, for Three Years of his
[Reign,
Thou gav'st him little Breathing-Time of Rest ;
But still his Miseries did'st entertain
With new Attempts, and new Assaults address'd.
And at thy now-Return from *France* again,
(Supply'd with Forces) once more gathered'st .
An Army for the Field, and brought'st to War
The scatter'd Parts of broken *Lancaster*.

XL.

And once again at *Exham* led'st them on,
With Scots and French, t'another bloody Day ;
And there beheld'st thy self again undone,
With all that Rest, whereon thy Fortunes lay.

* Queen Margaret, furnished with a great Power of Scots and French, to the Number of 20000, with her Husband, enter'd into Northumberland, took the Castle of Bamfborough, and after came forward to the Bishoprick of Durham : Where Henry Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, who had lately been reconciled to K. Edward the IVth, joined with them ; and also brought thither with him Sir Ralph Percy, a Man of great Courage and Worth : Who were taken in the Battel of Exham, and executed, An. 3. Ed. IV. 1464.

Where

Where *Somerſet* (late to *King Edward* gone,
And got his Pardon) having ſcap'd away,
With Noble *Piercy* came, to bring their Blood
Unto thy Side, whereto they firſt had ſtood.

XLI.

Where the Lords *Malines*, *Raſs*, and *Hungerford*,
With many elſe of Noble Families,
Extinguiſh'd were:—And many that Day's Sword
Cut off their Names in their Poſterities:
Where fled again their luckleſs, follow'd Lord;
And is ſo near purſu'd by th' Enemies,
As th' Enſign of his Crown was ſeiz'd upon,
For him who had before his Kingdom won;

XLII.

And ſhortly after too his Perſon gat.
For he now weary'd with his long Exile,
And Miſeries abroad, grew paſſionate
With longing to return t' his Native Soil.
And ſee'ng he could not do the ſame in State,
He ſeeks, diſguiz'd in Faſhion, to beguile
The World a Time, and ſteal the Liberty
And Sight of his Dear Country privately.

XLIII.

As if there were for a purſu'd King.
A Covert left on Earth, wherein to hide;
When Pow'r and Jealouſy are travelling,
And lay to catch Affliction on each Side.
“ Miſfortune ſerves, we ſee, for ev'ry Thing.
And ſoon * He comes, God knows, to be deſcry'd;

* *King Henry* was taken in *Bancaſhire*, and brought
to London, with his Legs bound to the Stirrops; having
in his Company only *Dr. Manning*, Dean of *Windſor*,
with another Divine; who were taken with him, and com-
mitted to the Tower.

And Edward hath the Booty he desir'd;
For whose Establishment all Things conspire.

XLIV.

Yet long it was not e're a Fire began
To take in th' inward st. Closet, where he laid
The Treasure of his Chiefest Trust; and ran
From thence thro' all his State; before it fly'd.
For being a King, who his whole Fortunes was
With other Hands, must many leave unpaid;
And could not fill up that vast Gorgeous
Of Expectation, which is bottomless.

XLV.

Tho' he did all the best that in him lay,
(As a most active Prince) to satisfy
The Int'rest of their Travails, and destroy
The Bands contracted 'twixt his Sovereignty
And the Republick: Seeking to ally
All Grievances; Recorder Equity,
Reform the Bars, that Justice did abuse;
Lay easy on the State, as New Kings use.

XLVI.

As He, who having found great Treasury,
The first Year offers with most grateful Cheer
A Sheep of Gold to Judo's Deity;
And next of Silver, for the Second Year;
The Third of Brass: And then neglectively,
Nothing at all---So those Regards, which were
Born of a present Feeling, mov'd him most;
But soon were with their Times and Motives lost.

* R. Edward IV. sat on the King's Bench, in open Court, Three Days together, in Michaelmas-Term, Anno 2. of his Reign; to understand how the Laws were executed.

XLVII.

And what his Bounty could not recompence,
 He pays with Honours, and with Dignities,
 And (more to angle the Benevolence,
 And catch the Love of Men with Courtesies)
 He oft would make his Dignity dispense
 With his too low Familiarities;
 Descending from his Sphere of Majesty
 Beneath himself, very submissively.

XLVIII.

And when he had dispos'd in some good Train
 His Home-Affairs; he counsels how to advance
 His Foreign Correspondence, with the Chain
 Of some Alliance that might countenance
 His Greatness, and his Quiet entertain.
 Which was thought fittest with some Match of France,
 To hold that Kingdom from sub-aiding such,
 Who else could not subsist, nor hope so much.

XLIX.

Nor was it now a Time to have Contrast
 With any Foreign, Mighty Potentate;
 But keep the Outer Doors of each Side fast,
 Having so much to do within his State.
 And thereupon was *Warwick (by whose Craft
 All must be wrought) employ'd to mediate
 A present Marriage, to be had between
 Him and the Sister of the Young French Queen.

L.

* The Earl of Warwick was sent into France, to
 Treat of a Marriage between King Edward and the
 Lady Bona, Daughter to Louis Duke of Savoy, and Si-
 ster to the Lady Charlot, Queen of France: Which was
 there agreed upon; and Monsieur Damp, Martin, with
 others, appointed to be sent into England, for the full

L.

Which was not long, nor hard to bring to pass,
 Where like Respects met in a Point alike.
 So that the same as ev'n concluded was,
 And all as done—Lady and Friends all like :
 When Love, the Lord of Kings, (by whom must pass
 This Act of our Affections) took Dislike
 That he was not made privy thereunto,
 And therefore in his Wrath would all undo.

LL.

For whilst this youthful Prince, at his Disport
 In *Grafton Woods*, retir'd from Publick Care,
 Attending how his Suit in *France* did sort,
 (Whereon his Cogitations only were)
 He comes at Home surpriz'd in other Sort :
 A nearer Fire inflam'd his Passions here ;
 An *English Beauty*, with more Worth endu'd
 Than *France* could yield, his Royal-Heart subdu'd.

LII.

A woful Widow, whom his Quarrel had
 (As it had many mo') made desolate,
 Came to his Court in mournful Habit clad,
 To sue for Justice to relieve her State.
 And entring as a Suppliant all sad,
 With Graceful Sorrow, and a Comely Gate,
 She pass'd the Presence ; where all Eyes were cast
 On her more stately Presence as She pass'd.

*Accomplishing thereof. But in the mean Time, May 1.
 the King married the Lady Elizabeth Grey, Daughter
 to the Dutchesse of Bedford, late Wife to Sir John Grey,
 slain at St. Albans on K. Henry's Part.*

LIII.

LIII.

Her Looks not let abroad, (but carefully
Kept in, restrain'd) held their Reservedness :
Observing none but her own Dignity,
And His, to whom She did her self address.
And drawing near His Royal Majesty,
A Blush of Reverence, not Bashfulness,
Lighten'd her Lovely Cheeks, and down She kneels ;
Gives her Petition for the Wrongs She feels.

LIV.

And in Deliv'ring it, lifts up her Eyes,
(The moving'st Mediators She could bring)
And strait withdraws them in submissive wise ;
Not fixing them directly on the King :
Who mov'd with her sweet Fashion, bad her rise,
With gentle Language full of Comforting ;
Read her Request---But thought not what He read :
The Lines He view'd her Eyes had figured.

LV.

Then paus'd a-while, and mus'd ; as if he weigh'd
The Substance of her Suit. The which (God wot),
Was not the Thing he mus'd. And having stay'd,
Seem'd to read on again ; but yet reads not.
And still a stealing side-cast Look convey'd
On her sweet Face : As if He had forgot
To be elsewhere than where He did behold ;
And thought not what He did, but what He would.

LVI.

But lest his sudden Passion might have there
More Witnesses than He could wish to have ;
He took up his Desires, which posting were
Beyond their Stages ; and this Answer gave :
" Madam, We will Our Self take Time to hear
" Your Cause at large ; Wherein We will you have ?

N. 3.

" No "

" No other Ref'rence, but repair to Us ;
 " Who will accommodate this Business.

LVII.

She that expected present Remedy,
 (Hearing this dilatory Answer) thought
 The King found Scruple in the Equity
 Of her Request ; and thereupon He sought
 To put her to Delays of Court ; whereby
 She might be tir'd, and in the End get nought.
 And that which her Opinion made more strong,
 Was that He studied and was mute so long.

LVIII.

Which forc'd from her these Words : " My Lord,
 " Let not my being a *Lancastrian* bred,
 " Without mine own Election, disafford
 " Me Right, or make my Cause disfigured ;
 " Since I am now the Subject of your Sword ;
 " Which God hath (with your Right) established,
 " To do Us Right. And let not what We were,
 " Be now the Cause to hurt us as We are.

LIX.

" Lady, Mistake Me not—Never did I
 " Make War with Women, nor us'd Women's War,
 " Revenge ; but prosecuted honestly
 " My Right, not Men. My Quarrels ended are
 " Wish my Obtaining of the Victory.
 " And (Lady) know, your Cause moves me thus far,
 " As you shall find, said he, I do desire
 " To do you greater Right than you require.

LX.

With this They part ; Both with their Thoughts
 [full charg'd ;
 She of her Suit in Hand, and He of Her :
 Where-

Wherein He spends that Night ; and quite discharg'd
 All other Cogitations, to confer
 First, How He might have her Estate enlarg'd ;
 Then, in what Sort her Service to prefer
 Unto his new-expect'd Wife and Queen :
 Then how to mask his Love from being seen,

LXI.

" For yet Lust was not grown to that Degree,
 " To have no Limits ; but that Shame kept in
 " The Greatest Greatness, from this being free
 " To hold their Wantonness to be no Sin.
 " For tho' Kings cannot over-master'd be,
 " They still be over-look'd, and soon within :
 " And tho' they could their Weaknesses make sure,
 " Yet Crimes (tho' safe) can never be secure.

LXII.

Sometimes He thinks it better to provide
 A Place retir'd, and have her from the Court ;
 And then with what Pretensions He might hide
 His private Coming, and his oft-Resort :
 Then by his Queen if it should be espy'd,
 How He might clear with her, and stop Report.
 And thus consumes the Night—And if He slept,
 He slept those Thoughts that with these Passions kept.

LXIII.

The Morning being com'n (and glad he was
 That it was com'n) after so long a Night
 He thought would have no Morning, (Time did pass
 So slow, and his Desires ran on so light)
 A Messenger with Speed dispatched was,
 Of Special Trust, this Lady to invite
 To come t' his Presence ; tho' before the Time
 That Ladies rise ; who rarely rise betime.

LXIV.

LXIV.

LXIV.

Yet soon She hastes ; and yet that Soon seem'd
 [long,
 To him whose Longing went so swift a Pace ;
 And frets that such Attiring should belong
 To that which yields it self sufficient Grace :
 Consid'ring how these Ornaments may wrong
 The Set of Beauty ; which we see doth grace
 Th' Attire it wears, and is not grac'd thereby,
 As b'ing that only which doth take the Eye.

LXV.

But now b'ing com'n, that Quarrel of Delay
 Strait ended was—Her Presence satisfies
 All, what Expectance had laid out for Stay :
 And He beheld more Sweetness in her Eyes,
 And saw her more than She was yesterday.
 A Cheerfulness did with her Hopes arise,
 That lamped clearer than it did before,
 And made her Spirit and his Affections more.

LXVI.

When those who were about him presently
 Voided the Room, and left him to confer
 Alone with his Fair Suitor privately,
 (As they who to his Courtes conscious were :)
 And He began—" Madam, The Remedy
 " Which you in your Petition sue for here,
 " Shall be allow'd to th' utmost that you crave,
 " With th' Expedition you would wish to have.

LXVII.

" And here I have another Suit to you ;
 " Which if you please to grant, We Both shall now
 " Rest equally content"—Wherewith there grew
 That sudden Alteration in her Brow,
 As all were over-cast ; and so withdrew
 That Freedom from her Looks, (lest they should low

More

More than her Heart might mean) as they reflect.
A narrow'r and a carefuller Aspect.

LXVIII.

That when He saw this Barrier of Dislike
Thus inter-set, to keep his Forwardness
Back from presumptive Pressing; it did strike
That Rev'rence, as it stay'd him to express
His farther Will. And She replies: "Tis like
" When Kings to Subjects sue, they mean no less
" Than to Command: Nor must they be withstood;
" For that Good Kings will seek but what is good.

LXIX.

" And in that fair Respect, your Majesty,
" According to your Will, both must and may
" Command my Service; who most rev'rently,
" Your Royal Pleasure ever shall obey.
With which Word *Pleasure*, (tho' it doubtfully
In that hard Fastness of Condition lay,
Under the Lock of Goodness) he was cast.
In Hope, he might obtain the same at last.

LXX.

And thus rejoins--" My Pleasure only shall
" Be, Madam, for your Good. Please it but you;
" To make it so. And here to tell you All,
" I Love you; and therein I tell you true.
" What Honour may by King's Affections fall,
" Must light upon your Fortunes, as your Due.
" And tho' *France* shall a Wife for Fashion bring,
" You must be th' only Mistress of the King.

LXXI.

Strait might you see; how Scorn, and Fear, and
(All intermix'd in one Aspect) return. [Shame,
The Message of her Thoughts, before Words came.
And first with in her Brow in State sat Scorn;

Shame in her Cheeks : Where also Fear became
 An Inmate too ; and both appear by Turn.
 Blushes did Paleness, Paleness Blushes chase ;
 As Scorning, Fearing, Shaming such Disgrace,

LXXII.

She scorns to be addeem'd so worthless-bast,
 As to be mov'd to such an Infamy,
 She shames to think that ought within her Face
 Should breed th' Opinion of Immodesty.
 She fears the fatal Danger of the Place ;
 Her Loneliness, and the Pow'r of Majesty :
 And so confus'd in Fear, in Shame, in Scorn,
 This Answer to his Motion doth return :

LXXIII.

" My Sov'reign Lord, it grieves me that you deem,
 " Because I in this Sort for Justice sue,
 " I would the same with mine own Wrong redeem,
 " And by Dishonour re-obtain my Due.
 " No--I would hate that Right which should but seem
 " To be beholden to a wanton View,
 " Or Motive of my Person, not my Cause ;
 " That craves but Right from Justice and your Laws-

LXXIV.

" And know, Great Monarch, that I more do weigh
 " My Distaff with mine Honour, than I do
 " The Mightiest Sceptre King did ever sway
 " Upon the Earth, or Nations bow'd unto
 " I owe Subjection ; which I humbly pay
 " With all the outward Service I can do :
 " But, Sov'reign, in the Region of my Heart
 " I Reign Sole Queen--No King can force a Part,

LXXV.

Here Fear a little interpos'd a Touch
 To warn her Violence to temporize

Wish

With Pow'r and State. And She concludes her Speech
 With Craving Pardon in more humble wise ;
 Yet in proud humble wise : Which shew'd how much
 She did her Honour above Greatness prize.
 And so bring full of what She did conceive,
 Desires to be dismiss'd, and takes her Leave.

LXXVI.

Here, *Mary Pembroke*, (by whose Gen'rous Brow,
 And Noble Graces, I delineate
 These Shapes of Others Virtues) could I show
 In what a desp'rate and confus'd Estate
 She left this Disappointed King : And how
 Love and Ambition in their Glory sat,
 And tyranniz'd on his divided Heart,
 Warring each other with a powerful Part :

LXXVII.

How first Love underneath his Colours brought
 The Strength of all her Graceful Worthiness ;
 And sets them in th' Advantage of his Thought,
 Upon the Side of Youth and Wantonness :
 Then how Ambition, that for Glory wrought,
 Comes with his State, his Crown and Pow'rfulness,
 And plants her on the Side of Providence,
 To beat unfit Affections off from thence :

LXXVIII.

But I must over-go these Passages,
 And hasten on my way to overtake
 Mine Ends, in sad and graver Business ;
 Whereof I shall to You Relation make.
 And yet my Zeal here forc'd me thus express
Elizabeth, for Our *ELIZABETH*'s Sake ;
 Who grac'd the *Muses*, (which her Times became) :
 " For they who give Them Comfort, must have Fame."

LXXIX.

LXXIX.

And I must tell you now, when this great Fight
Of Counter-Passions had been throughly try'd,
How in the End the Victory did light
Upon Love's Forces, as the stronger Side ;
And beat down those Respects of Benefit,
Of Honour, Greatness, Strength, and all beside ;
And never granted Rest unto his Strife,
Till Marriage-Rites had her confirm'd his Wife.

LXXX.

Which that Place where He saw her first, saw done;
E're He remov'd his Foot—" For Love is still
" In Haste ; and (as a Lord that rules alone)
" Admits no Counsellor in Good nor Ill.
" For He and Kings gladly give Ear to none,
" But such as smoothe their Ways, and sooth their Will.
" And who will not desire to give his Voice,
" (Be what it will) to praise a Prince's Choice ?

LXXXI.

" Which was (indeed) in Virtue, Beauty, Grace,
" And (all but Fortune,) worthy of his Bed ;
" And in that too, had He but liv'd the Spice,
" T' have seen her plenteous Issue fully bred ;
" That they might have collated Strength and Grace,
" On her weak Side : Which (scorn'd and maliced)
" Lay open undefenc'd, apt to b'undone.
" By Proud Usurping Pow'r, when he was gone.

LXXXII.

But now when Fame of this Home-chosen Match,
Arriv'd in France, (for there it did arrive,
E're they could here attend to make Dispatch.
To impart the same to Warwick, or contrive
Some Colour that in any sort might fetch
Him fairly off, and no Dishonour give),

It

As so much stir'd the Humours in those Parts,
As marr'd the whole Complexion of their Hearts.

LXXXIII.

The French King scorns such an Indignity :
Warwick disdains Employment in this Case.
The Queen enrag'd, with extreme Vehemency
Storms at her Sister's and her own Disgrace.
The Lady Bona takes most tenderly,
To be so mock'd with Hope of such a Place.
And all blame Warwick, and his Fraud condemn,
Whilst he himself deceiv'd, suffers with them.

LXXXIV.

And could not by all Means might be devis'd,
Untaste them of this violent Disgust ;
But what they still held, Something lay disguis'd
Under this Treaty. So that now he must
Bring home his Reputation carteris'd
With th' idle Mark of serving Others Lust
In frivolous Employments ; or be sent
Out of the way, to colour some Intent.

LXXXV.

“ Which, to himself, made him with Grief in-
[veigh
“ Against distemper'd Kings ; who often are
“ Ill Warrants for their own Affairs ; and weigh
“ Their Lusts more than their Dignity by far :
“ And what a Misery they have, that sway
“ Their Great Designs ; what Danger, and what Care ;
“ And often, must be forc'd (bring at their Becks),
“ To crack their Reputation, or their Necks.

LXXXVII.

“ How their High Favour's like as Fig-trees are,
“ That grow upon the Sides of Rocks ; where they

“ Who

" Who reach their Fruit, adventure must so far,
 " As t' hazard their deep Downfal and Decay.
 " Their Grace not fix'd ; but as a blazing Star,
 " Burns out the present Matter, and away :
 " And how the World could too well Witnefs bear,
 " That both their Loves and Hates like dang'rous
 [were.

LXXXVII.

Thus he complains, and makes his Home-Retire ;
 All difappointed of his Purpofes.
 For hoping by this Match to hold entire
 That Lady, with her Great Alliances ;
 And have the King more firm to his Defire,
 By Managing of both their Bus'neffes :
 He by this Match (thus made without his Mean)
 Comes barr'd from all thofe Tying Int'reffs clean.

LXXXVIII.

For well he knew that all his Service paft
 Was paft ; and would not be a future Tye,
 To hold him in, unlefs that he could caft
 To introduce fome mere Neceffity
 Of his Employment, that were like to laft,
 And fhut out all other Concurrency :
 Without which nor his Greatnefs, nor his Wits,
 Could ward him from the King's unconftant Fitt.

LXXXIX.

Which more perplex'd him, and in nearer fort,
 Than what France might by his Embaffage guefs,
 Or England deem. But being arriv'd at Court,
 He draws a Traverfe 'twixt his Grievances ;
 Looks like the Time--His Eye made not Repore
 Of what he felt within. Nor was he lefs
 Than ufually he was in every Part ;
 Wore a clear Face upon a cloudy Heart :

XC.

Congratulates the Queen—Commends the King
 For his Rare Choice. Protesting her to be
 Far beyond all the World beside could bring,
 To fit his Liking : And that he did see
 The Lady *Bona* was a Peevish Thing,
 Sullen and Proud ; and would in no Degree
 Have pleas'd his Humour, or in any sort
 Have satisfy'd the Ladies of this Court.

XCI.

And after having finish'd all the Rite
 Of Compliment and Intervisting,
 He humbly craves Dismission, that he might
 Retire a-while, t' attend the Managing
 And Setting of his Country-Business right,
 Whereby the better to attend the King:
 From whom he parts : And never seem'd more dear,
 More grat'd, nor yet himself of free'r Cheer.

XCII.

First *Warwick-Castle* (that had seldom known
 The Master there) he visits ; and from thence
 Goes t' other Goodly Manors of his own :
 Where seen with Joy, with Love, with Reverence ;
 (King of himself) he finds that there is shewn
 The Use of Life, the True Magnificence,
 T' enjoy his Greatness : Which at Court in vain
 Men toil for, and yet never do attain.

XCIII.

Which his Religious Confessor (who best
 Could cast, with what a violent Access
 This Fever of Ambition did molest
 His still-sick Mind) takes hold on, to address
 (Upon th' Advantage of this little Rest)
 Some Lenitives, t' allay the Firiness

Of this Disease ; which (as a Malady,
Seiz'd in the Spîr'ts) hath seldom Remedy.

XCIV.

And thus sets on him—" See, my Lord, how here
" Th' Eternal Providence of God hath brought
" You to the Shore of Safety, (out of Fear)
" From all the Waves of Misery, that wrought
" To overwhelm you ; and hath set you clear,
" Where you would be ; with having (which you
[sought
" Thro' all these Hazards of Distress) a King
" Of your own Making and Establishing.

XCV.

" And now, my Lord, I trust you will sit down,
" And rest you after all this pass'd Thrall,
" And be Your Self, a Prince within your own,
" Without advent'ring any more at all
" Your State in other Bottoms ; having known
" The Dangers that on mighty Actors fall ;
" Since in the Foot of your Accounts, your Gains
" Come short to make Ev'n Reck'ning with your
[Pains.

XCVI.

" Enjoy now what you wrought for in this Sort,
" (If Great Men's Ends be to enjoy their Ends)
" And know, the Happi'st Pow'r, the Greatest Port,
" Is only that which on it self depends.
" Here have you State enough, to be a Court
" Unto Your Self ! Here ! where the World attends
" On You, (not You on it) observed sole ;
" You elsewhere but a Part, are here the Whole.

XCVII.

XCVH.

" Th' Advantages of Princes are, we see,
 " But Things conceiv'd imaginarily :
 " For ev'ry State of Fortune, in Degree,
 " Some Image hath of Principality ;
 " Which they enjoy more natural and free,
 " Than can Great Pow'rs, chain'd with Observancy,
 " And with the Fetters of Respect still ty'd ;
 " B'ing easier far to follow, than to guide.

XCVIII.

" And what are Courts, but Camps of Misery ?
 " That do besiege Men's States, and still are press'd
 " T' assail, prevent, complot and fortify ;
 " In Hope t' attain, in Fear to be suppress'd.
 " Where all with Shews and with Apparency,
 " Men seem as if for Stratagems address'd :
 " Where Fortune, as the Wolf, doth still prefer
 " The foulest of the Train that follows her.

XCIX.

" And where fair Hopes are laid, as Ambushments,
 " To intercept your Life, and to betray
 " Your Liberty to such Entanglements,
 " As you shall never more get clear away :
 " Where both th' Engagement of your own Intents,
 " And other Reck'nings and Accounts, shall lay
 " Such Weights upon you, as you shall not part,
 " Unless you break your Credit, or your Heart.

C.

" Besides, as Exiles ever from your Homes,
 " You live perpetual in Disturbancy ;
 " Contending, strutting, shuffling for your Rooms
 " Of Ease or Honour, with Impatency ;
 " Building your Fortunes upon others Tombs,
 " For other than your own Posterity.

" You

" You see, Courts Few advance ; Many undo :
 " And those they do advance, they ruin too.

CH.
 " And therefore now, my Lord, since you are here,
 " Where you may have your Rest with Dignity ;
 " Work that you may continue so : And clear
 " Your self from our these Straights of Misery.
 " Hold your Estate and Life as Things more dear,
 " Than to be throw'n at an Uncertainty.
 " 'Tis Time that You and *England* have a Calm ;
 " And Time the Olive-branch above the Palm.

CH.
 Thus the Good Father, with an humble Thought,
 (Bred in a Cellulary low Retire)
 According to his quiet Humour, sought
 To avert him from his turbulent Desire ;
 When the Great Earl began—“ Father, I note
 “ What you with Zeal advise, with Love require :
 “ And I must thank you for this Care you have,
 “ And for those good Advertisements you gave.

CIII.
 “ And truly, Father, could I but get free,
 “ (Without being rent) and hold my Dignity ;
 “ That Sheepcote, which in yonder Vale you see,
 “ (Beset with Groves, and those sweet Springs hard
 “ I rather would my Palace wish to be, [by)
 “ Than any Roof of Proudest Majesty.
 “ But that I cannot do—I have my Part :
 “ And I must live in one House with my Heart.

CIV.
 “ I know that I am fix'd unto a Sphere,
 “ That is ordain'd to move—It is the Place
 “ My Fate appoints me ; and the Region where
 “ I must, whatever happens, there embrace.
 “ Distur-

“ Disturbance, Travail, Labour, Hope and Fear,
 “ Are of that Clime, engender'd in that Place,
 “ And Action Best (I see) becomes the Best :
 “ The Stars that have most Glory, have no Rest ”

CVI.
 “ Besides, it were a Coward's Part to fly;
 “ Now from my Hold, that have held out so well ;
 “ It b'ing the Station of my Life, where I
 “ Am set to serve, and stand as Centinel ;
 “ And must of force make good the Place, or dye,
 “ When Fate and Fortune (those great States) com-
 “ And then We Lords in such Case ever are, [peh
 “ As Peace can cut our Throats as well as War ”

CVI.
 “ And hath her Griets, and her Incumbrances ;
 “ And doth with idle Rest deform us more
 “ Than any *Magha* can, or Sorceress,
 “ With basely wasting all the Martial Store
 “ Of Heat and Spirit, (which graceeth Manliness)
 “ And makes us still false Images adore :
 “ Besides Profusion of our Faculties,
 “ In gross dull Glutt'ny, vap'rous Gormandise. ”

CVII.
 “ And therefore since I am the Man I am,
 “ I must not give a Foot, lest I give all.
 “ Nor is this Bird within my Breast so tame,
 “ As to be fed as Hand, and mock'd withal :
 “ I rather would my State were out of Frame,
 “ Than my Renown should come to get a Fall.
 “ No ! no ! th' ungrateful Boy shall never think,
 “ That I, who him enlarg'd to Pow'r, will shrink. ”

CVIII.
 “ What is our Life without our Dignity ?
 “ Which oft we see comes less by Living long.
 “ Who

- " Who ever was there worth the Memory,
 " And Eminent indeed, but still dy'd young ?
 " As if Worth had agreed with Destiny,
 " That Time, which rights them, should not do them
 [wrong,
 " Besides, Old Age doth give (by too long Space)
 " Our Souls as many Wrinkles as our Face.

CIX.

- " And as for my Inheritance and State,
 " (Whatever happen) I will so provide
 " That Law shall, with what Strength it hath, collate
 " The same on mine; and those to mine ally'd :
 " Altho' I know she serves the present State,
 " And can undo again what she hath ty'd.
 " But that we leave to him, who points out Heirs ;
 " And howsoever yet the World is theirs.

CX.

- " Where they must work it out ; as born to run
 " Those Fortunes, which as Mighty Families
 " (As ever they could be) before have done.
 " Nor shall they gain by mine Indignities,
 " Who may without my Courses be undone.
 " And who so makes his State and Life his Ties
 " To do unworthily, is born a Slave ;
 " And let him with that Brand go to his Grave.

CXI.

- Here would the Rev'rend Father have reply'd,
 " That it were far more Magnanimity,
 " T' endure, than to resist---That we are ty'd
 " As well to bear the Inconveniency
 " And Strains of Kings and States ; as to abide
 " Untimely Rains, Tempests, Sterility,
 " And other Ills of Nature that befall ;
 " Which we of force must be content withal :

CXII.

CXII.

But that a speedy Messenger was sent,
To shew the Duke of *Clarence* was hard by.
And thereupon *Warwick* breaks off, and went
(With all his Train attending formally)
To entertain him with fit Compliment;
As glad of such an Opportunity
To work upon, for those High Purposes
He had conceiv'd in Discontentedness.

The End of the Eighth Book.

P O.



P O E M S,
E P I S T L E S, &c.



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A

FUNERAL POEM,

Upon the Death of the Late Noble
Earl of DEVONSHIRE.

NOW that the Hand of Death hath laid Thee
Where neither Greatness, Pomp, nor Grace [there,
Nor any Differences of Earth ; and where [we see,
No Veil is drawn betwixt Thy Self and Thee.
Now, *Devonshire*, that Thou art but a Name,
And all the rest of Thee besides is gone ;
When Men conceive Thee not but by the Fame
Of what thy Virtue and thy Worth have done :
Now shall my Verse, which Thou in Life did'st grace,
(And which was no Disgrace for thee to do)
Not leave thee in the Grave, that ugly Place,
That few regard, or have Respect unto :
Where all Attendance and Observance ends ;
Where all the Sunshine of our Favour sets ;
Where what was Ill no Countenance defends,
And what was Good th' unthankful World forgets.
Here shalt thou have the Service of my Pen ;
(The Tongue of my best Thoughts) and in this Case
I cannot be suppos'd to flatter, when
I speak behind thy Back, not to thy Face.

VOL. II.

O

Men

Men never soothe the Dead, but where they do
 Find Living Ties to hold them thereunto.
 And I stand clear from any other Chain
 Than of my Love ; which free-born, draws free
 The Benefit thou gav'st me, to sustain [Breath :
 My humble Life, I lose it by thy Death.
 Nor was it such, as it could lay on me
 Any Exaction of Respect so strong,
 As t'enforce m' Observance beyond Thee,
 Or make my Conscience differ from my Tongue :
 " For I have learnt, it is the Property
 " For Free Men to speak Truth, for Slaves to Lye.
 And therefore I sincerely will report,
 First how thy Parts were fair convey'd within ;
 How that Brave Mind was built, and in what sort
 All thy Contexture of thy Heart hath been :
 Which was so nobly fram'd, so well compos'd,
 As Virtue never had a fairer Seat,
 Nor could be better lodg'd, nor more repos'd,
 Than in that goodly Frame ; where all Things sweet,
 And all Things quiet, held a peaceful Rest ;
 Where Passion did no sudden Tumults raise,
 That might disturb her---Nor was ever Breast
 Contain'd so much, and made so little Noise :
 That by thy silent Modesty is found,
 The empti'st Vessels make the greatest Sound,
 For thou so well discern'd'st thy self, had'st read
 Man and his Breath so well, as made thee force
 The less to speak ; as b'ing ordain'd to spread
 Thy self in Action, rather than Discourse,
 Tho' thou had'st made a General Survey
 Of all the Best of Men's Best Knowledges,
 And knew as much as ever Learning knew ;
 Yet did it make thee trust thy self the less,
 And less presume---And yet when being mov'd
 In private Talk to speak ; thou did'st bewray
 How fully fraught thou wert within ; and prov'd,
 That thou did'st know whatever Wit could say,

Which

Which shew'd, thou had'st not Books as many have,
For Ostentation, but for Use : And that
Thy Bount'ous Memory was such, as gave
A large Revenue of the Good it gat.
Witness so many Volumes, whereto thou
Hast set thy Notes under thy Learned Hand,
And mark'd them with that Print, as will shew how
The Point of thy conceiving Thoughts did stand :
That none would think, if all thy Life had been
Turn'd into Leisure, thou could'st have attain'd
So much of Time, to have perus'd and seen
So many Volumes that so much contain'd.
Which Furniture may not be deem'd least rare,
Amongst those Ornaments that sweetly dight
Thy Solitary * *Wasted* ; where thy Care
Had gather'd all what Heart or Eyes delight.
And whereas many others have, we see,
All Things within their Houses worth the Sight ;
Except themselves, that Furniture of Thee,
And of thy Presence, gave the Best Delight.
With such a Season, such a Temperature,
Wert thou compos'd, as made Sweetness one ;
And held the Tenor of thy Life still sure,
In Consort with thy self, in perfect Tone.
And never Man had Heart more truly serv'd :
Under the Regiment of his own Care,
And was more at Command, and more observ'd
The Colours of that Modesty he bars,
Than that of thine ; in whom Men never found
That any Shew, or Speech obscene, could tell
Of any Vein thou had'st that was unsound,
Or Motion of thy Pow'rs that turn'd not well.
And this was thy Provision laid within :
Thus wert thou to thy self, and now remains ;
What to the World thou outwardly hast been,
What the Dimension of that Side contains ;

* *The Library at Wasted.*

Which likewise was so goodly and so large,
 As shews that thou wert born to adorn the Days
 Wherein thou liv'd'st; and also to discharge Fraile
 Those Parts which *England's* and thy Name should
 Altho' in Peace thou seem'd'st to be all Peace,
 Yet b'ing in War, thou wert all War: And there,
 As in thy Sphere, thy Spir'ts did never cease
 To move with indefatigable Care;
 And nothing seem'd more to aride thy Heart,
 Nor more enlarge thee into Jollity,
 Than when thou saw'st thy self in Armour girt,
 Or any Act of Arms like to be nigh.
 The *Belgick War* first try'd thy Martial Spir't,
 And what thou wert, and what thou would'st be found;
 And mark'd thee there according to thy Mer't,
 With Honour's Scamp, a Deep and Noble Wound.
 And that same Place that sent from Moral Men
 Immortal *Sidney*, Glory of the Field!
 And Glory of the *Muse*! And their Pen
 (Who equal bear the *Caduce* and the *Shield*)
 Had likewise been thy last; had not the Face
 Of *England* then reserv'd thy worthy Blood,
 Unto the Preservation of a State
 That much concern'd her Honour and her Good;
 And then return'd thee to enjoy the BHS
 Of Grace and Favour in *ELIZA's* Sight,
 (That Miracle of Women!) who by this
 Made thee behold according to thy Right:
 Which Fair and Happy Blessing thou might'st well
 Have far more rais'd, had not thine Enemy
 (Retired Privacy) made thee to sell
 Thy Greatness for thy Quiet, and deny
 To meet fair Fortune when she came to thee.
 For never Man did his Preferment fly,
 And had it in that Eminent Degree,
 As Thou; as if it sought thy Modesty.
 For that which many (whom Ambition toils
 And tortures with their Hopes) hardly attain

With

With all their Thrusts, and should'ring Plots, and
[Wiles, -

Was easily made thine without thy Pain,
And without any private Malicing;
On publick Grievance, every Good Man joy'd
That Virtue could come clear to any Thing,
And fair Deserts to be so fairly paid.
Those Benefits that were bestow'd on thee,
Were not like Fortune's Favours: They could see
ELIZA's Clear-ey'd Judgment is renown'd
For making Choice of thy Ability.
But it will everlastingly rebound
Unto the *Glory* and *Benignity*
Of *Britain's* Mighty Monarch, that thou wert:
By Him advanced for thy Great Desert:
It b'ing the Fairest Work of Majesty,
With Favour to Reward, than to Employ.
Altho' thy Services were such, as they
Might ask their Grace themselves; yet do we see,
That to Success Desert hath not a way,
But under Princes that most Gracious be:
For without thy great Valour we had lost
The Dearest Purchase ever *England* made;
And made with such profuse, exceeding Cost
Of Blood and Charge, to keep and to invade;
As Commutation paid a dearer Price
For such a Piece of Earth: And yet well paid,
And well adventur'd for with great Advice,
And happily to our Dominions laid:
Without which, *Our* *late* *England*, thou had'st been
From all the rest of th' Earth shut out, and pent
Unto thy self, and forc'd to keep within;
Environ'd round with others Government.
Where now by this, thy Large Imperial Crown
Stands boundless in the *West*, and hath a Way
For Noble Times, left to make all thine own
That lies beyond it, and force all t' obey.
And this important Piece like t' have been rent
From off thy Scute, did then so rickie stand.

As that no Jointure of the Government
 But shook : No Ligament, no Band
 Of Order and Obedience, but were then
 Loose and in Tott'ring, when the Charge
 Thereof was laid on *Montjoy* ; and that other Men,
 Chok'd by Example, sought to put it off.
 And He, out of his Native Modesty,
 (As b'ing no Undertaker) labours too
 To have avoided that which his Ability,
 And *England's Genius* would have him to do :
 Alledging how it was a Charge unfit
 For him to undergo ; see'ng such a one
 As had more Pow'r and Means t'accomplish it,
 Than he could have, had there so little done.
 Whose ill Success, (confid'ring his great Worth
 Was such, as could that Mischief be withstood,
 It had been wrought) did in it self bring forth
 Discouragement, that he should do less good.

The State reply'd, it was not look'd he should
 Restore it wholly to it self again ;
 But only now (if possible) he could
 In any Fash'on but the same retain ;
 So that it did not fall asunder quite,
 B'ing thus deliver'd in a desprate Plight.

With Courage on he goes ; doth execute
 With Counsel ; and returns with Victory.
 But in what Noble Fash'on he did suit
 This Action ! with what Wit and Industry !
 Is not to be disgrac'd in this small Card :
 It asks a spacious Map of more Regard.
 Here is no Room to tell, with what strange Speed
 And Secresy he used ; to prevent
 The Enemies Designs ; nor with what Heed
 He march'd before Report : Where what he meant,
 Fame never knew her self, till it was done ;
 His Drifts and Rumour seldom b'ing all one.
 Nor will this Place Conveniency afford,
 To shew how he (when dismal Winter storms)
 Keeps Peace, and makes *Mars* sheath his Sword

Toils

Toils him abroad, and Noble Acts performs.
 Nor how by mast'ring Difficulties so,
 In Times unusual, and by Passage hard,
 He bravely came to disappoint his Foe ;
 And many times surpriz'd him unprepar'd.

Yet let me touch one Point of this Great Act,
 That famous Siege, the Master-Work of all ;
 Where no Distress nor Difficulties lack'd
 T'assist his weary, tired Camp withal :
 That when enclos'd by pow'ful Enemies
 On either Side, with feeble Troops he lay
 Intrench'd in Mire, in Cold, in Miseries ;
 Kept waking with Alarums Night and Day.
 There were who did advise him to withdraw
 His Army, to some Place of safe Defence,
 From the apparent Peril ; which they saw
 Was to confound them, or to force them thence.

For now the *Spaniard* hath possess'd Three Ports,
 The most important of this Isle, say they ;
 And sooner fresh Suppliments *Spain* transports
 To them, than *England* can to us convey :
 The Rebel is in Heart ; and now is join'd
 With some of them already ; and doth stand
 Here over us, with chiefest Strength combin'd
 Of all the desperate Forces of the Land :
 And how upon these Disadvantages,
 Your doubtful Troops will fight, your Honour guess.
 Th'undaunted *Montjoy* hereto answers this :

" My worthy Friends, The Charge of this Great
 " And Kingdom to my Faith committed is, [State
 " And I must all I can ingeniare
 " To answer for the same, and render it
 " Upon as fair a Reck'ning as I may :
 " But if from hence I shall once stir my Feet,
 " The Kingdom is undone, and lost this Day.
 " All will fly thither, where they find is Heart ;
 " And Fear shall have none stand to take his Part.
 " And how shall we answer our Country then,
 " At our Return ; nay, answer our own Fame ?

Q 4.

" Which

" Which howsoever we have done like Men,
 " Will be imbranded with the Mark of Blame:
 " And since we here are come unto the Point,
 " For which we wou'd so much, and stay'd so long;
 " Let us not now our Travails disappoint
 " Of th' Honour which doth thereunto belong.
 " We cannot spend our Blood more worthily,
 " Than in so fair a Cause—And if we fall,
 " We fall with Glory : And our Worth thereby
 " Shall be renowned, and held dear of all.
 " And for my Part, I count the Field to be
 " The Honourablest Bed to die upon ;
 " And here your Eyes this Day shall either see
 " My Body laid, or else this Action done.
 " The Lord, the Chief and Sov'reign General
 " Of Hosts, makes Weak to stand, the Strong to fall—
 With which brave Resolution he so warn'd
 Their shaking Courage, as they all in one
 Set to that Noble Work ; which they perform'd
 As gallantly as ever Men have done :
 Of which 'tis better nothing now to say,
 Than say too little. For there sits behind
 A Trophy t' be erected, that will stay
 To all Posterities, and keep in Mind
 That Glorious Act, which did a Kingdom save,
 Kept the Crown whole, and made the Peace we have.
 And now I will omit to shew, therefore,
 His Management of Publick Business ;
 Which oft are under Fortune's Conduct, more
 Than ours : And sell his private Carriage,
 Which on his own Discretion did rely,
 Wherewith his Spir't was furnish'd happily.
 Mild, affable, and easy of Access
 He was ; but with a due Reservedness :
 So that the Passage to his Favours lay
 Not common to all Comers ; nor yet was
 So narrow, but it gave a gentle way
 To such as fitly might, or ought to pass.
 Nor sold he Snares, nor took he up to-day
 Commodities of Men's Attendances,

And

And of their Hopes ; to pay them with Delay,
 And entertain them with fair Promises.
 But as a Man that lov'd no great Commerce
 With Business and with Noise, he ever flies
 That Maze of many Ways, which might disperse
 Him into other Men's Uncertainties :
 And with a quiet calm Sincerity,
 H' effects his Undertakings really.
 His Tongue and Heart did not turn Backs ; but went
 One Way, and kept one Course with what he meant.
 He us'd no Mask at all, but ever wore
 His Honest Inclination open-fac'd :
 The Friendships that he vow'd most constant were,
 And with great Judgment and Discretion plac'd.

And *Devonshire*, thy Faith hath her Reward ;
 Thy Noblest Friends do not forsake thee now,
 After thy Death ; but bear a kind Regard
 Unto thine Honour in the Grave ; and show
 That Worthiness which merits to remain
 Among th' Examples of Integrity ;
 Whereby themselves no doubt shall also gain
 A like Regard unto their Memory.

Now, muttering Envy, what canst thou produce,
 To darken the Bright Lustre of such Parts ?
 Cast thy pure Stone exempt from all Abuse.
 Say, what Defects could weigh down these Deserts :
 Summon Detraction, to object the worst
 That may be told, and utter all it can :
 It cannot find a Blemish to b' enforc'd
 Against him, other than he was a Man ;
 And built of Flesh and Blood, and did live here
 Within the Region of Infirmary ;
 Where all Perfections never did appear
 To meet in any one so really,
 But that his Frailty ever did bewray
 Unto the World that he was set in Clay.
 And *Gratitude* and *Charity*, I know,
 Will keep no Note, nor Memory will have
 Of ought, but of his worthy Virtues now,
 Which still will live, the rest lies in his Grave.

See'ng only such stand ever base and low,
 That strike the Dead, or mutter under-hand :
 And as Dogs bark at those they do not know,
 So they at such they do not understand.
 The worthier Sort, who know we do not live
 With perfect Men, will never be s'unkind ;
 They will the Right to the Deceased give,
 Knowing themselves must likewise leave behind
 Those that will censure them. And they know how
 The Lion being dead, ev'n Hares insult :
 And will not urge an Imperfection now,
 When as he hath no Party to consult,
 Nor Tongue nor Advocate to shew his Mind :
 They rather will lament the Loss they find,
 By such a Noble Member of that Worth,
 And know how rare the World such Men-brings forth.

But let it now sufficient be, that P
 The last Scene of his Act of Life bewray,
 Which gives th' Applause to all, doth glorify
 The Work--For 'tis the Ev'ning crowns the Day.
 This Action of our Death especially
 Shews all a Man. Here only he is found.
 With what Munition he did fortify
 His Heart ; how good his Furniture hath been.
 And this did he perform in Gallant wise :
 In this did he confirm his Worthiness.
 For on the Morrow after the Surprise
 That Sicknefs made on him with fierce Access,
 He told his faithful Friend, whom he held dear,
 (And whose Great Worth was worthy so to be)
 " How that he knew those hot Diseases were
 " Of that contagious Force, as he did see
 " That Men were over-tumbld suddenly ;
 " And therefore did desire to set a Course
 " And Order t' his Affairs as speedily,
 " As might be, ere his Sicknefs should grow worse.
 " And as for Death, said he, I do not wey ;
 " I am resolv'd and ready in this Case.
 " It cannot come t' affright me any way,
 " Let it look never with so grim a Face :

" And

“ And I will meet it smiling ; for I know
 “ How vain a Thing all this World’s Glory is.
 And herein did he keep his Word— Did show
 Indeed, as he had promised in this,
 For Sickness never heard him groan at all,
 Nor with a Sigh consent to shew his Pain ;
 Which howsoever being tyrannical,
 He sweetly made it look ; and did retain
 A Lovely Countenance of his being well,
 And so would ever make his Tongue to tell

Altho’ the Fervour of Extremity,
 Which often doth throw those Defences down,
 Which in our Health wall in Infirmary,
 Might open lay more than we would have known.
 Yet did no idle Word in him bewray
 Any one Piece of Nature ill set in ;
 Those Lightnesses that any thing will say,
 Could say no Ill of what they knew within.
 Such a sure Lock of silent Modesty
 Was set in Life upon that Noble Heart,
 As if no Anguish nor Extremity
 Could open it, & impair that worthy Part.
 For having dedicated still the same
 Unto Devotion, and to Sacred Skill ;
 That Furnish perfect held ; that blessed Flame
 Continu’d to the last in Fervour still.
 And when his Spir’t and Tongue no longer could
 Do any certain Services beside,
 Ev’n at the Point of Parting they unfold,
 With fervent Zeal, how only he rely’d
 Upon the Merits of the precious Death
 Of his Redeemer ; and with Rapt desires
 Th’ Appeals to Grace, his Soul delivereth
 Unto the Hand of Mercy, and expires.
 Thus did that Worthy, who most virtuously
 And mildly liv’d, most sweet and mildly dye.

And thus, Great Patron of my Muse, have I
 Paid thee my Vows, and fairly clear’d th’ Accounts,
 Which in my Love I owe thy Memory.

And

And let me say, that herein there amounts
 Something unto thy Fortune, that thou hast
 This Monument of thee perhaps may last.
 Which doth not e'ery mighty Man befall :
 For lo ! how many when they die, die all.
 And this doth argue too thy Great Deserts :
 For Honour never brought Unworthiness
 Further than to the Grave : And there it parts,
 And leaves Men's Greatness to Forgetfulness.
 And we do see that Nettles, Thistles, Brakes,
 (The poorest Works of Nature) tread upon
 The proudest Frames that Man's Invention makes,
 To hold his Memory when he is gone.
 But *Devonshire*, thou hast another Tomb,
 Made by thy Virtues in a safer Room.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

A

A

PANEGYRICK

CONGRATULATORY,

Deliver'd to the KING's most Excellent MAJESTY, at *Burleigh-Harrington*, in *Rutlandshire*.

ALSO

Certain EPISTLES;

WITH

A Defence of RHIME:

Heretofore written, and now publish'd by
the AUTHOR.

Carmen amat, quisquis Carmine digna gerit.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the Year MDCCLXVII.

A

PANEGYRIC

CONGRATATORY

Addressed to the King, on the Occasion
of his Majesty's Accession to the Throne,
in the Year 1714.

By

JOHN BUNYAN

Author

of the *Life of King Charles the First*

and of the *Life of King Charles the Second*
in the Year 1714.

Printed by J. B. in the Year 1714.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1714.

A PANEGRICK

Congratulatory, &c.

IV

L O here the Glory of a Greater Day,
Than *England* ever heretofore could see
In all her Days ! When she did most display
The Ensigns of her Pow'r ; or when as she
Did spread her self the most, and most did sway
Her State Abroad ; yet could she never be
Thus bless'd at Home, nor ever come to grow
To be entire in her full Orb till now.

II.

And now she is, and now in Peace ; therefore
Shake Hands with Union, O thou Mighty State !
Now thou art All *Great-Britain*, and no more ;
No *Scot*, no *English* now, nor no Debate
No Borders, but the Ocean and the Shore ;
No Wall of *Adrian* serves to separate
Our mutual Love, nor our Obedience ;
Bring Subjects all to One Imperial Prince.

III.

What heretofore could never yet be wrought
By all the Swords of Pow'r, by Blood, by Fire,
By Ruin and Destruction ; here's brought to pass
With Peace, with Love, with Joy, Desire :
Our former Blessed Union hath begot
A greater Union that is more entire,
And makes us more our selves ; sets us at one
With Nature, that ordain'd us to be one.

IV.

IV.

Glory of Men ! This hast thou brought to us,
 And yet hast brought us more than this by far :
 Religion comes with thee, Peace, Righteousness,
 Judgment and Justice ; which more Glorious are
 Than all thy Kingdoms : And art more by this
 Than Lord and Sov'reign ; More than Emperor
 Over the Hearts of Men, that let thee in
 To more than all the Pow'rs on Earth can win.

V.

God makes Thee King of our Estates ; but We
 Do make Thee King of our Affection,
 King of our Love : A Passion born more free,
 And most unsubject to Dominion.
 And know, that *England*, which in that Degree
 Can love with such a true Devotion
 Those that are less than Kings ; to Thee must bring
 More Love, who art so much more than a King.

VI.

And King of this Great Nation, Populous,
 Stout, Valiant, Pow'rful both by Sea and Land ;
 Attemptive, Able, Worthy, Generous,
 Which joyfully embraces thy Command :
 A People Tractable, Obedient,
 Apt to be fashion'd by thy Glorious Hand
 To any Form of Honour, & any Way
 Of High Attempts, thy Virtues shall assay.

VII.

A People so inur'd to Peace ; so wrought
 To a successive Course of Quietness,
 As they've forgot (and O b' to still forgot !)
 The Nature of their Ancient Stubbornness :
 Time alter'd hath the Form, the Means, and brought
 The State to that proportion'd Evenness,
 As 'tis not like again 'twill ever come
 (Being us'd abroad) to draw the Sword at Home.

VIII.

VIII

This People, this Great State, these Hearts adore
Thy Scepter now; and now turn all to Thee;
Touch'd with as powerful Zeal, and if not more :
(And yet O more how could there ever be,
Than unto Her, whom yet we do deplore
Amidst our Joy !) And give us leave, if we
Rejoice and mourn ; that cannot, without Wrong,
So soon forget Her we enjoy'd so long :

IX

Which likewise makes for Thee; that yet we hold
True after Death; and bring not this Respect
To a New Prince, for Hating of the Old;
Or from Desire of Change, or from Neglect :
Whereby, O Mighty Sov'reign, thou art told,
What thou and thine are likely to expect
From such a Faith, that doth not baffle or run
Before their Time to an Arising Sun :

X

And I, poor Humble Muse, whom She disgraceth,
Beg this One Grace for Her that crowles dead
That no vile Tongue may spot Her with Disgrace;
Nor that Her Name become disgrac'd :
O let Her rest in Peace, that ruld in Peace !
Let not Her Name be disgrac'd
Now after Death; but let the Grave inclose
All but Her Good, and that it cannot close :

XI

It adds much to thy Glory and our Grace,
That this continued Current of our Love
Runs thus to thee all with so swift a Pace;
And that from Peace to Peace we do remove
Not as in Motion but from one our Place;
But in one Course, and do not seem to move
But in more Joy than ever heretofore;
And well we may, since Thou wilt make us more :

XII

XII.

Our Love, we see, concurs with God's great Love,
 Who only made thy Way, thy Passage plain ;
 Level'd the World for thee ; did all remove
 That might the Shew but of a Lett retain :
 Unbarr'd the North ; humbl'd the South ; did move
 The Hearts of all, the Right to entertain ;
 Held other States embroil'd, whose Envy might
 Have foster'd Factions to impugn thy Right :

XIII.

And all for Thee, that we the more might praise
 The Glory of his Pow'r, and reverence thine ;
 Whom he hath rais'd to glorify our Days,
 And make this Empire of the North to shine,
 Against all th' impious Workings, all th' Assaults
 Of vile dis-natur'd Vipers ; whose Design
 Was to embroil the State, t' obscure the Light,
 And that Clear Brightness of thy Sacred Right.

XIV.

To what Reproach, since th' Issue and Success
 Doth a sufficient Mark of Shame return,
 Let no Pen else blazon their Ugliness :
 Be it enough, that God and Men do scorn
 Their Projects, Censures, vain Pretences.
 Let not our Children, that are yet unborn,
 Find there were any offer'd to contest,
 Or make a Dishonour have our Kingdom best.

XV.

Bury that Question in th' Eternal Grave
 Of Darkness, never to be seen again.
 Suffice we have thee whom we ought to have,
 And t' whom all Good Men knew did appertain
 Th' Inheritance thy Sacred Birth-Right gave ;
 That needed n' other Suffrages t' ordain :
 What only was thy Due, nor no Decree
 To be made known, since None was known but thee.

XVI.

XVI.

Witness the Joy, the universal Cheer,
The Speed, the Ease, the Will, the Forwardness,
Of all this Great and Spacious State; how dear
It held thy Title and thy Worthiness.
Haste could not pass so speedy any where,
But Fame seem'd there before in Readiness,
To tell our Hopes, and to proclaim thy Name;
O greater than our Hopes! More than thy Fame!

XVII.

What a Return of Comfort dost thou bring,
Now at this fresh returning of our Blood;
Thus meeting with the opening of the Spring,
To make our Spirits likewise to imbue!
What a New Season of Encouraging
Begins to lengthen the Days dispos'd to Good!
What Apprehension of Recovery
Of greater Strength, of more Ability!

XVIII.

The Pulse of England never more did beat so
So strong as now—Nor ever were our Hearts
Let out to Hopes so spacious and so great,
As now they are—Nor ever in all Parts
Did we thus feel so comfortable Heat,
As now the Glory of thy Worth imparts:
The whole Complexion of the Commonwealth,
So weak before, hop'd never more for Health!

XIX.

Couldst thou but see from Dover to the Mount,
From *Tatnes* to the *Orcades*; what Joy,
What Cheer, what Triumphs, and what dear Account
Is held of thy Renown this Blessed Day!
A Day, which We and Ours must ever count
Our Solemn Festival, as well we may.
And tho' Men thus court Kings, still which are new,
Yet do they more, when they find more in due

XX.

XX.

They fear the Humours of a future Prince,
 Who either lost a Good, or felt a Bad :
 But thou hast cheer'd us of this Fear long since ;
 We know thee more than by Report we had.
 We have an Everlasting Evidence
 Under thy Hand ; that now we need not dread
 Thou wilt be otherwise in thy Design,
 Than there thou art in those judicial Lines

XXI.

It is the greatest Glory upon Earth
 To be a King ; but yet much more to give
 The Institution with the Happy Birth
 Unto a King, and teach him how to Live.
 We have by Thee far more than shine own Worth,
 That doth encourage, strengthen and relieve
 Our Hopes in the Succession of thy Blood,
 That like to thee, they likewise will be good.

XXII.

We have in Earnest, that doth ever hold
 Thy Scepter to thy Word ; and binds thy Crown
 (That else no Band can bind) to ratify
 What thy Religious Hand hath there set down ;
 Wherein thy All-commanding Sovereignty
 Stands subject to thy Pen and thy Renown.
 There we behold thee King of thine own Heart ;
 And see what we must be, and what Thou art.

XXIII.

These Great Exemplar / Prototype of Kings
 We find the Good shall dwell within thy Court ;
 Plain Zeal and Truth, free from base Flatterings,
 Shall there be entertain'd, and have Resort :
 Honest Discretion, that no Cunning brings ;
 But Counsels that are right, and that import
 Is there receiv'd with those whose Care attends
 Thee and the State more than their private Ends.

XXIV.

XXIV.

There Grace and Favour shall not be dispos'd;
But by Proportion, even and upright.
There are no mighty Mountains interpos'd
Between thy Beams and us, t'imbar thy Light.
There Majesty lives not as if enclos'd,
Or made a Prey t'a private Benefit.
The Hand of Pow'r deals there her own Reward,
And thereby reaps the whole of Men's Regard.

XXV.

There is no way to get up to Respect,
But only by the way of Worthiness;
All Passages that may seem indirect,
Are stop't up now; and there is no Access
By gross Corruption: Bribes cannot effect
For th' undeserving any Offices.
Th' Ascent is clean; and he that doth ascend,
Must have his Means as clean as is his End.

XXVI.

The Deeds of Worth, and laudable Deserts,
Shall not now pass thro' the strait Report
Of an Embasing Tongue, that but imparts
What with his Ends and Humours shall comport.
The Prince himself now hears, sees, knows what
Honour and Virtue acts, and in what sort; [Parts
And thereto gives his Grace accordingly,
And cheers up other to the like thereby.

XXVII.

Nor shall we now have Use of Flattery;
For he knows Falshood far more subtle is
Than Truth, Biseness than Liberty,
Fear than Love, t'invent these Flourishes:
And Adulation now is spent so nigh,
As that it hath no Colours to express
That which it would, that now we must be fain
T'unlearn that Art, and labour to be plain.

XXVIII.

XXVIII.

For where there is no Ear to be abus'd,
 None will be found that dare t'inform a Wrong :
 The insolent Depraver stands confus'd ;
 The impious Atheist seems to want a Tongue.
 Transform'd into the Fashion that is us'd,
 All strive t'appear like those they live among :
 And all will seem compos'd by that same Square,
 By which they see the Best and Greatest are.

XXIX.

Such Pow'r hath thy Example and Respect,
 As that without a Sword, without Debate,
 Without a Noise, (or Feeling, in effect)
 Thou wilt dispose, change, form, accommodate,
 Thy Kingdom, People, Rule, and all Effect,
 Without the least Convulsion of the State ;
 That this great Passage and Mutation will
 Not seem a Change, but only of our Ill.

XXX.

We shall continue and remain all one,
 In Law, in Justice, and in Magistrate :
 Thou wilt not alter the Foundation
 Thy Ancestors have laid of this Estate,
 Nor grieve thy Land with Innovation,
 Nor take from us more than thou wilt collate ;
 Knowing that Course is best to be observ'd,
 Whereby a State hath longest been preserv'd.

XXXI.

A King of *England* now most graciously
 Remits the Injuries that have been done
 T' a King of *Scots*, and makes his Clemency
 To check them more than his Correction :
 Th' anointed Blood that stain'd most shamefully
 This ill-seduc'd State, he looks thereon
 With Eye of Grief, not Wrath, t'avenge the same,
 Since th' Authors are extinct that caus'd that Shame.

XXXII.

XXXII.

Thus mighty Rivers quietly do glide,
And do not by their Rage their Pow'rs profess,
But by their mighty Workings ; when in Pride
Small *Torrents* roar more loud, and work much less.
Peace Greatness best becomes. Calm Pow'r doth guide
With a far more imperious Statelinefs,
Than all the Swords of Violence can do,
And easier gains those Ends she tends unto.

XXXIII.

Then, *England*, thou hast Reason thus to cheer ;
Reason to joy and triumph in this wise ;
When thou shalt gain so much, and have no Fear,
To lose ought else but thy Deformities ;
When thus thou shalt have Health, and be set clear
From all thy great infectious Maladies,
By such a Hand that best knows how to cure,
And where most lie those Grievs thou dost endure.

XXXIV.

When thou shalt see there is another Grace,
Than to be Rich ; another Dignity,
Than Money ; other Means for Place,
Than Gold & Wealth shall not now make Honesty.
When thou shalt see the Estimation base,
Of that which most afflicts our Misery ;
Without the which else couldst thou never see
Our Ways laid right, nor Men themselves to be.

XXXV.

By which Improvement we shall gain much more
Than by *Pery*, or all Discoveries :
For this way to enbase, is to enstore.
The Treasure of the Land, and make it rise.
This is the only Key, to unlock the Door,
To let out Plenty, that it may suffice
For more than all this Isle, for more Increase
Of Subjects than by thee, there can increase.

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

This shall make Room and Place enough for all,
Which otherwise would not suffice a few;
And by Proportion Geometrical,
Shall so dispose to all what shall be due,
As that without Corruption, Wrangling, Brawl,
Intrusion, Wrestling, and by Means undue;
Desert shall have her Charge, and but One Charge,
As having but One Body to discharge.

XXXVII.

Whereby the all-inherting Majesty
Shall come to shine at full in all her Parts,
And spread her Beams of Comfort equally,
As being all alike to like Deserts.
For thus to check, embase, and vilify
Th' Esteem of Wealth, will fashion so our arts
To worthy Ends, as that we shall by much
More labour to be good than to be Rich.

XXXVIII.

This will make Peace with Law; restore the Bar
T' her ancient Silence; where Contention now
Makes so confus'd a Noise---This will debar
The Rost'ring of Debate; and overthrow
That ugly Monster, that foul Ravener,
Extortion, which so hideously did grow,
By making Prey upon our Misery,
And wasting it again as wickedly.

XXXIX.

The strange Examples of Impoverishments,
Of Sacrilege, Exaction, and of Waste,
Shall not be made, nor held as Presidents
For Times to come; but end with all Ages past.
When as the State shall yield more Supplements
(B'ing well employ'd) than Kings can well exhaust;
This Golden Meadow lying ready still
Then to be mow'd, when their Occasions will.

XL.

Favour, like Pity, in the Hearts of Men
Have the first Touches ever violent ;
But soon again it comes to languish, when
The Motive of that Humour shall be spent :
But b'ing still fed with that which first hath been
The Cause thereof, it holds still permanent,
And is kept in by Course, by Form, by Kind ;
And Time begets more Ties, that still more bind.

XLI.

The broken-Frame of this disjointed State
B'ing by the Blifs of thy Great Grandfather
(Henry the Seventh) restor'd to an Estate
More sound than ever, and more stedfaster,
Owes all it hath to him ; and in that Rate
Stands bound to thee, that art his Successor :
For without Him it had not been begun ;
And without Thee we had been now undone.

XLII.

He of a private Man became a King ;
Having endur'd the Weight of Tyranny,
Mourn'd with the World, complain'd, and knew the
That Good Men wish for in their Misery [Thing
Under ill Kings ; saw what it was to bring
Order and Form, to the Recovery
Of an unruly State : Conceiv'd what Cure
Would kill the Cause of this Distemperature.

XLIII.

Thou, born a King, hast in thy State endur'd
The sower Affronts of private Discontent,
With Subjects Broils ; and ever been inur'd
To this Great Mystery of Government :
Whereby thy Princely Wisdom hath assur'd
A State to Peace, left to thee turbulent,
And brought us an Addition to the Frame
Of this Great Work, squar'd fitly to the same.

XLIV.

And Both You (by th' all-working Providence,
That fashions out of Dangers, Toils, Debates,
Those whom it hath ordained to commence
The First and Great Establishments of States)
Came when your Aid, your Pow'rs Experience
(Which out of Judgment best accommodates
These Joins of Rule) was more than most desir'd,
And when the Times of Need the most requir'd.

XLV.

And as He laid the Model of this Frame,
By which was built so strong a Work of State,
As all the Pow'rs of Changes in the same,
All that Excess of a Disordinate
And Lustful Prince, nor all that after came ;
Nor Child, nor Stranger, nor yet Women's Fate,
Could once disjoint the Compliments, whereby
It held together in just Symetry.

XLVI.

So Thou likewise art come, as fore-ordain'd
To reinforce the same more really,
Which oftentimes hath but been entertain'd
By th' only Stile and Name of Majesty ;
And by no other Counsels oft attain'd
Those Ends of her enjoy'd Tranquillity,
Than by this Form, and by th' Incumbrances
Of Neighbour-States, that gave it a Success.

XLVII.

That had'st Thou had no Tide, (as Thou hast
The only Right ; and none hath else a Right)
We yet must now have been enforc'd t' have cast
Our selves into thy Arms, to set all right ;
And to avert Confusion, Bloodshed, Waste,
That otherwise upon us needs must light.
None but a King, and no King else beside,
Could now have sav'd this State from b'ing destroy'd.

XLVIII.

XLVIII.

Thus hath the Hundred Years brought back again
The Sacred Blood sent to adorn the North,
And here return'd it with a greater Gain,
And greater Glory than we sent it forth.
Thus doth th' All-working Providence retain,
And keep for Great Effects the Seed of Worth,
And so doth point the Steps of Time thereby,
In Periods of uncertain Certainty.

XLIX.

Margret of Richmond, (Glorious Grandmother
Unto that other Precious Margaret,
From whence th' Almighty Worker did transfer
This Branch of Peace, as from a Root well set)
Thou Mother, Author, Plotter, Counsellor
Of Union! That did'st both conceive, beget,
And bring forth Happiness to this Great State,
To make it thus entirely fortunate:

L.

O could'st thou now but view this Fair Success,
This Great Effect of thy Religious Work,
And see therein how God hath pleas'd to bless
Thy Charitable Counsels; and to work
Still greater Good out of the Blessedness
Of this Conjoined Lancaster and York:
Which all conjoin'd within; and those shut out,
Whom Nature and their Birth had set without!

LI.

How much hast thou bound all Posterities
In this Great Work to reverence thy Name!
And with Thee that Religious, Faithful, Wise
And Learned Morton! Who contriv'd the same,
And first advis'd, and did so well advise,
As that the good Success that thereof came,
Shew'd well, that holy Hands, clean Thoughts, clear
Are only fit to act such Glorious Parts. [Hearts,

LII.

But, *Muse*, these Dear Remembrances must be
 In their convenient Places registred,
 When thou shalt bring stern Discord to agree,
 And bloody War into a quiet Bed.
 Which Work must now be finished by thee,
 That long hath lain undone ; as destined
 Unto the Glory of these Days : For which
 Thy Vows and Verse have laboured so much.

LIII.

Thou ever hast opposed all thy Might
 Against Contention, Fury, Pride and Wrong ;
 Persuading still to hold the Course of Right ;
 And Peace hath been the Burden of thy Song.
 And now thy self shalt have the Benefit
 Of Quietness, which thou hast wanted long ;
 And now shalt have calm Peace, and Union
 With thine own Wars ; and now thou must go on.

LIV.

Only the Joy of this so dear a Thing
 Made me look back unto the Cause, whence came
 This so Great Good, this Blessing of a King ;
 When our Estate so much requir'd the same :
 When we had Need of Pow'r for th' well-Ord'ring
 Of our Affairs ; Need of a Spirit to frame
 The World to Good, to Grace and Worthiness,
 Out of this Humour of Luxuriousness :

LV.

And bring us back unto our selves again,
 Unto our Ancient Native Modesty,
 From out these Foreign Sins we entertain,
 These loathsome Surfeits, ugly Gluttony ;
 From this unmanly, and this idle Vein
 Of wanton and superfluous Bravery ;
 The Wreck of Gentry, Spoil of Nobleness ;
 And square us by thy temperate Soberness.

LVI.

LVI.

When Abstinence is fashion'd by the Time,
It is no rare Thing to be abstinent :
But then it is, when th' Age (full fraught with Crime)
Lies prostrate unto all Misgovernment.
And who is not Licentious in the Prime
And Heat of Youth, nor then incontinent
When out of Might he may, he never will ;
No Pow'r can tempt him to that Taste of Ill.

LVII.

Then what are we t' expect from such a Hand,
That doth this Stern of fair Example guide ?
Who will not now shame to have no Command
Over his Lusts ? Who would be seen t' abide
Unfaithful to his Vows ; t' infringe the Band
Of a most Sacred Knot which God hath ty'd ?
Who would now seem to be dishonoured
With th' unclean Touch of an Unlawful Bed ?

LVIII.

What a great Check will this Chaste Court be now
To wanton Courts debauch'd with Luxury ;
Where we no other Mistresses shall know,
But Her to whom we owe our Loyalty ?
Chaste Mother of our Princes, whence do grow
Those Righteous Issues, which shall glorify
And comfort many Nations with their Worth,
To her perpetual Grace that brought them forth.

LIX.

We shall not fear to have our Wives distain'd,
Nor yet our Daughters violated here
By an Imperial Lust, that b'ing unrein'd,
Will hardly be resisted any where.
He will not be betray'd with Ease, nor train'd
With idle Rest, in soft Delights to wear
His Time of Life ; but knows whereto he tends ;
How worthy Minds are made for worthy Ends.

LX.

And that this mighty Work of Union, now
 Begun with Glory, must with Grace run on,
 And be so clos'd, as all the Joints may grow
 Together firm in due Proportion :
 A Work of Pow'r and Judgment, that must show
 All Parts of Wisdom and Discretion,
 That Man can shew ; that no Cloud may impair
 This Day of Hope, whose Morning shews so fair.

LXI.

He hath a mighty Burden to sustain
 Whose Fortune doth succeed a Gracious Prince ;
 Or where Men's Expectations entertain
 Hopes of more Good, and more Beneficence :
 But yet he undergoes a greater Pain,
 A more laborious Work ; who must commence
 The Great Foundation of a Government,
 And lay the Frame of Order and Concurrence.

LXII.

Especially where Men's Desires do run :
 A greedy Course of Eminency, Gain,
 And private Hopes ; weighing not what is done
 For the Republick, so themselves may gain
 Their Ends ; and where few care who be undone,
 So they be made : Whilst all do entertain
 The present Motions that this Passage brings,
 With th' Infancy of Change, under New Kings.

LXIII.

So that the Weight of all seems to rely
 Wholly upon thine own Discretion ;
 Thy Judgment now must only rectify
 This Frame of Pow'r thy Glory stands upon :
 From thee must come, that thy Posterity
 May joy this Peace, and hold this Union.
 For whilst all work for their own Benefit,
 Thy only Work must keep us all upright.

LXIV.

LXIV.

For did not now thy full Maturity
Of Years and Wisdom, that discern what Shows,
What Art and Colours may deceive the Eye,
Secure our Trust that that clear Judgment knows
Upon what Grounds depend thy Majesty,
And whence the Glory of thy Greatness grows;
We might distrust, lest that a Side might part
Thee from thy self, and so surprize thy Heart.

LXV.

Since thou'rt but one, and that against thy Breast
Are laid all th' Engines both of Skill and Wit;
And all th' Affairs of Cunning are addrest,
With Stratagems of Art, to enter it;
To make it Prey of Grace, and to invest
Their Pow'rs within thy Love; that they might sit,
And stir that way which their Affection tends,
Respecting but themselves and their own Ends.

LXVI

And seeing how difficult a Thing it is
To Rule; and what Strength is requir'd to stand
Against all th' interplac'd Responses
Of Combinations, fit to keep the Hand
And Eye of Pow'r from out the Provinces,
That Avarice may draw to her Command;
Which, to keep hers, she others vows to spare,
That they again to her might use like Care,

LXVII.

But God that rais'd thee up to act this Part,
Hath giv'n thee all those Pow'rs of Worthiness,
Fit for so Great a Work; and fram'd thy Heart
Discernible of all Apparencies,
Taught thee to know the World, and this great Art
Of Ord'ring Man; Knowledge of Knowledges!
That from thee Men might reckon how this State
Became restor'd, and was made fortunate.

LXVIII.

That thou the first with us in Name, might'st be
 The first in Courses, to fashion us a-new ;
 Wherein the Times hath offer'd that to thee,
 Which seldom t'other Princes could accrue.
 Thou hast th' Advantage only to be free,
 T'employ thy Favours where they shall be due ;
 And to dispose thy Grace in general,
 And like to *Jove*, to be alike to all.

LXIX.

Thy Fortune hath indebted thee to none,
 But t'all thy People universally ;
 And not to them, but for their Love alone,
 Which they account is placed worthily.
 Nor wilt thou now frustrate their Hopes, whereon
 They rest ; nor they fail in their Loyalty :
 Since no Prince comes deceived in his Trust,
 But he that first deceives, and proves unjust.

LXX.

Then since we are in this so fair a way
 Of Restoration, Greatness, and Command ;
 Cursed be he that causes the least Stay
 In this fair Work, or interrupts thy Hand ;
 And cursed he that offers to betray
 Thy Graces, or thy Goodness to withstand ;
 Let him be held abhorred, and all his Race
 Inherit but the Portion of Disgrace.

LXXI.

And he that shall by wicked Offices
 Be th' Author of the least Disturbance,
 Or seek t'avert thy Godly Purposes,
 Be ever held the Scorn of Infamy.
 And let Men but consider their Success,
 Who Princes Loves abus'd presumptuously ;
 They shall perceive their Ends do still relate,
 That sure God loves them not, whom Men do hate.

LXXII.

LXXII.

And it is just, that they who make a Prey
Of Princes Favours, in the end again
Be made a Prey to Princes ; and repay
The Spoils of Misery with greater Gain :
Whose Sacrifices ever do allay
The Wrath of Men conceiv'd in their Disdain :
For that their Hatred prosecuteth still
More than ill Princes, those that make them ill.

LXXIII.

But both thy Judgment and Estate doth free
Thee from these Pow'rs of Fear and Flattery,
The Conquerors of Kings ; by whom, we see,
Are wrought the Acts of all Impiety.
Thou art so set, as thou'st no Cause to be
Jealous, or dreadful of Disloyalty :
The Pedestal whereon thy Greatness stands,
Is built of all our Hearts, and all our Hands.



EPISTLES.

TO

Sir *THOMAS EGERTON*, Kt.
 LORD-KEEPER of the Great
 Seal of *ENGLAND*.

WELL hath the pow'rful Hand of Majesty,
 Thy Worthiness, and *England's* Hap be-
 [side,
 Set thee in th' aidfull'st Room of Dignity ;
 As th' *Isthmus* these *Two* Oceans to divide,
 Of *Rigor* and confus'd *Uncertainty*,
 To keep out th' Intercourse of Wrong and Pride,
 That they ingulph not up unsuccour'd Right,
 By th' extreme Current of Licentious Might.

Now when we see the most combining Band,
 The strongest Fast'ning of Society,
Law, whereon all this Frame of Men doth stand,
 Remain concussed with *Uncertainty* ;
 And seem to foster, rather than withstand
Contention ; and embrace *Obscurity*,

Only

Only t' afflict, and not to fashion us,
Making her Cure far worse than the Disease :

As if she had made Covenant with Wrong,
To part the Prey made on our Weaknesses ;
And suffer'd Falshood to be arm'd as strong,
Unto the Combat, as is Righteousness ;
Or suited her, as if she did belong
Unto our Passions ; and did ev'n profess
Contention, as her only Mystery,
Which she restrains not, but doth multiply.

Was she the same she's now, in Ages past ?
Or was she less, when she was us'd less ;
And grows as Malice grows ; and so comes east
Just to the Form of our Unquietness ?
Or made more slow, the more that Strife runs fast ;
Staying t' undo us, e're she will redress ?
That th' Ill she checks, seems suffer'd to be ill,
When it yields greater Gain than Goodness will.

Must there be still some Discord mix'd among
The Harmony of Men ; whose Mood accords
Best with Contention, and t' a Note of Wrong
That when War fails, Peace must make War with
And b' arm'd unto Destruction ev'n as strong, [Words,
As were in Ages past our Civil Swords ;
Making as deep, altho' unbleeding Wounds,
That when as Fury fails, Wisdom confounds.

If it be Wisdom, and not Cunning, this
Which so embroils the State of Truth with Brawls,
And wraps it up in strange Confusedness ;
As if it liv'd immur'd within the Walls
Of hideous Terms, fram'd out of Barb'rousness
And foreign Customs, the Memorials
Of our Subjection ; and could never be
Deliver'd but by wrangling Subtilty.

Whereas.

344 To Sir THO. EGERTON.

Whereas it dwells free in the open Plain,
 Uncurious, Gentle, Easy of Access ;
 Certain unto it self ; of equal Vein ;
 One Face, one Colour, one Assuredness.
 It's Falshood that is intricate and vain,
 And needs these Labyrinths of Subtleness :
 For where the cunning'st Cov'rings most appear,
 It argues still that all is not sincere.

Which thy Clear-ey'd Experience well describes,
 Great Keeper of the State of Equity !
 Refuge of Mercy ! Upon whom relies
 The Succour of oppressed Misery :
 Altar of Safeguard ! Whereto Affliction flies,
 From th' eager Pursuit of Severity.
 Haven of Peace ! That labour'st to withdraw
 Justice from out the Tempests of the Law ;

And set her in a calm and even Way,
 Plain, and directly leading to Redress ;
 Barring these Counter-Courses of Delay,
 These wasting, dilatory Processess.
 Ranging into their right and proper Ray,
 Errors, Demurrs, Efloigns, and Traverses ;
 The Heads of *Hydra*, springing out of Death,
 That gives this Monster *Mallie* still new Breath.

That what was made for the Utility
 And Good of Man, might not be turn'd t' his Hurt,
 To make him worser by his Remedy,
 And cast him down with what should him support.
 Nor that the State of Law might lose thereby
 The due Respect and Rev'rence of her Port ;
 And seem a Trap to catch our Ignorance,
 And to intangle our Intemperance.

Since her Interpretations, and our Deeds,
 Unto a like Infinity arise ;
 As b'ing a Science that by Nature breeds
 Contention, Strife, and Ambiguities.
 For Altercation Controversy feeds,
 And in her Agitation multiplies :

The

The Field of *Civil* lying all like wide,
Yields like Advantage unto either Side.

Which made the Grave *Castilian* King devise
A Prohibition, that no Advocate
Should be convey'd to th' *Indian* Colonies ;
Left their New Setting, shaken with Debate,
Might take but slender Root, and so not rise
To any perfect Growth of firm Estate.
“ For having not this Skill *How to Contend*,
“ Th' unnourish'd Strife would quickly make an End.

So likewise did th' *Hungarian*, when he saw
These Great *Italian Bartolists*, who were
Call'd in of purpose to explain the Law,
T' embroil it more, and make it much less clear ;
Caus'd them from out his Kingdom to withdraw,
With this infestious Skill, some other-where ;
Whose Learning rather let Men farther out,
And open'd wider Passages of Doubt.

See'ng ev'n Injustice may be regulate ;
And no Proportion can there be betwixt
Our Actions, which in endless Motion are,
And th' Ordinances, which are always fixt :
Ten Thousand Laws more cannot reach so far,
But *Malice* goes beyond, or lives immixt
So close with Goodness, as it ever will
Corrupt, disguise, or counterfeit it still.

And therefore did those Glorious Monarchs (who
Divide with God the Stile of Majesty,
For being Good ; and had a Care to do
The World Right, and succour Honesty)
Ordain this Sanctuary, whereunto
Th' Oppress'd might fly ; this Seat of Equity,
Whereon thy Virtues sit with fair Renown,
The greatest Grace and Glory of the Gown.

Which

Which *Equity*, being the Soul of Law,
The Life of Justice, and the Spirit of Right;
Dwells not in written Lines; or lives in Awe
Of Books deaf Powers, that have nor Ears nor Sight:
But out of well-weigh'd Circumstance doth draw
The Essence of a Judgment requisite;
And is that *Lesbian Square*, that Building fits,
Plies to the Work, nor forceth the Work to it.

Maintaining still an equal Parallel
Just with all Occasions of Humanity,
Making her Judgment ever liable
To the Respect of Peace and Amity;
When surely Law, stern and unaffable,
Cares only but it self to satisfy;
And often Innocencies scarce defends,
As that which on no Circumstance depends.

But *Equity*, that bears an even Reim
Upon the present Courts, holds in Awe
By giving Hand a little; and doth gain,
By a gentle Relaxation of the Law:
And yet inviolable doth maintain
The End whereto all Constitutions draw,
Which is the Welfare of Society,
Consisting of an upright Policy.

Which first being by Necessity compos'd,
Is by Necessity maintain'd in best Estate;
Where when-as Justice shall be ill dispos'd,
It sickens the whole Body of the State.
For if there be a Passage once dispos'd,
That Wrong may enter at the self-same Gate
Which serves for Right, clad in a Coat of Law;
What violent Distempers may it draw.

And therefore doth thou stand to keep the Way,
And stop the Course that Malice seeks to run,
And by thy provident Injunctions stay
This never-ending Altercation;
Sending Contention Home, to th' end Men may
There make their Peace, whereas their Strife begun;
And

And free these pester'd Streets they vainly wear,
Whom both the State and theirs do need elsewhere.

Left th' Humour which doth thus predominate,
Convert unto it self all that it takes ;
And that the Law grow larger than Debate,
And come t' exceed th' Affairs it undertakes ;
As if the only Science of the State,
That took up all our Wits, for Gain it makes ;
Not for the Good that hereby may be wrought,
Which is not good if it be dearly bought.

What shall we think, when as Ill Causes shall
Enrich Men more, and shall be more desir'd
Than Good ; as far more beneficial ?
Who then defends the Good ? Who will be hir'd
To entertain a Right, whose Gain is small ?
Unless the Advocate that hath conspir'd
To plead a Wrong, be likewise made to run
His Client's Chance, and with him be undone.

So did the Wisest Nations ever strive
To bind the Hands of Justice up so hard ;
That lest she falling to prove lucrative,
Might basely reach them out to take Reward :
~~Ordaining her Provisions fit to Live,~~
Out of the Publick ; as a Publick Guard,
That all preserves, and all doth entertain ;
Whose End is only Glory, and not Gain.

That ev'n the Sceptre, which might all command,
See'ng her s' impartial, equal, regular ;
Was pleas'd to put it self into her Hand,
Whereby they both grew more admired far.
And this is that Great Blessing of this Land,
That both the Prince and People use One Bar ;
The Prince, whose Cause (as not to be withstood)
Is never bad, but where Himself is good.

348 To Sir THO. EGERTON.

This is that Balance which committed is
To thy most Even and Religious Hand,
Great Minister of Justice ! Who by this
Shalt have thy Name still Gracious in this Land.
This is that Seal of Pow'r, which doth impress
Thy Acts of Right, which shall for ever stand !
This is that Train of State, that pompously
Attends upon thy Rev'rent Dignity !

All Glory else besides ends with our Breath ;
And Men's Respects scarce brings us to our Grave :
But this of doing Good, must out-live Death,
And have a Right out of the Right it gave.
Tho' th'act but few, th' Example profiteth
Thousands, that shall thereby a Blessing have.
The World's Respect grows not but on Deserts ;
Pow'r may have Knees, but Justice hath our Hearts.

TO



T O T H E

Lord *HENRY HOWARD*,One of His MAJESTY's PRIVY
COUNCIL.

PRaise, if it be not Choice, and laid aright,
Can yield no Lustre where it is bestow'd ;
Not any Way can grace the Giver's Art,
(Tho' t be a pleasing Colour to delight)
For that no Ground whereon it can be shew'd,
Will bear it well, but Virtue and Desert.

And tho' I might commend your Learning, Wit,
And Happy Utterance ; and commend them right,
As that which decks you much, and gives you Grace,
Yet your Clear Judgment best deserveth it,
Which in your Course hath carried you upright,
And made you to discern the truest Face,

And best Complexion of the Things that breed
The Reputation and the Love of Men ;
And held you in the Tract of Honesty,
Which ever in the End we see succeed ;
Tho' oft it may have interrupted been,
Both by the Times, and Men's Iniquity.

For sure those Actions which do fairly run
In the Right Line of Honour, still are those
That get most clean and safest to their End ;
And pass the best without Confusion,
Either in those that act, or else dispose ;
Having the Scope made clear, whereto they tend.

When

When this By-Path of Cunning doth f' embroil,
 And intricate the Passage of Affairs,
 As that they seldom fairly can get out ;
 But cost, with less Success, more Care and Toil ;
 Whilst Doubt and the distrusted Cause impairs
 Their Courage, who would else appear more stout.

For tho' some Hearts are blinded so, that they
 Have divers Doors whereby they may let out
 Their Wills abroad without Disturbance,
 In' any Course, and into ev'ry way

Of Humour, that Affection turns about ;
 Yet have the Best but one to have Passage by ;

And that so surely warded with the Guard
 Of Conscience and Respect, as nothing must
 Have Course that way, but with the certain Pass
 Of a persuasive Right ; which b'ing compar'd
 With their Conceit, must thereto answer just,
 And so with due Examination pass.

Which Kind of Men, rais'd of a better Frame,
 Are more Religious, Constant and Upright ;
 And bring the Ablest Hands for any Matter,
 And best bear up the Reputation, Fame,
 And good Opinion that the Action's right,
 When th' Undertakers are without Suspight.

But when the Body of an Enterprise
 Shall go one way, the Fact another way ;
 As if it did but mock a weaker Trust ;
 The Motion being monstrous, cannot rise
 To any Good ; but falls down to bewray,
 That all Pretences serve for Things unjust :

Especially where th' Action will allow
 Apparency ; or that it hath a Course
 Concentrick, with the Universal Frame
 Of Men combin'd : Whom it concerneth how
 These Motions run, and entertain their Force ;
 Having their Being resting on the same.

And

And be it that the Vulgar are but gross ;
Yet are they capable of Truth, and see,
And sometimes guess the Right ; and do conceive
The Nature of that Text that needs a Gloss,
And wholly never can deluded be :
All may a few ; few cannot all deceive.

And these strange Disproportions in the Train
And Course of Things, do evermore proceed
From th' ill-set Disposition of their Minds ;
Who in their Actions cannot but retain
Th' incumber'd Forms which do within them breed,
And which they cannot shew but in their Kinds.

Whereas the Ways and Counsels of the Light
So sort with Valour and with Manlinesse,
As that they carry Things assuredly,
Undazzling of their own or others Sight :
There bring a Blessing that doth give Success
To Worthinesse, and unto Constancy.

And tho' sometimes th' Event may fall amiss,
Yet shall it still have Honour for th' Attempt ;
When Craft begins with Fear, and ends with Shame,
And in the whole Design perplexed is :
Virtue, tho' luckless, yet shall scape Contempt,
And tho' it hath not Hap, it shall have Fame.

TO



T O

The L A D Y M A R G A R E T, Countess of C U M B E R L A N D.

HE that of such a Height hath built his Mind,
And rear'd the Dwelling of his Thoughts so
[strong,

As neither Fear nor Hope can shake the Frame
Of his resolved Pow'r's ; nor all the Wind
Of Vanity or Malice pierce to wrong
His settled Peace, or to disturb the same :
What a fair Seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless Wastes and Weilds of Man survey ?

And with how free an Eye doth he look down
Upon these Lower Regions of Turmoil ?
Where all the Storms of Passions mainly beat
On Flesh and Blood : Where Honour, Pow'r, Renown,
Are only gay Afflictions, golden Toil ;
Where Greariness stands upon as feeble Feet,
As Frailty doth ; and only Great doth seem
To Little Minds, who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the Mighti'st Monarchs Wars
But only as on stately Robberies ;
Where evermore the Fortune that prevails
Must be the right : The Ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-fac'd Enterprize.
Great Pirate *Pompey* lesser Pirates quails :
Justice, he sees, (as if seduced) still
Conspires with Pow'r, whose Cause must not be ill.

He

He sees the Face of *Right* e' appear as manifold
As are the Passions of uncertain Man ;
Who puts it in all Colours, all Attires,
To serve his Ends, and make his Courses hold.
He sees, that let Deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base Ways to high Desires ;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint, and mocks this Smoke of Wit.

Nor is he mov'd with all the Thunder-Cracks
Of Tyrants Threats, or with the furlly Brow
Of Pow'r, that proudly sits on others Crimes ;
Charg'd with more crying Sins than those he checks.
The Storms of sad Confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming Times,
Appal not him ; that hath no Side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Altho' his Heart (so near ally'd to Earth)
Cannot but pity the perplexed State
Of troublous and distress'd Mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly Birth
Of their own Sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon Imbecillity :
Yet seeing thus the Course of Things must run,
He looks thereon not strange, but as fore-done.

And whilst distraught Ambition compasses,
And is encompass'd ; whilst as Craft deceives,
And is deceiv'd : whilst Man doth ransack Man,
And builds on Blood, and rises by Distress ;
And th' Inheritance of Desolation leaves
To great-expecting Hopes : He looks thereon,
As from the Shore of Peace, with unwet Eye,
And bears no Venture in Impiety.

Thus, *Madam*, fares that Man, that hath prepar'd
A Rest for his Desires ; and sees all Things
Beneath him ; and hath learn'd this Book of Man,
Full of the Notes of Frailty ; and compar'd
The best of Glory with her Sufferings :
By whom, I see, you labour all you can
To plant your Heart ; and set your Thoughts as near
His Glorious Mansion, as your Pow'rs can bear.

Which,

354 *To the Countess of Cumberland.*

Which, *Madam*, are so soundly fashioned
By that clear Judgment, that hath carry'd you
Beyond the feeble Limits of your Kind,
As they can stand against the strongest Head
Passion can make ; inur'd to any Hue
The World can cast ; that cannot cast that Mind
Out of her Form of Goodness, that doth see
Both what the best and worst of Earth can be.

Which makes, that whatsoever here befalls,
You in the Region of your self remain :
Where no vain Breath of th' impudent molests,
That hath secur'd within the brazen Walls
Of a clear Conscience, that (without all Stain)
Rises in Peace, in Innocency rests ;
Whilst all what Malice from without procures,
Shews her own ugly Heart, but hurts not yours.

And whereas none rejoice more in Revenge,
Than Women use to do ; yet you well know,
That Wrong is better check'd by b'ing condemn'd,
Than b'ing pursu'd ; leaving to him t' avenge,
To whom it appertains. Wherein you show,
How worthily your Clearness hath condemn'd
Base Malediction, living in the Dark,
That at the Rays of Goodness still doth bark.

Knowing the Heart of Man is set to be
The Centre of this World, about the which
These Revolutions of Disturbances
Still roul ; where all th' Aspects of Misery
Predominate : Whose strong Effects are such,
As he must bear, b'ing pow'less to redress ;
And that unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a Thing is Man !

And how turmoil'd they are that level lie
With Earth, and cannot lift themselves from thence ;
That never are at Peace with their Desires,
But work beyond their Years ; and ev'n deny
Dutty her Rest, and hardly will dispense
With Death. That when Ability expires,
Desire lives still—So much Delight they have,
To carry Toil and Travel to the Grave.

Whose

To the Countess of Cumberland. 355

Whose Ends you see ; and what can be the Best
They reach unto, when they have cast the Sum
And Reck'nings of their Glory. And you know,
This floating Life hath but this Port of Rest,
A Heart prepar'd, that fears no Ill to come.

And that Man's Greatness rests but in his Show,
The best of all whose Days consumed are,
Either in War, or Peace-conceiving War.

This Concord, *Madam*, of a well-run'd Mind
Hath been for ever by that all-working Hand
Of Heav'n, that tho' the World hath done his worst
To put it out by Discords most unkind ;
Yet doth it still in perfect Union stand
With God and Man ; nor ever will be forc'd
From that most sweet Accord ; but still agree,
Equal in Fortunes in Equality.

And this Note (*Madam*) of your Worthiness
Remains recorded in so many Hearts,
As Time nor Malice cannot wrong your Right,
In th' Inheritance of Fame you must possess :
You that have built you by your great Deserts
(Out of small Means) a far more Exquisite
And Glorious Dwelling for your Honour'd Name,
Than all the Gold that Leaden Minds can frame.

T O



T O

The L A D Y L U C Y, Countess of B E D F O R D.

TH O' Virtue be the same when low she stands
 In th' humble Shadows of Obscurity,
 As when she either sweats in Martial Bands,
 Or sits in Court clad with Authority ;
 Yet, *Madam*, doth the Strictness of her Room
 Greatly detract from her Ability.
 For as is wall'd within a living Tomb,
 Her Hands and Arms of Action labour not ;
 Her Thoughts, as if abortive from the Womb,
 Come never born, tho' happily begot.
 But where she hath mounted in open fight
 An Eminent and Spacious Dwelling got ;
 Where she may stir at Will, and use her Might,
 There is she more her self, and more her own ;
 There in the fair Attire of Honour dight,
 She sits at Ease, and makes her Glory known.
 Applause attends her Hands ; her Deeds have Grace :
 Her Worth, new-born, is strait as if full grown.
 With such a godly and respected Face
 Doth Virtue look, that's set to look from high ;
 And such a fair Advantage by her Place
 Hath State and Greatness to do worthily.
 And therefore well did your High Fortunes meet
 With her, that Gracing you comes grac'd thereby :
 And well was let into a House so sweet,
 So good, so fair : So fair, so good a Guest !
 Who now remains as blessed in her Seat,
 As you are with her Residency blest.

And

And this fair Course of Knowledge, wherunto
Your Studies (Learned Lady) are address'd,
Is th'only certain way that you can go
Unto true Glory, to true Happiness :
All Passages on Earth besides, are so
Incumber'd with such vain Disturbances,
As still we lose our Rest in seeking it,
B'ing but deluded with Appearances.
And no Key had you else that was so fit
T'unlock that Prison of your Sex as this,
To let you out of Weakness, and admit
Your Pow'rs into the Freedom of that Bliss,
That sets you there where you may over-see
This rolling World, and view it as it is ;
And apprehend how th' Outsides do agree
With th'inward ; b'ing of the Things we deem
And hold in our ill-cast Accounts, to be
Of highest Value, and of best Esteem :
Since all the Good we have rests in the Mind,
By whose Proportions only we redeem
Our Thoughts from out Confusion, and do find
The Measure of our selves, and of our Pow'rs :
And that all Happiness remains confin'd
Within the Kingdom of this Breast of ours ;
Without whose Bounds, all that we look on lies
In others Jurisdictions, others Pow'rs,
Out of the Circuit of our Liberties.
All Glory, Honour, Fame, Applause, Renown,
Are not belonging to our Royalties,
But t'others Wills, wherein they're only grown:
And that unless we find us all within,
We never can without us be our own ;
Nor call it right our Life that we live in ;
But a Possession held for others Use,
That seem to have most Interest therein ;
Which we do so dissever, part, traduce,
Let out to Custom, Fashion ; and to shew
As we enjoy but only the Abuse,
And have no other Deed at all to shew.

358 *To the Countess of BEDFORD.*

How oft are we constrained to appear
 With other Countenance than that we owe ;
 And be our selves far off, when we are near !
 How oft are we forc'd on a-cloudy Heart
 To set a shining Face, and make it clear ;
 Seeming content to put our selves apart,
 To bear a Part of others Weaknesses !
 As if we only were compos'd by Art,
 Not Nature ; and did all our Deeds address
 T' Opinion, not t' a Conscience, what is right ;
 As fram'd b' Example, not Advisedness,
 Into those Forms that entertain our Sight.
 And tho' Books, *Madam*, cannot make this Mind,
 Which we must bring apt to be set aright ;
 Yet do they rectify it in that kind,
 And touch it so, as that it turns that way
 Where Judgment lies. And tho' we cannot find
 The certain Place of Truth ; yet do they stay,
 And entertain us near about the same ;
 And give the Soul the best Delight, that may
 Enchear it most, and most our Spirits enflame
 To Thoughts of Glory, and to worthy Ends.
 And therefore, in a Course that best became
 The Clearness of your Heart, and best commends
 Your worthy Pow'rs ; you run the rightest Way
 That is on Earth, that can true Glory give ;
 By which, when all consumes, your Fame shall live.

T O



T O T H E

Lady ANNE CLIFFORD.

UNto the Tender Youth of those Fair Eyes
 The Light of Judgment can arise but new,
 And young ; the World appears t' a young Conceit,
 Whilst thro' the unacquainted Faculties :
 The late invested Soul doth rawly view
 Those Objects which on that Discretion wait.

Yet you that such a fair Advantage have,
 Both by your Birth and Happy Pow'rs, t' outgo,
 And be before your Years, can fairly guess
 What Hue of Life holds surest without Stain ;
 Having your well-wrought Heart full furnish'd so
 With all the Images of Worthiness,

As there is left no Room at all t' invest
 Figures of other Form, but Sanctity.

Whilst yet those clean-created Thoughts within
 The Garden of your Innocencies rest ;
 Where are no Motions of Deformity,
 Nor any Door at all to let them in.

With so great Care doth She that hath brought
 That Comely Body, labour to adorn [forth
 That Better Part, the Mansion of your Mind,
 With all the Richest Furniture of Worth,
 To make y' as highly Good as highly Born,
 And set your Virtues Equal to your Mind.

She tells you, how that Honour only is
 A goodly Garment put on fair Deserts ;
 Wherein the smallest Stain is greatest seen,
 And that it cannot grace Unworthiness ;
 But more apparent shews defective Parts,
 How gay soever they are deck'd therein.

Q 2

She

360 *To the Lady Anne Clifford.*

She tells you too, how that it bounded is,
And kept inclosed with so many Eyes,
As that it cannot stray and break abroad
Into the private Ways of Carelesness;
Nor ever may descend to vulgarize,
Or be below the Sphere of her Abode.

But like to those Supernal Bodies set
Within their Orbs, must keep the certain Course
Of Order; destin'd to their proper Place,
Which only doth their Note of Glory get.
Th'irregular Appearances enforce

A short Respect, and perish without Grace:
Being Meteors seeming high, but yet low plac'd,
Blazing but while their dying Matters last.

Nor can we take the just Height of the Mind,
But by that Order which her Course doth shew,
And which such Splendor to her Actions gives;
And thereby Men her Eminency find,
And thereby only do attain to know
The Region, and the Orb wherein she lives.

For low in th' Air of gross Uncertainty,
Confusion only rolls, Order sits high.
And therefore since the Dearest Things on Earth,
This Honour, *Madam*, hath his stately Frame
From th' heav'nly Order, which begets Respect;
And that your Nature, Virtue, Happy Birth,
Have therein highly interplac'd your Name,
You may not run the least Course of Neglect.

For where not to observe, is to prophane
Your Dignity; how careful must you be,
To be Your Self? And tho' you may to all
Shine fair Aspects; yet must the Virtuous gain
The best Effects of your Benignity.
Nor must your common Graces cause to fall
The Price of your Esteem t' a lower Rate,
Than doth beseem the Pitch of your Estate.

Nor may you build on your Sufficiency,
For in our strongest Parts we are but weak;
Nor yet may over-much distrust the same,
Lest that you come to check it so thereby,

As

To the Lady Anne Clifford. 361

As Silence may become worse than to speak :

Tho' Silence Women never ill became.

And none we see were ever overthrown.

By others Flatt'ry, more than by their own.

For tho' we live amongst the Tongues of Praise,

And Troops of Smoothing People, that collaud

All that we do ; yet 'tis within our Hearts

Th' Ambushment lies, that evermore betrays

Our Judgments, when our selves be come t'applaud

Our own Ability, and our own Parts.

So that we must not only fence this Fort

Of ours against all others Fraud, but most

Against our own ; whose Danger is the most,

Because we lie the nearest to do hurt,

And soon'st deceive our selves ; and soon'st are lost

By our best Pow'rs, that do us most transport.

Such are your Holy Bounds, who must convey

(If God so please) the Honourable Blood

Of *Clifford*, and of *Russel* ; led aright

To many worthy Stems, whose Offspring may

Look back with Comfort, to have had that Good

To spring from such a Branch that grew f' upright ;

Since nothing cheers the Heart of Greatness more,

Than th' Ancestors fair Glory, gone before.



T O

HENRY WRIOTHESLY,
Earl of SOUTHAMPTON.

Non fert ullum iſtum illeſa Felicitas.

HE who hath never warr'd with Miſery,
Nor ever tugg'd with Fortune and Diſtreſs,
Hath had n' Occaſion, nor no Field to try
The Strength and Forces of his Worthineſs.
Thoſe Parts of Judgment which Felicity
Keeps as conceal'd, Affliction muſt expreſs ;
And only Men ſhew their Abilities,
And what they are, in their Extremities.

The World had never taken ſo full Note
Of what Thou art, had'ſt thou not been undone ;
And only thy Affliction hath begot
More Fame, than thy beſt Fortunes could have done :
For ever by Adverſity are wrought
The greateſt Works of Admiration ;
And all the Fair Examples of Renown,
Out of Diſtreſs and Miſery are grown.

Mutius the Fire, the Tortures *Regulus*,
Did make the Miracles of Faith and Zeal :
Exile renown'd and grac'd *Rutilius* :
Imprisonment and Poiſon did reveal
The Worth of *Socrates*. *Fabius*
Poverty did grace that Commonweal,

More

More than all *Sylla's* Riches got with Strife ;
And *Cato's* Death did vie with *Cesar's* Life.

Not to b'unhappy is Unhappiness,
And Mis'ry not to have known Misery :
For the best Way unto Discretion, is
The Way that leads us by Adversity,
And Men are better shew'd what is amiss,
By th' expert Finger of Calamity,
Than they can be with all that Fortune brings,
Who never shews them the true Face of Things.

How could we know that thou could'st have en-
With a reposed Cheer, Wrong and Disgrace ; [dur'd,
And with a Heart and Countenance assur'd,
Have look'd stern Death and Horror in the Face !
How should we know thy Soul had been secur'd,
In honest Counsels, and in Way unbase ;
Had'st thou not stood to shew us what thou wert,
By thy Affliction that descry'd thy Heart !

It is not but the Tempest that doth show
The Seaman's Cunning ; but the Field that tries
The Captain's Courage—And we come to know
Best what Men are, in their worst Jeopardies.
For lo ! how many have we seen to grow
To high Renown from lowest Miseries,
Out of the Hands of Death ? And many a one
T' have been undone, had they not been undone ?

He that endures for what his Conscience knows
Not to be ill, doth from a Patience high
Look only on the Cause, whereto he owes
Those Sufferings, not on his Misery :
The more he endures, the more his Glory grows ;
Which never grows from Imbecillity :
Only the best-compos'd and worthiest Hearts,
God sets to ast the hard'st and constant'st Parts.



The Passion of a Distressed Man ; who being in a Tempest on the Sea, and having in his Boat Two Women, (of whom he loved the one, that disdained him ; and scorned the other, who affected him) was by Commandment from Neptune to cast out one of them, to appease the Rage of the Tempest ; but which, was referred to his own Choice.

MY unkind Love, or She that loves me dear,
 Neptune will have cast forth, to calm the Seas :
 One of these Two, or All, must perish here ;
 And therefore now which shall I save of these ?

Ah ! do I make a Question which to save,
 When my Desires share but One Only Part !
 Whom should it be but She, to whom I have
 Resign'd my Life, and sacrific'd my Heart ?
 She ! She must live !—The Tempests of whose Brow
 Confound me more than all these Storms can do :
 And but for whom I live—And therefore how
 Can any Life be Life, 'less She live too ?
 For by that means I both may pacify
 The Rigor of these Waves, and her hard Heart ;
 Who must save him, who would not let her die :
 Nor can She but reward so great Desert.

She cannot, but in Mercy needs must give
 Comfort to Him, by whom Her Self doth live.

Pars

Pars Altera.

BUT shall the Blood of her that loves me then
 Be sacrific'd to her Disdainfulness
 That scorns my Love? And shall I hope to win
 Mercy from her, by being merciless?
 Will not her Safety being thus attain'd,
 Raise her proud Heart t' a higher Set of Scorn,
 When She shall see my Passions are disdain'd
 With Blood; altho' it were to serve her Turn?
 Since th' Act of It, tho' it fall good to us,
 Makes us yet hate the Doer of the same.
 And tho' my Hand should have preserv'd her thus;
 Yet b'ing by cruel Means, it is my Shame,
 Which She will but ascribe to my Defects,
 And th' Imperfections of my Passions; which
 She knows the Infl'ence of her Eyes effects,
 And therein joys t' have vanquish'd me so much.
 And when Desert shall seem t' exact Reward,
 It breeds a Loathing in the Heart of Grace,
 That must work free out of her own Regard,
 And have no Dues t' upbraid her to her Face.
 So shall I then have bent against my Soul,
 Both her Disdain, and th' Horror of that Deed,
 Which ever must my Cruelty controul,
 And check the Wrong that never can succeed.
 And tho' it be requir'd that One must go,
 By Message sent me from the Pow'rs Divine,
 Yet will I not redeem my Safety so;
 Tho' Life be in their Hand, Death is in mine:
 And therefore since Compassion cannot be
 Cruel to Either; *Neptune*, take all Three.

Resumptio.

BUT that were to be Cruel to all Three ;
 Rebel to Nature, and the Gods Arrest,
 Whose Ordinances must observed be :
 Nor may our Frailty with the Heav'ns contest.
 Why, then that must be done that's least unjust ;
 And my Affections may not bear a Part
 With Cruelty and Wrong. But here I must
 Be of a Side, to go against my Heart ;
 And her Disdain her due Reward must have :
She must be Cast away, that would not Save.

M V S O

MUSOPHILUS:

CONTAINING A
GENERAL DEFENCE
OF
LEARNING.

To the Right Worthy and Judicious
FAVOURER of *Virtue*,
Mr. FULKE GREVILL.

I Do not here upon this Hum'rous Stage
Bring my transformed Verse apparelled
With others Passions, or with others Rage;
With Loves, with Wounds, with Factions furnished:
But here present Thee, only modelled
In this poor Frame, the Form of mine own Heart:
Where, to revive my self, my Muse is led
With Motions of her own, & all her own Part,
Striving to make her own contemned Art
As fair & her self as possibly She can;
Left seeming of no Force, of no Desert,
She might repent the Course that She began;
And, with these Times of Dissolution, fall
From Goodness, *Virtue*, Glory, Fame and all.

MUSC



M U S O P H I L U S.

Philocosmus.

Fond Man, *Musophilus*, that thus dost spend
 In an ungainful Art thy dearest Days,
 Tiring thy Wits, and toiling to no End,
 But to attain that idle Smoak of Praise!
 Now when this busy World cannot attend
 Th' untimely Musick of neglected Lays;
 Other Delights than these, other Desires,
 This Wiser Profit-seeking Age requires.

Musophilus.

Friend *Philocosmus*, I confess indeed
 I love this sacred Art thou sett'st so light;
 And tho' it never stand my Life in stead,
 It is enough it gives my self Delight,
 The whilst my unafflicted Mind doth feed
 On no unholy Thoughts for Benefit.
 Be it, that my unseasonable Song
 Come out of Time, that Fault is in the Time;
 And I must not do Virtue so much wrong,
 As love her ought the worse for others Crime:
 And yet I find some blessed Spir'ts among,
 That cherish me, and like and grace my Rhime.
 Again, that I do more in Soul esteem,
 Than all the Gain of Dust the World doth crave:
 And if I may attain but to redeem
 My Name from Dissolution and the Grave;

I shall have done enough ; and better deem
T' have liv'd to *be*, than to have dy'd to *have*.

Short-breath'd Mortality would yet extend
That Span of Life so far forth as it may,
And rob her Fate ; seek to beguile her End
Of some few ling'ring Days of After-stay ;
That all this Little All might not descend
Into the dark an universal Prey :
And give our Labours yet this poor Delight,
That when our Days do end, they are not done ;
And tho' we die, we shall not perish quite,
But live two Lives where other have but one.

Philocosmus.

Silly Desires of self-abusing Man,
Striving to gain th' Inheritance of Air,
That having done the uttermost he can,
Leaves yet perhaps but Beggary t' his Heir :
All that great Purchase of the Breath he wan,
Feeds not his Race, or makes his House more fair.

And what art thou the better, thus to leave
A Multitude of Words to small Effect ;
Which other Times may scorn, and so deceive
Thy promis'd Name of what thou dost expect ?
Besides some vip'rous Critick may bereave
Th' Opinion of thy Worth for some Defect ;

And get more Reputation of his Wit,
By but Controlling of some Word or Sense,
Than thou shalt Honour for Contriving it
With all thy Travail, Care and Diligence ;
B'ing Learning now enough to contradict,
And censure others with bold Insolence.

Besides, so many so confus'dly sing,
Whose diverse Discords have the Musick marr'd,
And in Contempt that Mystery doth bring,
That he must sing aloud that will be heard.
And the receiv'd Opinion of the Thing,
For some unhallow'd String that vilely jarr'd,

Hath

Hath so unseason'd now the Ears of Men,
That who doth touch the Tenor of that Vein,
Is held but vain ; and his unreckon'd Pen
The Title but of Levity doth gain.

A poor light Gain, to recompence their Tost,
That thought to get Eternity the while !

And therefore leave the left and out-worn Course
Of unregarded Ways, and labour how
To fit the Times with what is most in force ;
Be new with Men's Affections that are new :
Strive not to run an idle Counter-course,
Out from the Scent of Humours Men allow.

For not discreetly to compose our Parts
Unto the Frame of Men (which we must be)
Is to put off our selves, and make our Arts
Rebels to Nature and Society,
Whereby we come to bury our Deserts
In th'obscure Grave of Singularity.

Musophilus.

Do not prophane the Work of doing well,
Seduced Man, that can't not look so high
From out that Mist of Earth, as thou can't tell
The Ways of Right which Virtue doth descry ;
That over-looks the Base contemptibly,
And low-laid Follies of Mortality,

Nor mete out Truth and right-deserving Praise
By that Wrong Measure of Confusion,
The vulgar Foot ; that never takes his Ways
By Reason, but by Imitation ;
Rolling on with the rest, and never weighs
The Course which he should go, but what is gone.

Well were it with Mankind, if what the most
Did like were best : But Ignorance will live
By others Square, as by Example lost.
And Man to Man must th' Hand of Error give ;
That none can fall alone at their own Cost ;
And all because Men judge not, but believe.

For

For what poor Bounds have they, whom but th' Earth
[bounds?

What is their End whereto their Care attains ;
When the Thing got relieves not, but confounds ;
Having but Travail to succeed their Pains ?
What Joy hath he of Living, that propounds
Affliction but his End, and Grief his Gains ?

Gath'ring, Entroaching, Wrestling, Joining to,
Destroying, Building, Decking, Furnishing,
Repairing, Alt'ring, and so much add,
To his Soul's Toss, and Body's Travelling :
And all this doth he, little knowing who
Fortune ordains to have th' Inheriting.

And his fair House rais'd high in Envy's Eye,
Whose Pillars rear'd (perhaps) on Blood and Wrong,
The Spoils and Pillage of Iniquity,
Who can assure it to continue long ?
If Rage spar'd not the Walls of Piety,
Shall the prophaneſt Piles of Sin keep strong ?

How many proud, aspiring Palaces,
Have we known made the Prey of Wrath and Pride ;
Levell'd with th' Earth, left to Forgetfulness ;
Whilst Titlers their pretended Rights decide,
Or Civil Tumults, or an orderless
Order ; pretending Change of some strong Side ?

Then where is that proud Title of thy Name,
Written in Ice of melting Vanity ?
Where is thine Heir left to possess the same ?
Perhaps not so well as in Beggary.
Something may rise, 'to be beyond the Shame
Of vile and unregarded Poverty.

Which I confess ; altho' I often strive
To cloath in the best Habit of my Skill,
In all the fairest Colours I can give.
Yet for all that methinks she looks but ill ;
I cannot brook that Face, which (dead-alive)
Shews a quick Body, but a bury'd Will.

Yet oft we see the Bars of this Restraint
Holds Goodness in, which loose Wealth would let fly ;
And

And fruitless Riches, barrenner than Want,
Brings forth small Worth from idle Liberty:
Which when Disorders shall again make scant,
It must refetch her State from Poverty.

But yet in all this Interchange of all,
Virtue, we see, with her fair Grace stands fast:
For what high Races hath there come to fall
With low Disgrace, quite vanished and past,
Since *Chaucer* liv'd; who yet lives, and yet shall,
Tho' (which I grieve to say) but in his last.

Yet what a Time hath he wrested from Time,
And won upon the mighty Waste of Days,
Unto th' immortal Honour of our Clime,
That by his means came first adorn'd with Bays?
Unto the sacred Relicks of whose Time,
We yet are bound in Zeal to offer Praise.

And could our Lines, begotten in this Age,
Obtain but such a blessed Hand of Years,
And 'scape the Fury of that threatening Rage,
Which in confused Clouds ghastly appears;
Who would not strain his Travels to engage,
When such true Glory should succeed his Cares?

But whereas he came planted in the Spring,
And had the Sun before him of Respect;
We, set in th' Autumn, in the withering
And sullen Season of a cold Defect,
Must taste those sowre Distastes the Times do bring
Upon the Fulness of a Cloy'd Neglect;

Altho' the stronger Constitutions shall
Wear out th' Infection of distemper'd Days,
And come with Glory to out-live this Fall,
Recov'ring of another springing of Praise;
Clear'd from th' oppressing Humours wherewithal
The idle Multitude surcharge their Lays.

When as (perhaps) the Words thou scornest now,
May live, the speaking Picture of the Mind;
The Extract of the Soul, that labour'd how
To leave the Image of her self behind;
Wherein Posterity, that love to know,
The just Proportion of our Spirits may find.

For

For these Lines are the Veins, the Arteries,
And undecaying Life-strings of those Hearts,
That still shall pant, and still shall exercise
The Motion, Spir't and Nature both imparts,
And shall with those alive so sympathize,
As nourish'd with their Pow'rs, enjoy their Parts.

O blessed Letters ! that combine in one
All Ages past, and make one live with all.
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the Dead-living unto Council call :
By you th'unborn shall have Communion
Of what we feel, and what doth us befall.

Soul of the World, Knowledge, without thee,
What hath the Earth that truly Glorious is ?
Why should our Pride make such a Scir to be,
To be forgot ? What Good is like to this,
To do worthy the Writing, and to write
Worthy the Reading, and the World's Delight ?

And let th'unnatural and wayward Race,
Born of one Womb with us, but to our Shame ;
(That never read t' observe, but to disgrace)
Raise all the Tempest of their Pow'r, to blame ;
That Puff of Folly never can deface
The Work a Happy *Genius* took to frame.

Yet why should Civil Learning seek to wound,
And mangle her own Members with Despite ?
Prodigious Wits ! that study to confound
The Life of Wit, to seem to know aright ;
As if themselves had fortunately found
Some Stand from off the Earth beyond our Sight ;
Whence overlooking all as from above,
Their Grace is not to work, but to reprove :

But how came they plac'd in so high Degree,
Above the Reach and Compass of the rest ?
Who hath admitted them only to be
Free Denizens of Skill, to judge the best ?
From whom the World as yet could never see
The Warrant of their Wit soundly express.

T' ac-

T'acquaint our Times with that Perfection
Of high Conceit, which only they possess ;
That we might have Things exquisitely done,
Measur'd with all their strict Observances :
Such would (I know) scorn a Translation,
Or bring but others Labours to the Press ;
Yet oft these Monster-breeding Mountains will
Bring forth small Mice of great-expected Skill.

Presumption, ever fullest of Defects,
Fails in the doing to perform her Part ;
And I have known proud Words, and poor Effects,
Of such indeed as do condemn this Art :
But let them rest ; it ever hath been known,
They others Virtues scorn, that doubt their own.

And for the divers disagreeing Cords
Of inter-jangling Ignorance, that fill
The dainty Ears, and leave no Room for Words,
The worthier Minds neglect, or pardon will :
Knowing the best he hath, he frankly 'fords,
And scorns to be a Niggard of his Skill.

And that the rather since this short-liv'd Race
B'ing fatally the Sons but of one Day,
That now with all their Pow'r ply't apace,
To hold out with the greatest Might they may,
Against Confusion that hath all in Chace,
To make of all an universal Prey.

For now great Nature hath laid down at last
That mighty Birth wherewith so long she went,
And oyer-went the Times of Ages past,
Here to lye in upon our soft Content ;
Where fruitful She hath multiply'd so fast,
That all she hath on these Times seem'd t' have spent.

All that which might have many Ages grac'd,
Is born in one, to make one cloy'd with all ;
Where Plenty hath impress'd a deep Distaste
Of best and worst, and all in general ;
That Goodness seems Goodness to have defac'd,
And Virtue hath to Virtue giv'n the Fall.

For

For Emulation, that proud Curse of Wit,
Scorning to stay below, or come behind,
Labours upon that narrow Top to sit
Of sole Perfection in the highest kind.
Envy and Wonder looking after it,
Thrust likewise on the self-same Bliss to find :

And so long striving till they can no more,
Do stuff the Place, or others Hopes shut out ;
Who doubting to o'ertake those gone before,
Give up their Care, and cast no more about ;
And so in Scorn leave all as fore-posest,
And will be none, where they may not be best.

Ev'n like some empty Creek, that long hath lain
Left or neglected of the River by,
Whose searching Sides pleas'd with a wand'ring Vein,
Finding some little Way that close did lye,
Steal in at first ; then other Streams again
Second the first, then more than all supply ;

Till all the mighty Main hath born at last
The Glory of his chiefeft Pow'r that way,
Plying this new-found pleasant Room so fast,
Till all be full, and all be at a Stay ;
And then about, and back again doth cast,
Leaving that full to fall another way :

So fares this Hum'rous World, that evermore
Rapt with the Current of a present Course,
Runs into that which lay contemn'd before ;
Then glutted, leaves the same, and falls t' a worse.
Now Zeal holds all, no Life but to adore ;
Then cold in Spir't, and Faith is of no Force.

Straight all that Holy was unhallow'd lies,
The scatter'd Carcasses of ruin'd Vows ;
Then Truth is false, and how hath Blindness Eyes ;
Then Zeal trusts all, now scarcely what it knows :
That evermore to foolish or to wise,
Is fatal is to be sedac'd with Shows.

Sacred Religion ! Mother of Form and Fear !
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sindeck'd !
What pompous Vestures do we make thee wear
What stately Piles we prodigal erect ?

How

How sweet perfum'd thou art; how shining clear?
How solemnly observ'd; with what Respect?

Another Time all plain, all quite thread-bare;
Thou must have all within, and nought without;
Sit poorly without Light, disrob'd: No Care
Of outward Grace, to amuse the poor Devout;
Pow'rless, unfollow'd: Scarcely Men can spare
The necessary Rites to set thee out.

Either Truth, Goodness, Virtue are not still
The self-same which they are, and always one,
But alter to the Project of our Will;
Or we our Actions make them wait upon,
Putting them in the Liv'ry of our Skill,
And cast them off again when we have done.

You, Mighty Lords, that with respected Grace
Do at the Stern of fair Example stand,
And all the Body of this Populace
Guide with the Turning of your Hand;
Keep a right Course; bear up from all Disgrace;
Observe the Point of Glory to our Land:

Hold up disgraced Knowledge from the Ground;
Keep Virtue in Request; give Worth her Due:
Let not Neglect with bar'rous Means confound.
So fair a Good, to bring in Night a-new:
Be not, O be not accessary found
Unto her Death, that must give Life to you.

Where will you have your virtuous Name safe laid
In gorgeous Tombs, in sacred Cells secure?
Do you not see those prostrate Heaps betray'd
Your Fathers Bones, and could not keep them sure?
And will you trust deceitful Stones fair laid,
And think they will be to your Honour truer?

No, no; unsparing Time will proudly send
A Warrant unto Wrath, that with one Frown
Will all these Mock'ries of Vain-glory rend,
And make them (as before) ungrac'd, unknown;
Poor idle Honours, that can ill defend
Your Memories, that cannot keep their own.

And

And whereto serve that wondrous *Trophæi* now
That on the goodly Plain near *Walton* stands ?
That huge dumb Heap, that cannot tell us how,
Nor what, nor whence it is ; nor with whose Hands,
Nor for whose Glory—It was set to shew,
How much our Pride mocks that of other Lands.

Whereon when as the gazing Passenger
Hath greedy look'd with Admiration ;
And fain would know his Birth, and what he were ;
How there erected ; and how long ago :
Enquires and asks his Fellow-Traveller
What he hath heard, and his Opinion :

And he knows nothing. Then he turns again,
And looks and sighs ; and then admires afresh,
And in himself with Sorrow doth complain
The Misery of dark Forgetfulness ;
Angry with Time that nothing should remain,
Our greatest Wonders Wonder to express.

Then Ignorance, with fabulous Discourse,
Robbing fair Art and Cunning of their Rights,
Tells how those Stones were by the Devil's Force
From *Africk* brought to *Ireland* in a Night ;
And thence to *Britany*, by Magick Course,
From Giants Hands redeem'd by *Merlin's* Slight :

And then near *Ambri* plac'd, in Memory
Of all those Noble Britons murder'd there,
By *Hengist* and his Saxon Treachery,
Coming to parlour in Peace at unaware.
With this old Legend then Credulity
Holds her Content, and closes up her Care.

But is Antiquity so great a Liar ?
Or do her younger Sons her Age abuse ;
See'ng After-comers still so apt to admire
The grave Authority that she doth use,
That Rev'rence and Respect dares not require
Proof of her Deeds, or once her Words refuse ?

Yet wrong they did us, to presume so far
Upon our easy Credit and Delight ;
For once found false, they strait became to mar
Our Faith, and their own Reputation quite ;

Thi

That now her Truths hardly believed are ;
 And tho' sh' avouch the Right, she scarce hath Right.
 And as for thee, thou huge and mighty Frame,
 That stands corrupted so with Time's Despine,
 And giv'st false Evidence against their Fame
 That set thee there to testify their Right ;
 And art become a Traitor to their Name,
 That trusted thee with all the best they might ;

Thou shalt stand still bely'd and slandered,
 The only Gazing-Stock of Ignorance,
 And by thy Guile the Wise admonished,
 Shall never more desire such Hopes t' advance,
 Nor trust their living Glory with the Dead
 That cannot speak, but leave their Fame to Chance.

Confid'ring in how small a Room do lie,
 And yet lie safe, (as fresh as if alive)
 All those Great Worthies of Antiquity,
 Which long fore-liv'd thee, and shall long survive ;
 Who stronger Tombs found for Eternity,
 Than could the Pow'rs of all the Earth contrive.

Where they remain these Trifles to upbraid,
 Out of the Reach of Spoil, and way of Rage ;
 Tho' Time with all his Pow'r of Years hath laid
 Long Batt'ry, back'd with undermining Age ;
 Yet they make Head only with their own Aid,
 And War with his all-conqu'ring Forces wage ;
 Pleading the Heav'n's Prescription to be free,
 And t' have a Grant t' endure as long as he.

Philosophus.

Behold how ev'ry Man, drawn with Delight
 Of what he doth, flatters him in his way ;
 Striving to make his Course seem only right,
 Doth his own Rest, and his own Thoughts betray :
 Imagination bringing bravely dight
 Her pleasing Images in best Array,

With flattering Glasses that must shew him fair,
 And others foul : His Skill and Wit the best,
 Others seduc'd, deceiv'd and wrong in their :
 His Knowledge right, all ignorant the rest ;

Not

Not see'ng how these Minions in the Air
Present a Face of Things falsely exprest,
And that the Glimm'ring of these Errors shown,
Are but a Light to let him see his own.

Alas poor Fame ! In what a narrow Room,
As an incaged Parrot, art thou pent
Here amongst us ; where ev'n as good be dumb
As speak, and to be heard with no Attent ?
How can you promise of the Time to come,
When as the present are so negligent ?

Is this the Walk of all your wide Renown !
This little Point, this scarce discerned Isle !
Thrust from the World, with whom our Speech un-
Made never any Traffick of our Stile. [known,
And in this All, where all this Care is shown,
T'enchant your Fame to last so long a while :
And for that happier Tongues have won so much,
Think you to make your barb'rous Language such ?

Poor narrow Limits for so mighty Pains,
That cannot promise any Foreign Vent !
And yet if here too all your wondrous Veins
Were generally known, it might content.
But lo ! how many reads not, or disdains
The Labour of the Chief and Excellent ?

How many Thousands never heard the Name
Of *Sidney*, or of *Spencer* ; or their Books ?
And yet brave Fellows, and presume of Fame ;
And seem to bear down all the World with Looks :
What then shall they expect of meaner Frame,
On whose Endeavours few or none scarce looks ?

Do you not see these Pamphlets, Libels, Rhimes,
These strange confused Tumults of the Mind,
Are grown to be the Sickness of these Times,
The great Disease inflicted on Mankind ?
Your Virtues, by your Follies made your Crimes,
Have Issue with your Indiscretion join'd.

Schools, Arts, Professions, all in so great Store,
Pass the Proportion of the present State ;
Where b'ing as great a Number as before,
And fewer Rooms them to accommodate ;

It

It cannot be, but they must throng the more,
And kick and thrust, and shoulder with Debate.

For when the greater Wits cannot attain
Th' expected Good which they account their Right,
And yet perceive others to reap that Gain
Of far inferior Virtues in their Sight;
They present, with the Sharp of Envy, strain
To wound them with Reproaches and Despise;
And for these cannot have as well as they,
They scorn their Faith should deign to look that way.

Hence discontented Sects and Schisms arise;
Hence interwounding Controversies spring,
That feed the Simple, and offend the Wise,
Who know the Consequence of Cavilling
Disgrace, that these to others do devise:
Contempt and Scorn on all in th' end doth bring,
Like scolding Wives, reck'ning each other's Fault,
Make Standers-by imagine both are naught.

For when to these rare Dainties Time admits
All Comers, all Complexions, all that will;
Where none should be let-in but choicest Wits,
Whose mild Discretion could comport with Skill:
For when the Place their Humour neither fits,
Nor they the Place; who can expect but Ill?

For b'ing unapt for what they took in Hand,
And for ought else, whereto they shall b' addrest,
They ev'n become th' Incumbrance of the Land,
As out of Rank, disord'ring all the rest;
This Grace of theirs to seem to understand,
Marrs all their Grace, to do without their Rest.

Men find that Action is another Thing,
Than what they in discoursing Papers read:
The World's Affairs require in Managing
More Arts than those wherein you Clerks proceed;
Whilst tim'rous Knowledge stands considering,
Audacious Ignorance hath done the Deed.
For who knows most, the more he knows to doubt;
The least Discourse is commonly most stout.

This

This sweet-inchanting Knowledge turns you clean
Out from the Fields of Natural Delight,
And makes you hide, unwilling to be seen
In th' open Concourse of a Publick Sight :
This Skill wherewith you have so cunning been,
Unfinews all your Pow'rs, unmans you quite.

Publick Society, and Commerce of Men,
Require another Grace, another Port :
This Eloquence, these Rhimes, these Phrases then
Begot in Shades, do serve us in no sort ;
The unmaterial Swelling of your Pen,
Touch not the Spir't that Action doth import.

A manly Stile, fitted to manly Ears,
Best 'grees with Wit ; not that which goes so gay,
And commonly the gaudy Liv'ry wears
Of nice Corruptions, which the Times do sway ;
And waits on th' Humour of his Pulse, that bears
His Passions set to such a pleasing Key.

Such Dainties serve only for Stomachs weak ;
For Men do foulest, when they finest speak.

Yet do I not dislike, that in some wise
Be sung the Great Heroical Deserts
Of brave renowned Spir'ts ; whose Exercise
Of worthy Deeds may call up others Hearts,
And serve a Model for Posterities,
To fashion them fit for like Glorious Parts ;
But so that all our Spir'ts may tend hereto,
To make it not our Grace to say, but do.

Musophilus.

Much thou hast said, and willingly I hear,
As one that am not so possess'd with Love
Of what I do ; but that I rather bear
An Ear to learn, than a Tongue to disprove :
I know Men must, as carry'd in their Sphere,
According to their proper Motions move.
And that Course likes them best, which they are on ;
Yet Truth hath certain Bounds, but Falshood none.

I do confess our Limits are but small,
 Compar'd with all the whole vast Earth beside ;
 All which again rated to that Great All,
 Is likewise as a Point, scarcely describ'd :
 So that in these Respects we may this call
 A Point but of a Point, where we abide.

But if we shall descend from that High Stand
 Of overlooking Contemplation,
 And cast our Thoughts but to, and not beyond
 This Spacious Circuit which we tread upon ;
 We then may estimate our mighty Land
 A World within a World, standing alone.

Where if our Fame confin'd cannot get out,
 What shall we imagine it is pen'd,
 That hath so great a World to walk about ;
 Whose Bounds with her Reports have both one End ?
 Why shall we not rather esteem her stout,
 That farther than her own scorn to extend ?

Where b'ing so large a Room both to do well,
 And eke to hear th' Applause of Things well done ;
 That farther if Men shall our Virtues tell,
 We have more Mouths, but not more Merit won ;
 It doth not greater make that which is laud'ble,
 The Flame is bigger blown, the Fire all one.

And for the few that only lend their Ear,
 That few is all the World ; which with a few
 Do ever live, and move, and work, and stir.

This is the Heart doth feel, and only know
 The rest of all that only Bodies bear,
 Roll up and down, and fill up but the Row ;

And serves as others Members, not their own,
 The Instruments of those that do direct.
 Then what Disgrace is this, not to be known
 To those know not to give themselves Respect ?
 And tho' they swell with Pomp of Folly blown,
 They live ungrac'd, and die but in Neglect.

And for my Part, if only one allow
 The Care my lab'ring Spirits take in this ;
 He is to me a Theatre large enow,
 And his Applause only sufficient is :

All

All my Respect is bent but to his Brow ;
That is my All, and all I am is his.

And if some worthy Spirits be pleased too,
It shall more Comfort breed, but not more Will.
But what if none ? It cannot yet undo
The Love I bear unto this Holy Skill.
This is the Thing that I was born to do :
This is my Scene ; this Part must I fulfil.

Let those that know not Breath esteem of Wind,
And set t' a vulgar Air their servile Song ;
Rating their Goodness by the Praise they find,
Making their Worth on others Fits belong ;
As Virtue were the Hireling of the Mind,
And could not live if Fame had ne're a Tongue :

Hath that all-knowing Pow'r, that holds within
The goodly Prospective of all this Frame,
(Where whatsoever is, or what hath been,
Reflects a certain Image of the same)
No inward Pleasures to delight her in,
But she must gad to seek an Alms of Fame ?

Must she, like to a wanton Courtezan,
Open her Breasts for Shew, to win her Praise ;
And blaze her fair bright Beauty unto Man,
As if she were enamour'd of his Ways ;
And knew not Weakness, nor could rightly scan
To what Defects his hum'rous Breath obeys ?

She that can tell how proud Ambition
Is but a Beggar, and hath nought at all,
But what is giv'n of mere Devotion : [thrill !
For which, how much it sweats ! How much it's
What Toil it takes ! And yet when all is done,
Th' Ends in Expectation never fall.

Shall she join Hands with such a servile Mate,
And prostrate her fair Body, to commit
Folly with Earth ; and to defile that State
Of Clearness, for so gross a Benefit ?
Having Reward dwelling within her Gate,
And Glory of her own to furnish it.

Her self a Recompence sufficient
 Unto her self, to give her own Content.
 Is't not enough that she hath rais'd so high
 Those that be her's ; that they may sit and see
 The Earth below them, and this All to lie
 Under their View ? Taking the true Degree
 Of the just Height of swol'n Mortality
 Right as it is, not as it seems to be.

And undeceived with the Parallax
 Of a mistaking Eye of Passion, know
 By these mask'd Outsides what the Inward lacks ;
 Meas'ring Man by himself, not by his Show :
 Wond'ring not at their Rich and Golden Backs,
 That have poor Minds, and little else to shew.

Nor taking that for them, which well they see
 Is not of them, but rather is their Load :
 The Lies of Fortune, wherewithal Men be
 Deemed within, when they be all abroad ;
 Whose Ground, whose Grass, whose Earth have Cap

[and Knee,
 Which they suppose is on themselves bestow'd ;

And think (like *Isis* As) all Honours are
 Giv'n unto them alone ; the which are done
 Unto the painted Idol which they bear,
 That only makes them to be gazed on.
 For take away their Pack, and shew them bare,
 And see what Beast this Honour rides upon.

Hath Knowledge lent to her's the Privy Key,
 To let them in unto the highest Stage
 Of Causes, Secrets, Counsels ; to survey
 The Wits of Men, their Heats, their Colds, their Rage ;
 That build, destroy, praise, hate, say and gain-say,
 Believe and unbelieve, all in one Age ?

And shall we trust Goodness, as it proceeds
 From that unconstant Mouth ; which with one Breath
 Will make it bad again, unless it feeds
 The present Humour that it favoureth ?
 Shall we esteem, and reckon how it heeds
 Our Works, that his own Vows unhalloweth ?

Then

Then whereto serves it to have been enlarg'd
With this free Manumission of the Mind,
If for all that we still continue charg'd
With those discover'd Errors which we find?
As if our Knowledge only were discharg'd,
Yet we our selves stay'd in a servile kind.

That Virtue must be out of Countenance,
If this gross Spir't, or that weak shallow Brain,
Or this nice Wit, or that Distemperance,
Neglect, distaste, uncomprehend, disdain :
When such sick Eyes can never cast a Glance,
But thro' the Colours of their proper Stain.

Tho' I must needs confess, the small Respect
That these great seeming-best of Men do give,
(Whose Brow begets th' inferior Sort's Neglect)
Might move the weak irresolute to grieve ;
But stronger see how justly this Defect
Hath overtook the Times wherein we live.

That Learning needs must run the common Fate
Of all Things else, thrust on by her own Weight ;
Comporting not her self in her Estate,
Under this Burthen of a Self-Conceit :

Our own Dissentious Hands op'ning the Gate
Unto Contempt, that on our Quarrels wait,

Discover'd have our inward Government ;
And let in hard Opinion to disgrace
The General, for some weak Impotent,
That bear out their Disease with a stol'n Face ;
Who (silly Souls!) the more Wit they have spent,
The less they shew'd, not bett'ring their bad Case.

And see how soon this rolling World can take
Advantage for her Dissolution !
Fain to get loose from this withholding Stake
Of Civil Science and Discretion ;
How glad it would run wild, that it might make
One formless Form of One Confusion !

Like Tyrant *Ottomans* blindfolded State,
Which must know nothing more, but to Obey :
For this seeks greedy Ignorance t'abate
Our Number, Order, Living, Form and Sway :

For this it practises to dissipate
Th'unshelter'd Troops, till all be made away.

For since our Fathers Sins pull'd first to Ground
The Pale of this dissever'd Dignity,
And overthrew that holy rev'rend Bound,
That parted Learning and the Laity,
And laid all flat in common ; to confound
The Honour and Respect of Piety :

It did so much invile the Estimate
Of th'open'd and invulgar'd Mysteries,
Which now reduc'd unto the basest Rate,
Must wait upon the *Norman* Subtleties ;
Who being mounted up into their State,
Do best with wrangling Rudeness sympathize.

And yet, tho' now set quite behind the Train
Of vulgar Sway, (and Light of Pow'r weigh'd light)
Yet would this giddy Innovation fain
Down with it lower, to abase it quite :
And those poor Remnants that do yet remain
The spoiled Marks of their divided Right.

They wholly would deface, to leave no Face
Of Reverend Distinction and Degree ;
As if they weigh'd no Difference in this Case,
Betwixt Religion's Age and Infancy :
Where th'one must creep, th'other stand with Grace,
Lest turn'd t'a Child, it overturned be.

Tho'to pull back th'on-running State of Things,
(Gath'ring Corruption, as it gathers Days)
Unto the Form of their first Orderings,
Is the best Means that Dissolution stays ;
And to go forward, backward right Men brings,
T'observe the Line from whence they took their Ways.

Yet being once gone wide, and the right Way
Not level to the Times Condition ;
To alter Course may bring Men more astray :
And leaving what was known, to light on none :
Since ev'ry Change, the Rev'rence doth decay
Of that which alway should continue one.

For

For this is that close-kept *Palladium*,
Which once remov'd, brings Ruin evermore :
This stirr'd, makes Men fore-settled, to become
Curious to know what was believ'd before :
Whilst Faith disputes, that used to be dumb ;
And more Men strive to talk, than to adore.

For never head-strong Reformation will
Rest, till to th' extreme Opposite it run,
And over-run the mean distrusted still ;
As b'ing too near of Kin to that Men shun :
For Good and Bad, and all must be one Ill,
When once there is another Truth begun.

So hard it is an even Hand to bear,
In temp'ring with such Maladies as these ;
Lest that our forward Passions launch too near,
And make the Cure prove worse than the Disease :
For with the worst we will not spare the best,
Because it grows with that which doth displease.

And Faults are easier look'd in, than redrest :
Men running with such eager Violence,
At the first View of Errors fresh in quest ;
As they, to rid an Inconvenience,
Stick not to raise a Mischief in the stead,
Which after mocks their weak Improvidence.

And therefore do make not your own Sides bleed ;
To prick at others : You that would amend,
By pulling down ; and think you can proceed,
By going back unto the farther End :
Let stand that little Covert left behind,
Whereon your Succours and Respects depend ;

And bring not down the Prizes of the Mind,
With under-rating of your selves so base :
You that the Mighties Doors do Crouching find,
To sell your selves to buy a little Grace ;
Or wait whole Months to our-bid Simony,
For that which being got, is not your Place.

For if it were, what needed you to buy
What was your Due ? Your Thirsting shews your Shift,
And little Worth, that seeks injuriously
A Worthier from his Lawful Room to lift.

We cannot say, that you were then preferr'd ;
But that your Money was, or some worse Gift.

O flattering Gath'ers ! That without Regard
Of Times to come, will (to be made) undo ;
As if you were the last of Men, prepar'd
To bury in your Graves all other too.
Dare you prophane that Holy Portion,
Which never sacrilegious Hand durst do ?

Did Form-establishing Devotion,
To maintain a respective Reverence,
Extend her bountiful Provision
With such a Charitable Providence,
For your deforming Hands to dissipate,
And make God's Due your impious Expence ?

No marvel then, tho' th' over-pestler'd State
Want Room for Goodness ; if our little Hold
Be lessen'd unto such a narrow Rate,
That Rev'rence cannot sit ; sit as it should.
And yet what need we thus for Rooms complain ;
That shall not want void Rooms, if this Course hold ?

And more than will be fill'd—For who will strain,
To get an empty Title, to betray
His Hopes ; and travel for an Honour vain,
And gain a Port, without Support or Stay ?
What need hath Envy to malign their State,
That will themselves (so kind !) give it away ?

This makes indeed our Number pass the Rate
Of our Provisions ; which, if dealt aright,
Would yield sufficient Room t' accommodate,
More than we have in Places requisite.
The ill-disposing only doth us set
In Dis-array, and out of Order quite.

Whilst others Gifts then of the Mind shall get,
Under our Colours, that which is our Dues.
And to our Travels, neither Benefit,
Nor Grace, nor Honour, nor Respect accrues :
The Sickness of the State's Soul (Learning) then
The Body's great Distemp'rature ensues.

For

For if that Learning's Rooms to Learned Men
Were as their Heritage distributed,
All this disorder'd Thrust would cease. For when
The Fit were call'd ; th' Unworthy frustrated :
These would be 'sham'd to seek ; those to b' un-
[sought ;
And stay'ng their Turn, were sure they should be sped.

Then would our drooping Academies, brought
Again in Heart, regain that Rev'rend Hand
Of lost Opinion ; and no more be thought
Th' unnecessary Furnish of the Land,
Nor (discouraged with their small Esteem-)
Confus'd, irresolute and wav'ring stand :

Caring not to become profound ; but seem
Contented with a Superficial Skill,
Which for a slight Reward enough they deem,
When th' one succeeds as well as th' other will :
See'ng shorter Ways lead sooner to their End,
And others longer Travels thrive so ill.

Then would they only labour to extend
Their now unsearching Spir't beyond these Bounds
Of others Pow'rs, wherein they must be pen'd ;
As if there were besides no other Grounds :
And set their bold *Plus Ultra* far without
The Pillars of those Axioms Age propounds.

Discov'ring daily more and more about,
In that immense and boundless Ocean
Of Nature's Riches, never yet found out,
Nor fore-clos'd with the Wit of any Man.
So far beyond the ordinary Course,
That other unindustrious Ages ran ;

That these more Curious Times they might divorce
From the Opinion they are link'd unto,
Of our disable and unactive Force ;
To shew true Knowledge can both speak and do :
Arm'd for the Sharp which in these Days they find,
With all Provisions that belong thereto :

That their Experience may not come behind
 The Times Conceit ; but leading in their Place,
 May make Men see the Weapons of the Mind
 Are States best Strengths, and Kingdoms chiefest

[Grace;

And Rooms of Charge, charg'd full with Worth and
[Praise,

Makes Majesty appear with her full Face ;
 Shining with all her Beams, with all her Rays ;
 Unscanted of her Parts, unshadowed
 In any darken'd Point : Which still bewrays
 The Wain of Pow'r, when Pow'r's unfurnished,
 And hath not all those entire Compliments,
 Wherewith the State should for her State be sped.

And tho' the Fortune of some Age consents
 Unto a Thousand Errors grossly wrought,
 Which flourish'd over with their fair Events,
 Have pass'd for current, and good Courses thought ;
 The least whereof, in other Times, again
 Most dang'rous Inconveniencs have brought ;
 Whilst to the Times, not to Men's Wits, pertain
 The good Successes of ill-manag'd Deeds :
 Tho' th' ignorant deceiv'd with Colours vain,
 Miss of the Causes whence this Luck proceeds.
 Foreign Defects giving Home-Faults the way,
 Make ev'n that Weakness sometimes well succeeds.

I grant, that some unletter'd Practick may
 (Leaving beyond the Alps Faith and Respect
 To God and Man) with impious Cunning sway
 The Courses fore-begun with like Effect,
 And without Stop maintain the turning on,
 And have his Errors deem'd without Defect :

But when some pow'rful Opposition
 Shall, with a sound encountring Shock, disjoint
 The fore-contrived Frame ; and thereupon
 Th' Experience of the present disappoint ;
 And other stirring Spirits, and other Hearts
 Built huge for Action, meeting in a Point ;

Shq!!

Shall drive the World to summon all their Arms,
And all too little for so real Might,
When no Advantages of weaker Parts
Shall bear out shallow Counsels from the Light;
And this sense-op'ning Action (which doth hate
Unmanly Craft) shall look to have her Right.

Who then holds up the Glory of the State;
(Which letter'd Arms, and armed Letters won),
Who shall be fittest to Negotiate,
Contemn'd *Justinian*, or else *Littleton*?
When it shall not be held Wisdom to be
Privately made, and publickly undone:
But sound Designs, that Judgment shall decree
Out of a true Discern of the clear Ways
That lie direct, with safe-going Equity;
Embroidering not their own, and others Days.

Extending forth their Providence beyond
The Circuit of their own Particular;
That ev'n th' Ignorant may understand,
How that Deceit is but a Caviller,
And true unto it self can never stand,
But still must with her own Conclusions war.

Can Truth and Honesty, wherein consists
The right Repose on Earth, the surest Ground
Of Trust; come weaker arm'd into the Lists,
Than Fraud or Vice, that doth it self confound?
Or shall Presumption, that doth what it lists,
(Not what it ought) carry her Courses sound?

Then what safe Place out of Confusion,
Hath plain proceeding Honesty to dwell?

What Suit of Grace hath Virtue to put on,
If Vice shall wear as good, and do as well?
If Wrong, if Craft, if Indiscretion,
Act as fair Parts, with Ends as laudable?

Which all this mighty Volume of Events,
The World, th' universal Map of Deeds,
Strongly controlls; and proves from all Descents,
That the directest Courses best succeeds,
When Craft (wrapt still in many Comberments)
With all her Cunning thrives not, tho' it speeds.

For

'For should not Grave and Learn'd Experience,
That looks with th' Eyes of all the World beside,
And with all Ages holds Intelligence,
Go faster than Deceit without a Guide ?
Which in the By-Paths of her Diffidence,
Crossing the Ways of Right, still runs more wide.

Who will not grant, and therefore this observe,
No State stands sure, but on the Grounds of
[Right,

Of Virtue, Knowledge ; Judgment to preserve,
And all the Pow'rs of Learning requisite ?
Tho' other Shifts a present Turn may serve,
Yet in the Tryal they will weigh too light.

And do not thou condemn this swelling Tide,
And Stream of Words, that now doth rise so high
Above the usual Banks, and spreads so wide
Over the Borders of Antiquity :

Which, I confess, comes ever amplify'd
With th'abounding Humours that do multiply ;

And is with that same Hand of Happiness
Enlarg'd, as Vices are out of their Bands :
Yet so as if let out but to redress,
And calm and sway th' Affections it commands ;
Which as it stirs, it doth again repress,
And brings in th' out-gone Malice that withstands.

Pow'r above Pow'rs ! O Heav'nly Eloquence !
That, with the strong Rein of commanding Words,
Dost manage, guide, and master th' Eminence
Of Men's Affections, more than all their Swords !
Shall we not offer to thy Excellence,
The Richest Treasure that our Wit affords ?

Thou that can'st do much more with one poor Pen,
Than all the Pow'rs of Princes can effect ;
And draw, divert, dispose and fashion Men,
Better than Force or Rigor can direct ?
Should we this Ornament of Glory then,
As th'unmaterial Fruits of Shades, neglect ?

Or should we careless come behind the rest
In Pow'r of Words, that go before in Worth;
When as our Accent's equal to the best,
Is able greater Wonders to bring forth?
When all that ever hotter Spir'ts express,
Comes better'd by the Patience of the North.

And who (in Time) knows whither we may vent
The Treasure of our Tongue? To what strange
[Shores,

This Gain of our best Glory shall be sent,
T'enrich unknowing Nations with our Stores?
What Worlds in th' yet unform'd *Occident*,
May come refin'd with th' Accents that are ours?

Or who can tell for what Great Work in Hand
The Greatness of our Stile is now ordain'd?
What Pow'rs it shall bring in, what Spir'ts com-
[mand?
What Thoughts let out; what Humours keep re-
[strain'd?

What Mischief it may pow'rfully withstand;
And what Fair Ends may thereby be attain'd?

And as for *Po'sy*, (Mother of this Force!)
That breeds, brings forth, and nourishes this Might;
Teaching it in a loose, yet measur'd Course,
With comely Motions how to go upright;
And fost'ring it with bountiful Discourse,
Adorns it thus in Fashions of Delight.

What should I say?---Since it is well approv'd
The Speech of Heav'n, with whom they have Com-
[merce;

That only seem out of themselves remov'd,
And do with more than Human Skills converse:
Those Numbers wherewith Heav'n and Earth are
[mov'd,

Shew Weakness speaks in Prose, but Pow'r in Verse.

Wherein thou likewise seemest to allow,
That th' Acts of Worthy Men should be preserv'd,
As in the Holiest Tombs we can bestow
Upon their Glory that have well deserv'd;

Where-

Wherein thou dost no other Virtue show,
 Than what most Barb'rous Countries have observ'd:
 When all the Happiest Nations hitherto,
 Did with no lesser Glory speak, than do.

Now to what else thy Malice shall object,
 For Schools, and Arts, and their Necessity;
 When from my Lord, whose Judgment must direct,
 And form and fashion my Ability,
 I shall have got more Strength; thou shalt expect,
 Out of my better Leisure, my Reply.

TO



T O

D E L I A.

S O N N E T I.

U NTO the boundless Ocean of thy Beauty,
Runs this poor River, charg'd with Streams
[of Zeal,

Returning thee the Tribute of my Duty,
Which here my Love, my Youth, my Plaints reveal.
Here I unclasp the Book of my charg'd Soul,
Where I have cast th' Accounts of all my Care :
Here have I summ'd my Sighs ; here I enroll
How they were spent for thee ; look what they are
Look on the dear Expences of my Youth,
And see how just I reckon with thine Eyes :
Examine well thy Beauty with my Truth ;
And cross my Cares, e're greater Sums arise.
Read it, Sweet Maid, tho' it be done but slightly ;
Who can shew all his Love, doth love but lightly.

S O N N E T II.

G O, wailing Verse, the Infants of my Love ;
Minerva-like, brought forth without a Mother !
Present the Image of the Cares I prove ;
Witness your Father's Grief exceeds all other.

Sigh out a Story of her Cruel Deeds,
 With interrupted Accents of Despair ;
 A Monument that whosoever reads,
 May justly praise, and blame my Loveless Fair.
 Say her Disdain hath dried up my Blood,
 And starved you, in Succours still denying :
 Press to her Eyes, importune me some Good ;
 Waken her sleeping Pity with your Crying :
 Knock at her hard Heart ; beg till y' have mov'd her ;
 And tell th' Unkind how dearly I have lov'd her.

SONNET III.

IF it so hap, this Off-spring of my Care,
 These fatal Anthems, lamentable Songs,
 Come to their View who like afflicted are ;
 Let them sigh for their own, and moan my Wrongs.
 But untouch'd Hearts, with unaffected Eye,
 Approach not to behold my Heaviness :
 Clear-sighted you, soon note what is awry ;
 Whilst blinded Souls mine Errors never guess :
 You blinded Souls, whom Youth and Error lead !
 You out-cast Eagles, dazzled with your Sun !
 Do you, and none but you, my Sorrows read ;
 You best can judge the Wrongs that she hath done.
 That she hath done !---The Motive of my Pain :
 Who whilst I love, doth kill me with Disdain.

SONNET IV.

THese plaintive Verse, the Poets of my Desire,
 Which haste for Succour to her slow Regard,
 Bear not Report of any slender Fire ;
 Forging a Grief, to win a Fame's Reward.
 Nor are my Passions limn'd for outward Hue,
 For that no Colours can depict my Sorrows :
 Delia her self, and all the World may view [rows.
 Best in my Face, where Cares have till'd deep Fur-
 No Bays I seek to deck my mourning Brow,
 O clear-ey'd Restor of the Holy Hill !
 My humble Accents bear the Olive Bough
 Of Intercession, but to move her Will.

These

These Lines I use, t'unburthen mine own Heart ;
My Love affects no Fame, nor Steams of Art.

S O N N E T V.

WHilst Youth and Error led my wand'ring Mind,
And set my Thoughts in heedless Ways to
All unawares a Goddess chaste I find, [range,
(Diana-like) to work my sudden Change.
For her no sooner had mine Eyes bewray'd,
But with Disdain to see me in that Place,
With fairest Hand the sweet unkindest Maid,
Cast water-cold Disdain upon my Face.
Which turn'd my Sport into a Heart's Despair,
Which still is chac'd while I have any Breath,
By mine own Thoughts, set on me by my Fair :
My Thoughts, like Hounds, pursue me to my Death.
Those that I foster'd of mine own Accord,
Are made by her to murder thus their Lord.

S O N N E T VI.

FAir is my Love, and Cruel as she's Fair ; [sunny ;
Her Brow-shades Frowns, altho' her Eyes are
Her Smiles are Lightning, tho' her Pride Despair ;
And her Disdains are Gall, her Favours Honey.
A modest Maid, deck'd with a Blush of Honour ;
Whose Feet do tread green Paths of Youth and Love !
The Wonder of all Eyes that look upon her :
Sacred on Earth ; design'd a Saint above !
Chastity and Beauty, which were deadly Foes,
Live reconciled Friends within her Brow :
And had she Pity to conjoin with those ;
Then who had heard the Complaints I utter now ?
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My Muse had slept, and none had known my Mind.

S O N N E T VII.

FOR had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
Then had no Finger pointed at my Lightness ;
The World had never known what I do find,
And Clouds obscure had shaded still her Brightness.
Then

Then had no Censor's Eye these Lines survey'd,
 Nor graver Brows have judg'd my Muse so vain :
 No Sun my Blush and Error had bewray'd,
 Nor yet the World have heard of such Disdain.
 Then had I walk'd with bold crested Face ;
 No down-cast Look had signify'd my Miss :
 But my degraded Hopes, with such Disgrace,
 Did force me groan out Griefs, and utter this.
 For being full, should I not then have spoken,
 My Sense oppress'd had fail'd, and Heart had broken.

SONNET VIII.

THou poor Heart, sacrific'd unto the Fairest,
 Hast sent the Incense of thy Sighs to Heav'n ;
 And still against her Frowns fresh Vows reparaest,
 And made thy Passions with her Beauty even.
 And you, mine Eyes, the Agents of my Heart,
 Told the dumb Message of my hidden Grief ;
 And oft with careful Turns, with silent Art,
 Did treat the cruel Fair to yield Relief.
 And you, my Verse, the Advocates of Love,
 Have follow'd hard the Process of my Case ;
 And urg'd that Title which doth plainly prove,
 My Faith should win, if Justice might have place.
 Yet tho' I see that nought we do can move ;
 'Tis not Disdain must make me cease to love.

SONNET IX.

IF this be Love, to draw a weary Breath,
 Paint on Floods, till the Shore cry to th' Air ;
 With downward Looks, still reading on the Earth,
 These sad Memorials of my Love's Despair :
 If this be Love to war against my Soul,
 Lie down to wail, rise up to sigh and grieve ;
 The never-resting Stone of Care to roll ;
 Still to complain my Griefs, whilst none relieve.
 If this be Love to cloath me with dark Thoughts,
 Haunting untrodden Paths to wail apart ;
 My Pleasure's Horror, Musick Tragick Notes ;
 Tears in mine Eyes, and Sorrow at my Heart.

If

If this be Love, to live a Living Death ;
Then do I love, and draw this weary Breath,

S O N N E T X.

Then do I love, and draw this weary Breath
For Her the Cruel Fair ; within whose Brow,
I written find the Sentence of my Death
In unkind Letters , wrote she cares not how.
Thou Pow'r that rul'st the Confiners of the Night,
Laughter-lov'ng Goddess, worldly Pleasure's Queen,
Intemperate that Heart that sets so light ;
The truest Love that ever yet was seen !
And cause her leave to triumph in this wise,
Upon the prostrate Spoil of that poor Heart,
That serves a Trophy to her conqu'ring Eyes ;
And must their Glory to the World impart.
Once let her know sh' hath done enough to prove me ;
And let her pity, if she cannot love me.

S O N N E T XI.

Tears, Vows and Prayers, win the hardest Heart :
Tears, Vows and Prayers have I spent in vain !
Tears cannot soften Flint, nor Vows convert ;
Prayers prevail not with a quaint Disdain.
I lose my Tears, where I have lost my Love ;
I vow my Faith, where Faith is not regarded ;
I pray in vain, a Merciless to move :
So rare a Faith ought better be rewarded.
Yet tho' I cannot win her Will with Tears,
Tho' my Soul's Idol scorneth all my Vows,
Tho' all my Pray'rs be to so deaf Ears,
No Favour tho' the Cruel Fair allows ;
Yet will I weep, vow, pray to Cruel She :
Flint, Frost, Disdain, wears, melts, and yields we see.

S O N N E T XII.

MY spotless Love hovers with purest Wings,
About the Temple of the proudest Frame ;
Where blaze those Lights fairest of Earthly Things,
Which clear our clouded World with brightest Flame.
M'am,

M'ambitious Thoughts confined in her Face,
 Affect no Honour, but what she can give :
 My Hopes do rest in Limits of her Grace,
 I weigh no Comfort, unless she relieve.
 For she that can my Heart imparadise,
 Holds in her fairest Hand what dearest is ;
 My Fortune's Wheels the Circle of her Eyes,
 Whose rolling Grace deign once a Turn of Bliss.
 All my Life's Sweet consists in Her alone ;
 So much I love the most Unloving one.

S O N N E T XIII.

BEhold what Hap *Pigmalion* had to frame,
 And carve his proper Grief upon a Stone !
 My heavy Fortune is much like the same ;
 I work on Flint, and that's the Cause I moan.
 For hapless, lo ! ev'n with mine own Desires,
 I figur'd on the Table of mine Heart,
 The Fairest Form that all the World admires ;
 And so did perish by my proper Art.
 And still I toil, to change the Marble Breast
 Of her, whose sweetest Grace I do adore ;
 Yet cannot find her breathe unto my Rest :
 Hard is her Heart ; and woe is me therefore !
 But Happy he, that joy'd his Stone and Art :
 Unhappy I, to love a stony Heart.

S O N N E T XIV.

THose snary Locks, are those same Nets (my Dear)
 Wherewith my Liberty thou did'st surprize ;
 Love was the Flame that fired me so near,
 The Dart transpiercing were those Crystal Eyes :
 Strong is the Net, and fervent is the Flame ;
 Deep is the Wound, my Sighs can well report :
 Yet do I love, adore, and praise the same,
 That holds, that burns, that wounds me in this sort :
 And list not seek to break, to quench, to heal
 The Bond, the Flame, the Wound that fest'eth so ;
 By Knife, by Liquor, or by Salve to deal :
 So much I please to perish in my Woe.

Yet

Yet lest long Travels be above my Strength,
Good DELIA lose, quench, heal me now at length.

SONNET XV.

IF that a Loyal Heart and Faith unfeign'd,
If a sweet Languish, with a chaste Desire ;
If hunger-starven Thoughts, so long retain'd,
Fed but with Smoke, and cherish'd but with Fire :
And if a Brow with Care's Characters painted,
Bewrays my Love with broken Words half-spoken,
To her that sits in my Thoughts Temple sainted,
And lays to View my Vultur-gnawn Heart open :
If I have done due Homage to her Eyes,
And had my Sighs still tending on her Name ;
If on her Love my Life and Honour lies,
And She (th' unkindest Maid) still scorns the same :
Let this suffice, that all the World may see
The Fault is her's, tho' mine the Hurt must be.

SONNET XVI.

HAppy in Sleep, waking content to languish ;
Embracing Clouds by night, in day-time mourn ;
My Joys but Shadows, Touch of Truth my Anguish :
Griefs ever springing, Comforts never born.
And still expecting when she will relent ;
Grown hoarse with crying Mercy, Mercy give :
So many Vows and Prayers having spent,
That weary of my Life, I loath to live.
And yet the *Hydra* of my Cares renews
Still new-born Sorrows of her fresh Disdain ;
And still my Hope the Summer-Winds pursues,
Finding no End nor Period of my Pain.
This is my State my Griefs do touch so nearly ;
And thus I live, because I love her dearly.

SONNET XVII.

WHy should I sing in Verse ; why should I frame ;
These sad neglected Notes for her dear Sake ?
Why should I offer up unto her Name,
The sweetest Sacrifice my Youth can make ?
Why

Why should I strive to make her live for ever,
 That never deigns to give me Joy to live ?
 Why should m' afflicted Muse so much endeavour
 Such Honour unto Cruelty to give ?
 If her Defects have purchas'd her this Fate,
 What should her Virtues do, her Smiles, her Love ?
 If this her Worst, how should her Best inflame ?
 What Passions would her milder Favours move ?
 Favours (I think) would Sense quite overcome,
 And that makes Happy Lovers ever dumb.

S O N N E T XVIII.

Since the first Look that led me to this Error,
 To this Thoughts Maze, to my Confusion tending ;
 Still have I liv'd in Grief, in Hope, in Terror,
 The Circle of my Sorrows never ending.
 Yet cannot leave her Love, that holds me hateful ;
 Her Eyes exact it, tho' her Heart disdains me :
 See what Reward he hath that serves th' ungrateful !
 So true and loyal Love no Favour gains me.
 Still must I whet my young Desires abated,
 Upon the Flint of such a Heart rebelling ;
 And all in vain, her Pride is so imaged,
 She yields no Place at all for Pity's Dwelling.
 Oft have I told her that my Soul did love her,
 (And that with Tears) yet all this will not move her.

S O N N E T XIX.

Restore thy Tresses to the Golden Oar ;
 Yield Citherea's Son those Arks of Love :
 Bequeath the Heav'ns the Stars that I adore ;
 And to th' Orient do thy Pearls remove.
 Yield thy Hands Pride unto the Ivory white ;
 T' Arabian Odors give thy breathing sweet :
 Restore thy Blush unto Aurora bright ;
 To Thetis give the Honour of thy Feet.
 Let Venus have thy Graces, her resign'd ;
 And thy sweet Voice give back unto the Spheres :
 But yet restore thy fierce and cruel Mind
 To Hyrcan Tygers, and to ruthless Bears.

Yield

Yield to the Marble thy hard Heart again ;
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to pain.

S O N N E T XX.

What it is to breathe and live without Life ;
How to be pale with Anguish, red with Fear ;
T'have Peace abroad, and nought within but Strife ;
Wish to be present, and yet shun t' appear :
How to be bold far off, and bashful near :
How to think much, and have no Words to speak ;
To crave Redress, yet hold Affliction dear :
To have Affection strong, a Body weak.
Never to find, and evermore to seek :
And seek that which I dare not hope to find :
T'affect this Life, and yet this Life disseek ;
Grateful t' another, to my self unkind.
This Cruel Knowledge of these Contraries,
DELIA, my Heart hath learn'd out of those Eyes.

S O N N E T XXI.

IF Beauty thus be clouded with a Frown,
That Pity shines no Comfort to my Bliss,
And Vapours of Disdain so over-grown,
That my Life's Light wholly endarken'd is :
Why should I more molest the World with Gries ;
The Air with Sighs, the Earth below with Tears ?
Sith I live hateful to those ruthless Eyes,
Vexing with untun'd Moan her dainty Ears.
If I have lov'd her dearer than my Breath,
My Breath that calls the Heav'ns to witness it ;
And still must hold her dear till after Death ;
And that all this moves not her Thoughts a-while :
Yet sure she cannot but must think a-part,
She doth me wrong, to grieve so true a Heart.

S O N N E T XXII.

Come, Time, the Anchor-hold of my Desire,
My last Resort, whereto my Hopes appeal ;
Cause once the Date of her Disdain t' expire :
Make her the Sentence of her Wrath repeal.

Rob

Rob her fair Brow ; break in on Beauty ; steal
 Pow'r from those Eyes, which Pity cannot spare :
 Deal with those dainty Cheeks, as she doth deal
 With this poor Heart consumed with Despair.
 This Heart ! made now the Prospective of Care,
 By Loving her, the cruell'st Fair that lives :
 The cruell'st Fair, that sees I pine for her ;
 And never Mercy to thy Merit gives.
 Let her not still triumph over the Prize
 Of mine Affections, taken by her Eyes.

SONNET XXIII.

Time, cruel Time, come and subdue that Brow,
 Which conquers all but thee ; and thee too stays,
 As if she were exempt from Scythe or Bow,
 From Love or Years unsubject to Decays.
 Or art thou grown in League with those fair Eyes,
 That they may help thee to consume our Days ?
 Or dost thou spare her for her Cruelties ;
 B'ing merciless, like thee, that no Man weighs ?
 And yet thou see'st thy Pow'r she disobeys ;
 Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vain ;
 And prodigal of Hours and Years, betrays
 Beauty and Youth t' Opinion and Disdain.
 Yet spare her, Time ; let her exempted be :
 She may become more kind to thee, or me.

SONNET XXIV.

These sorrow'ng Sighs, the Smoak of mine Annoy ;
 These Tears which Heat of Sacred Flame distils ;
 Are those due Tributes, that my Faith doth pay
 Unto the Tyrant, whose Unkindness kills.
 I sacrifice my Youth and blooming Years
 At her proud Feet, and she respects not it :
 My Flow'r untimely's wither'd with my Tears ;
 And Winter woes, for Spring of Youth unfit.
 She thinks a Look may recompense my Care,
 And so with Looks prolongs my long-look'd Case :
 As short that Bliss, so is the Comfort rare ;
 Yet must that Bliss my hungry Thoughts appease.
 Thus she returns my Hopes so fruitless ever ;
 Once let her love indeed, or else look never.

SON-

S O N N E T XXV.

False Hope prolongs my ever certain Grief;
 Traitor to me, and faithful to my Love!

A Thousand times it promis'd me Relief;

Yet never any true Effect I prove.

Oft when I find in her no Truth at all,

I banish her, and blame her Treachery;

Yet soon again I must her back recall,

As one that dies without her Company.

Thus often as I chase my Hope from me,

Straitway she hastes her unto DELIA'S Eyes;

Fed with some pleasing Look there shall she be,

And so sent back, and thus my Fortune lies.

Looks feed my Hope; Hope fosters me in vain:

Hopes are unsure, when certain is my Pain.

S O N N E T XXVI.

Look in my Griefs, and blame me not to mourn,

From Care to Care that leads a Life so bad;

Th' Orphan of Fortune, born to be her Scorn;

Whose clouded Brow doth make my Days so sad.

Long are their Nights, whose Cares do never sleep;

Loathsome their Days, whom no Sun ever joy'd

Th' Impression of her Eyes do pierce so deep,

That thus I live both Day and Night annoy'd.

But since the sweetest Root yields Fruit so lowre,

Her Praise from my Complaint I may not part:

I love th' Effect the Cause bring of this Pow'r;

I'll praise her Face, and blame her flinty Heart:

Whilst we both make the World admire at us;

Her for Disdain, and me for Loving thus.

S O N N E T XXVII.

Reign in my Thoughts, fair Hand, sweet Eye, rare

Possess me whole, my Heart's Triumvirate: [Voice;

Yet heavy Heart, to make so hard a Choice,

Of such as spoil thy poor afflicted State.

For whilst they strive which shall be Lord of all,
 All my poor Life by them is trodden down ;
 They all erect their Trophies on my Fall,
 And yield me nought that gives them their Renown.
 When back I look, I sigh my Freedom past,
 And wail the State wherem I present stand ;
 And see my Fortune ever like to last,
 Finding me rein'd with such a heavy Hand.
 What can I do but yield ?—And yield I do,
 And serve all Three ; and yet they spoil me too.

S O N N E T XXVIII.

*Alluding to the Sparrow, pursued by a Hawk, that flew
 into the Bosom of Zenocrates.*

W Hilst by thy Eyes pursu'd, my poor Heart flew
 Into the Sacred Refuge of thy Breast ;
 Thy Rigor in that Sanctuary flew
 That, which thy suck'ring Mercy should have blest.
 No Privilege of Faith could it protect, [sign'd,
 Faith bring with Blood, and Five Years Witness
 Wherein no Shew gave Cause of least Suspect ;
 For well thou saw'st my Love, and how I pin'd.
 Yet no mild Comfort would thy Brow reveal,
 No lightning Looks which falling Hopes erect ;
 What Boats to Laws of Succour to appeal ?
 Ladies and Tyrants never Laws respect.
 Then there I die, from whence my Life should come ;
 And by that Hand whom such Deeds ill become.

S O N N E T XXIX.

S T ill in the Trace of one perplexed Thought,
 My ceaseless Cares continually run on ;
 Seeking in vain what I have ever sought,
 One in my Love, and her hard Heart still one
 Who did never joy in other Sun,
 And have no Stars but those that must fulfil
 The Work of Rigor, fatally begun
 Upon this Heart, whom Cruelty will kill.

Inju-

Injurious DELIA, yet I love thee still ;
 And will whilst I shall draw this Breath of mine :
 I'll tell the World, that I deserv'd but ill,
 And blame my self t' excuse that Heart of chine.
 See then who sins the greater of us Twain ;
 I in my Love, or thou in thy Disdain.

S O N N E T XXX.

OFT do I marvel, whether DELIA's Eyes
 Are Byes ; or else Two Radiant Stars that shine ?
 For how could Nature ever thus devise
 Of Earth (on Earth) a Substance so Divine ?
 Stars sure they are, whose Motions rule Desires ;
 And Calm and Tempest follow their Aspects :
 Their sweet Appearing still such Pow'r inspires,
 That makes the World admire so strange Effects:
 Yet whether fix'd or wandering Stars are they,
 Whose Infla'nce rule the Orb of my poor Heart ?
 Fix'd sure they are ; but wandering make me stray
 In endless Errors, whence I cannot part.
 Stars then, not Eyes, move you with milder View,
 Your sweet Aspect on him that honours you.

S O N N E T XXXI.

THE Star of my Mishap impos'd this Pain,
 To spend the *April* of my Years in Grief ;
 Finding my Fortune ever in the Wain,
 With still fresh Cares, supply'd with no Relief.
 Yet thee I blame not, tho' for thee 'tis done :
 But these weak Wings presuming to aspire,
 Which now are melted by thine Eyes bright Sun,
 That makes me fall from off my high Desire.
 And in my Fall I cry for Help with Speed,
 No pitying Eye looks back upon my Fears :
 No Succour find I now, when I most need,
 My Hearts must drown in th' Ocean of my Tears :
 Which still must bear the Title of my Wrong,
 Caus'd by those cruel Beams that were so strong.

S O N N E T XXXII.

AND yet I cannot reprehend the Flight,
 Or blame th' Attempt presuming so to soar ;
 The mounting Venture for a high Delight,
 Did make the Honour of the Fall the more.
 For who gets Wealth, that puts not from the Shore ?
 Danger hath Honour ; Great Designs their Fame :
 Glory doth follow ; Courage goes before.
 And tho' th' Event oft answers not the Fame,
 Suffice that High Attempts have never Shame.
 The mean Observer, whom base Safety keeps,
 Lives without Honour, dies without a Name,
 And in Eternal Darkness ever sleeps.
 And therefore, DELIA, 'tis to me no Blot,
 To have attempted, tho' attain'd thee not.

S O N N E T XXXIII.

RAising my Hopes on Hills of high Desire,
 Thinking to scale the Heaven of her Heart,
 My slender Means presum'd too high a Part ;
 Her Thunder of Disdain forc'd me t' retire,
 And threw me down to Pain in all this Fire ;
 Where lo I languish in so heavy Smart,
 Because th' Attempt was far above my Art :
 Her Pride brook'd not poor Souls should so aspire.
 Yet-I protest, my high-desiring Will
 Was not to dispossess her of her Right ;
 Her Sov'reignty should have remained still ;
 I only fought the Bliss to have her Sight.
 Her Sight contented thus to see me spill,
 Fram'd my Desires fit for her Eyes to kill.

S O N N E T XXXIV.

WH Y dost thou, DELIA, credit so thy Glass,
 Gazing thy Beauty deign'd thee by the Skies :
 And dost not rather look on him, (alas !) [Eyes ?
 Whose State best shews the Force of murthering

The

D E L I A.

The broken Tops of lofty Trees declare
 The Fury of a Mercy-wanting Storm ;
 And of what Force thy wounding Graces are,
 Upon my self thou best may'st find the Form.
 Then leave thy Glafs, and gaze thy self on me ;
 That Mirror shews what Pow'r is in thy Face :
 To view your Form too much, may Danger be ;
Narcissus chang'd t' a Flower in such a Case.
 And you are chang'd, but not t' a *Hyacint* :
 I fear your Eye hath turn'd your Heart to Flint.

S O N N E T XXXV.

I Once may see when Years shall wreck my Wrong,
 When Golden Hairs shall change to Silver Wire ;
 And those bright Rays that kindle all this Fire,
 Shall fail in Force, their Working not so strong :
 Then Beauty, (now the Burthen of my Song)
 Whose Glorious Blaze the World doth so admire,
 Must yield up all to Tyrant Time's Desire ; { long.
 Then fade those Flow'rs that deck'd her Pride so
 When if she grieve to gaze her in her Glafs,
 Which then presents her Winter-wither'd Hue ;
 Go you, my Verse ; go tell her what she was :
 For what she was, she best shall find in you.
 Your fiery Heat lets not her Glory pass,
 But (*Phenix*-like) shall make her live anew.

S O N N E T XXXVI.

Look, *DELIA*, how w' esteem the half-blown Rose,
 The Image of thy Blush, and Summer's Honour !
 Whilst yet her tender Bud doth undisclose
 That Full of Beauty, Time bestows upon her.
 No sooner spreads her Glory in the Air,
 But strait her wide-blown Pomp comes to decline ;
 She then is scorn'd, that late adorn'd the Fair :
 So fade the Roses of those Cheeks of thine !
 No *April* can revive thy wither'd Flow'rs,
 Whose springing Grace adorns the Glory now :
 Swift-speedy Time, feather'd with flying Hours,
 Dissolves the Beauty of the fairest Brow.

Then do not thou such Treasure waste in vain ;
But love now, whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

SONNET XXXVII.

BUT love whilst that thou may'st be lov'd again,
Now whilst thy *May* hath fill'd thy Lap with
[Flow'rs ;
Now whilst thy Beauty bears without a Stain ;
Now use the Summer Smiles, e're Winter lowers.
And whilst thou spread'st unto the rising Sun,
The fairest Flow'r that ever saw the Light,
Now joy thy Time before thy Sweet be done ;
And, DELIA, think thy Morning must have Night ;
And that thy Brightness sets at length to West,
When thou wilt close up that which now thou show'st,
And think the same becomes thy Fading best,
Which then shall most inveil, and shadow most.
Men do not weigh the Stalk for that it was,
When once they find her Flow'r, her Glory pass.

SONNET XXXVIII.

WHen Men shall find thy Flow'r, thy Glory pass,
And thou with careful Brow sitting alone,
Received had'st this Message from thy Glass,
That tells the Truth, and says that All is gone.
Fresh shalt thou see in me the Wounds thou mad'st ;
Tho' spent thy Flame, in me the Heat remaining :
I that have lov'd thee thus before thou fad'st,
My Faith shall wax ; when thou art in thy Waning.
The World shall find this Miracle in me,
That Fire can burn when all the Matter's spent :
Then what my Faith hath been, thy self shall see ;
And that thou wast unkind, thou may'st repent.
Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorn'd my Tears,
When Winter snows upon thy sable Hairs.

SONNET XXXIX.

When Winter snows upon thy sable Hairs,
And Frost of Age hath nipt thy Beauties near ;
When dark shall seem thy Day that never clears,
And all lies wither'd that was held so dear : Then

Then take this Picture which I here present thee,
 Limned with a Pencil not all unworthy :
 Here see the Gifts that God and Nature lent thee ;
 Here read thy Self, and what I suffer'd for thee.
 This may remain, thy Lasting Monument,
 Which happily Posterity may cherish ;
 These Colours with thy Fading are not spent :
 These may remain, when thou and I shall perish.
 If they remain, then thou shalt live thereby ;
 They will remain, and so thou can'st not die.

S O N N E T XL.

THou can'st not die, whilst any Zeal abound
 In feeling Hearts, that can conceive these Lines ;
 Tho' thou a *Laura*, hast no *Petrarch* found,
 In base Attire yet clearly Beauty shines.
 And I (tho' born within a colder Clime)
 Do feel mine inward Heat as great, (I know it) :
 He never had more Faith, altho' more Rhime ;
 I love as well, tho' he could better show it.
 But I may add one Feather to thy Fame,
 To help her Flight throughout the fairest Isle :
 And if my Pen could more enlarge thy Name,
 Then should'st thou live in an immortal Stile.
 For tho' that *Laura* better limned be,
 Suffice thou shalt be lov'd as well as she.

S O N N E T XLI.

BE not displeas'd, that these my Papers should
 Bewray unto the World how fair thou art ;
 Or that my Wits have shew'd the best they could
 (The chastest Flame that ever warmed Heart !)
 Think not, Sweet *DELIA*, this shall be thy Shame,
 My Muse should sound thy Praise with mournful
 How many live, the Glory of whose Name [Warble ;
 Shall rest in Ice, when thine is grav'd in Marble ?
 Thou may'st in After-Ages live esteem'd,
 Unbury'd in these Lines, reserv'd in Pureness ;
 These shall entomb those Eyes, that have redeem'd
 Me from the Vulgar, thee from all Obscureness.

Altho' my careful Accents never mov'd thee,
Yet count it no Disgrace that I have lov'd thee.

S O N N E T XLII.

DELIA, these Eyes that so admire thine, [rear'd
Have seen those Walls which proud Ambition
To check the World ; how they entomb'd have li'n
Within themselves, and on them Ploughs have ear'd.
Yet never found that barb'rous Hand attain'd
The Spoil of Fame deserv'd by Virtuous Men ;
Whose Glorious Actions luckily had gain'd
Th' Eternal Annals of a Happy Pen.
And therefore grieve not if thy Beauties die ;
Tho' Time do spoil thee of the fairest Veil,
That ever yet cover'd Mortality ;
And must enstar the Needle and the Rail.
That Grace which doth more than Enwoman Thee,
Lives in my Lines, and must Eternal be.

S O N N E T XLIII.

Most fair and lovely Maid ! Look from the Shore,
See thy *Leander* striving in these Waves !
Poor Soul quite spent, whose Force can do no more !
Now send forth Hope ; for now calm Pity saves.
And waft him to thee with those lovely Eyes,
A Happy Convoy to a Holy Land :
Now shew thy Pow'r, and where thy Virtue lies ;
To save thine own, stretch out the fairest Hand.
Stretch out the fairest Hand, a Pledge of Peace ;
That Hand that darts so right, and never misses.
I shall forget old Wrongs ; my Griefs shall cease :
And that which gave my Wounds, I'll give it Kisses.
Once let the Ocean of my Cares find Shore ;
That thou be pleas'd, and I may sigh no more.

S O N N E T XLIV.

Read in my Face a Volume of Despairs,
The wailing Iliads of my Tragick Woe ;
Drawn with my Blood, and painted with my Cares,
Wrought by her Hand that I have honour'd so.
Who

Who whilst I burn, she sings at my Soul's Wrack,
 Looking aloft from Turret of her Pride ;
 There my Soul's Tyrant joys her, in the Sack
 Of her own Seat, whereof I made her Guide.
 There do these Smoaks that from Affliction rise,
 Serve as an Incense to a cruel Dame ;
 A Sacrifice thrice-grateful to her Eyes,
 Because their Power serves to exact the same.
 Thus ruins she (to satisfy her Will)
 The Temple where her Name was honour'd still.

S O N N E T XLV.

MY BELIA hath the Waters of mine Eyes,
 The ready Hand-Maids on her Grace t' attend ;
 That never fall to Ebb, but ever dries ;
 For to their Flow she never grants an End.
 The Ocean never did attend more dully
 Upon his Sov'reign's Course, the Night's pale Queen,
 Nor paid the Impost of his Waves more truly,
 Than mine unto her Cruelty hath been.
 Yet nought the Rock of that hard Heart can move,
 Where bear their Tears with Zeal, and Fury drives ;
 And yet I rather languish for her Love,
 Than I would joy the Fairest She that lives.
 And if I find such Pleasure to complain,
 What should I do then, if I should obtain ?

S O N N E T XLVI.

How long shall I in mine Affliction mourn ?
 A Burden to my self, distressed in Mind !
 When shall my interdicted Hopes return
 From out Despair, wherein they live confin'd ?
 When shall her troubled Brow, charg'd with Disdain,
 Reveal the Treasure which her Smiles impart ?
 When shall my Faith the Happiness attain,
 To break the Ice that hath congeal'd her Heart ?
 Unto her self, her self my Love doth summon,
 (If Love in her hath any Pow'r to move)
 And let her tell me as she is a Woman,
 Whether my Faith hath not deserv'd her Love ?

I know her Heart cannot but judge with me,
Altho' her Eyes my Adversaries be.

S O N N E T XLVII.

BEauty, Sweet Love, is like the Morning Dew,
Whose short Refresh upon the tender Green,
Cheers for a Time, but till the Sun doth shew ;
And strait 'tis gone, as it had never been.
Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest Flourish ;
Short is the Glory of the blushing Rose :
The Hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.
When thou, surcharg'd with Burthen of thy Years,
Shalt bend thy Wrinkles homeward to the Earth ;
And that in Beauty's Lease expir'd, appears
The Date of Age, the Calends of our Death.
But ah ! no more ; this must not be foretold :
For Women grieve to think they must be old.

S O N N E T XLVIII.

I Must not grieve my Love, whose Eyes would read
Lines of Delight, whereon her Youth might smile ;
Flowers have Time before they come to Seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, Sweet Maid, in Season of these Years,
And learn to gather Flow'rs before they wither ;
And where the sweetest Blossoms first appears,
Let Love and Youth conduct thy Pleasures thither.
Lighten forth Smiles to clear the clouded Air,
And calm the Tempest which my Sighs do raise :
Pity and Smiles do best become the Fair ;
Pity and Smiles must only yield thee Praise.
Make me to say, when all my Grievs are gone,
Happy the Heart that sigh'd for such a one.

S O N N E T XLIX.

AND whither, Poor Forsaken, wilt thou go,
To go from Sorrow, and thine own Distress ?
When ev'ry Place presents like Face of Woe,
And no Remove can make thy Sorrows less ?

Yet

Yet go, Forsaken ; leave these Woods, these Plains :
 Leave her and all, and all for her, that leaves
 Thee and thy Love forlorn, and both disdains ;
 And of both wrongful deems, and ill conceives.
 Seek out some Place ; and see if any Place
 Can give the least Release unto thy Grief :
 Convey thee from the Thought of thy Disgrace ;
 Steal from thy self, and be thy Cares own Thief.
 But yet what Comforts shall I hereby gain ?
 Bearing the Wound, I needs must feel the Pain.

S O N N E T L.

Drawn with th' attractive Virtue of her Eyes,
 My touch'd Heart turns it to that Happy Coast ;
 My joyful *North*, where all my Fortune lies,
 The Level of my Hopes desired most :
 There were my *DELIA* fairer than the Sun, [smile ;
 Deck'd with her Youth whereon the World doth
 Joys in that Honour which her Eyes have won,
 Th' Eternal Wonder of our Happy Isle !
 Flourish, Fair *Albion*, - Glory of the *North* ;
Neptune's best Darling, held between his Arms :
 Divided from the World, as better worth ;
 Kept for himself, defended from all Harms.
 Still let disarmed Peace deck her and thee ;
 And Mute-Foe *Mars* abroad far foster'd be.

S O N N E T XLI.

Care-Charmer Sleep, Son of the sable Night ;
 Brother to Death, in silent Darkness born :
 Relieve my Languish, and restore the Light ;
 With dark Forgetting of my Care, return.
 And let the Day be Time enough to mourn
 The Shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd Youth :
 Let waking Eyes suffice to wail their Scorn,
 Without the Torment of the Night's Untruth.
 Cease, Dreams, the Images of Day-Desires,
 To model forth the Passions of the Morrow ;
 Never let rising Sun approve you Liars,
 To add more Grief to aggravate my Sorrow.

Still

Still let me sleep, embracing Clouds in vain ;
And never wake to feel the Day's Disdain.

S O N N E T LII.

LET others sing of *Knights* and *Palladines*,
In aged Accents, and untimely Words ;
Paint Shadows in imaginary Lines,
Which well the Reach of their high Wits records :
But I must sing of thee, and those fair Eyes ;
Authentick shall my Verse in Time to come ;
When yet th' unborn shall say, Lo where she lies,
Whose Beauty made him speak, that else was dumb.
These are the Arks, the Trophies I erect,
That fortify thy Name against old Age ;
And these thy sacred Virtues must protect,
Against the dark and Time's consuming Rage.
Tho' th' Error of my Youth in them appear,
Suffice they shew I liv'd and lov'd thee dear.

S O N N E T LIII.

AS to the *Roman* that would free his Land,
His Error was his Honour and Renown ;
And more the Fame of his mistaking Hand,
Than if he had the Tyrant overthrown.
So, DELIA, hath mine Error made me known,
And my deceiv'd Attempt deserv'd more Fame,
Than if I had the Victory mine own,
And thy hard Heart had yielded up the same.
And so likewise renowned is thy Blame,
Thy Cruelty, thy Glory. O strange Case,
That Errors should be grac'd, that merit Shame ;
And Sin of Frowns bring Honour to the Face !
Yet happy, DELIA, that thou wast unkind ;
Tho' happier far, if thou would'st change thy Mind.

S O N N E T LIV.

LIke as the Lute delights, or else dislikes,
As is his Art that plays upon the same ;
So sounds my Muse, according as she strikes
On my Heart-strings high-tun'd unto her Fame.

HEN

Her Touch doth cause the Warble of the Sound,
 Which here I yield in lamentable wise ;
 A wailing Descant on the sweetest Ground,
 Whose due Reports give Honour to her Eyes.
 Else harsh my Stile, untunable my Muse ;
 Hoarse sounds the Voice, that praiseth not her Name :
 If any pleasing Relish here I use,
 Then judge the World her Beauty gives the same.
 For no Ground else could make the Musick such,
 Nor other Hand could give so true a Touch.

S O N N E T LV.

NOne other Fame mine unambitious Muse
 Affected ever, but t' Eternize Thee :
 All other Honours do my Hopes refuse,
 Which meaner-priz'd and momentary be.
 For God forbid I should my Papers blot
 With mercenary Lines, with servile Pen ;
 Praising Virtues in them that have them not,
 Basely attending on the Hopes of Men.
 No, no ; my Verse respects not *Thames*, nor *Theatres* ;
 Nor seeks it to be known unto the Great :
 But *Avon*, poor in Fame, and poor in Waters,
 Shall have my Song ; where *DELIA* hath her Seat.
Avon shall be my *Thames*, and She my Song ;
 No other prouder Brooks shall hear my Wrong.

S O N N E T LVI.

Unhappy Pen, and ill-accepted Lines,
 That intimate in vain my chaste Desire ;
 My chaste Desire, which from dark Sorrow shines,
 Enkindl'd by her Eyes Celestial Fire.
 Celestial Fire, and unrespecting Pow'rs !
 Which pity not the Wounds made by their Might ;
 Shew'd in these Lines the Work of careful Hours,
 The Sacrifice here offer'd to her Sight.
 But since she weighs them not, this rests for me ;
 I'll moan my self, and hide the Wrong I have ;
 And so content me that her Frowns should be
 To m' infant Stile, the Cradle and the Grave.

What

What tho' my Muse no Honour get thereby?
Each Bird sings to her self, and so will I.

SONNET EVIL.

LO here the Impost of a Faith entire,
Which Love doth pay, and her Disdain extorts!
Behold the Message of a chaste Desire,
Which tells the World how much my Grief imports!
These Tributary Passions, Beauty's Due,
I send those Eyes the Cabinets of Love;
That Cruelty her self might grieve to view
Th' Affliction her unkind Disdain doth move.
And how I live cast down from off all Mirth,
Pensive alone, only but with Despair:
My Joys abortive perish in their Birth;
My Grievs long-liv'd, and Care succeeding Care.
This is my State; and DELIA's Heart is such:
I say no more---I fear I said too much.

An ODE.

NOW each Creature joys the other,
Passing Happy Days and Hours;
One Bird reports unto another,
In the Fall of Silver Show'rs;
Whilst the Earth, our common Mother,
Hath her Bosom deck'd with Flow'rs.
Whilst the greatest Torch of Heaven,
With bright Rays warms FLORA's Lap;
Making Nights and Days both even,
Chearing Plants with fresher Sap;
My Field of Flowers quite bereaven,
Wants Refresh of better Hap.
ECCHO, Daughter of the Air,
(Babbling Guest of Rocks and Hills,)
Knows the Name of my fierce Fair,
And sounds the Accents of my Ills--
Each Thing pities my Despair,
Whilst that she her Lover kills.

Whilst

Whilst that she (O cruel Maid !)
 Doth me and my Love despise ;
 My Life's Flourish is decay'd,
 That depended on her Eyes :
 But her Will must be obey'd ;
 And well he ends, for Love who dies.

A P A S T O R A L.

O Happy, Golden Age !
 Not for that Rivers ran
 With Streams of Milk, and Honey dropt from
 Not that the Earth did gage [Trees :
 Unto the Husbandman
 Her voluntary Fruits, free without Fees.
 Not for no Cold did freeze,
 Nor any Cloud beguile
 Th' Eternal flow'ring Spring,
 Wherein liv'd any Thing ;
 And whereon th' Heavens perpetually did smile :
 Not for no Ship had brought
 From foreign Shores, or Wars or Wares ill fought.
 But only for that Name,
 That idle Name of Wind ;
 That Idol of Deceit, that empty Sound
 Call'd HONOUR ; which became
 The Tyrant of the Mind,
 And so torments our Nature without Ground,
 Was not yet vainly found :
 Nor yet sad Griefs imparts,
 Amidst the sweet Delights
 Of joyful, am'rous Wights.
 Nor were his hard Laws known to free-born Hearts ;
 But Golden Laws, like these [pense.
 Which Nature wrote—*That's Lawful, which doth*
 Then amongst Flow'rs and Springs,
 Making Delightful Sport,
 Sat Lovers without Conflict, without Flame ;
 And Nymphs and Shepherds Sings

Mix-

Mixing in wanton sort
 Whisp'ring with Songs, then Kisses with the same,
 Which from Affection came.
 The naked Virgin then
 Her Roses fresh reveals,
 Which now her Veil conceals.
 The tender Apples in her Bosom seen ;
 And oft in Rivers clear,
 The Lovers with their Loves consorting were.

HONOUR, thou first did'st close
 The Spring of all Delight ;
 Denying Water to the am'rous Thirst,
 Thou taught'st fair Eyes to lose
 The Glory of their Light :
 Restrain'd from Men, and on themselves reverset.
 Thou in a Lawn did'st first
 Those Golden Hairs incase,
 Late spread unto the Wind :
 Thou mad'st loose Grace unkind ;
 Gav'st Bridle to their Words, And go their Pace.
 O Honour, it is thou
 That mak'st that Stealth, which Love doth free at
 It is thy Work that brings [low.
 Our Grievs and Torments thus :
 But thou fierce Lord of Nature and of Love,
 The Qualifier of Kings ;
 What dost thou here with us,
 That are below thy Pow'r, shut from above ?
 Go, and from us remove ;
 Trouble the Mighties Sleep ;
 Let us neglected base
 Live still without thy Grace,
 And th' Use of th' Ancient Happy Ages keep
 Let's Love-- This Life of ours
 Can make no Truce with Time that all devours.
 Let's Love-- The Sun doth set, and rise again ;
 But when as our short Light
 Comes once to set, it makes Eternal Night.

*A Description of B E A U T Y ;**Translated out of Marino.*

I.

O Beauty, (Beams, nay, Flame
Of that Great Lamp of Light)
That shines a while with Fame,
But presently makes Night !
Like Winter's short-liv'd Bright,
Or Summer's sudden Gleams ;
How much more dear, so much loss-lasting Beams.

II.

Wing'd Love away doth fly,
And with it Time doth bear ;
And both take suddenly
The sweet, the fain, the dear.
A shining Day and clear
Succeeds an obscene Night ;
And Sorrow is the Hue of sweet Delight.

III.

With what then dost thou swell,
O Youth of new-born Day !
Wherein doth thy Pride dwell,
O Beauty made of Clay !
Not with so swift a way
The headlong Current flies,
As do the sparkling Rays of Two fair Eyes.

IV.

Do not thy self betray
With wantonizing Years ;
O Beauty, Traytors gay !
Thy melting Life that wears,
Appearing, disappears ;
And with thy flying Days,
Ends all thy Good of Price, thy Fair of Praise.

V.

V.

Trust not, vain Creditor,
 Thy apt-deceived View,
 In thy false Counsellor,
 That never tells thee true.
 Thy Form and flatter'd Hue,
 Which shall so soon transpass,
 Is far more fair than is thy Looking-glass.

VI.

Enjoy thy *April* now,
 Whilst it doth freely shine ;
 This Lightning Flash and Show,
 With that clear Spirit of thine,
 Will suddenly decline :
 And thou fair murthering Eyes
 Shall be Love's Tombs, where now his Cradle lies.

VII.

Old trembling Age will come,
 With wrinkl'd Cheeks and Stains,
 With Motion troublesome ;
 With Skin and bloodless Weaves,
 That lively Visage reaven,
 And made deform'd and old,
 Hates Sight of Glass it lov'd so to behold.

VIII.

Thy Gold and Scarlet shall
 Pale Silver-Colour be ;
 Thy Row of Pearls shall fall
 Like wither'd Leaves from Tree ;
 And thou shalt shortly see
 Thy Face and Hair to grow
 All plough'd with Furrows, over-swol'n with Snow.

IX.

That which on *Flora's* Breast,
 All fresh and flourishing,
Aurora newly drest
 Saw in her dawning Spring ;
 Quite dry and languishing,
 Depriv'd of Honour quite,
 Day-closing *Hesperus* beholds at Night.

X.

X.

Fair is the Lilly ; fair
The Rose ; of Flow'rs the Eye !
Both wisher in the Air,
Their beauteous Colours die ;
And so at length shall lie
Depriv'd of former Grace,
The Lillies of thy Breasts, the Roses of thy Face.

XI.

What then will it avail,
O Youth advised ill !
In Lap of Beauty frail
To nurse a wayward Will,
Like Snake in Sun-warm Hill ?
Pluck, pluck betime thy Flow'r,
That springs, and parcheth in one short Hour.

*To the Angel Spirit of the most
Excellent Sir Philip Sidney.*

TO thee, pure Spir't, to thee alone address
Is this Joint-Work, by double Int'rest thine :
Thine by thine own, and what is done of mine
Inspir'd by thee, thy secret Pow'r impress.
My Muse wish thine it self dar'd to combine,
As mortal Staff with that which is Divine :
Let thy fair Beams give Lustre to the rest.
That *Israel's* Ring may deign his own transform'd
In Substance no, but superficial Tire ;
And *English* gariz'd in some sort may aspire,
To better grace thee what the Vulgar form'd.
His sacred Tunes Age after Age admire ;
Nations grow great in Pride and pure Desire,
So to excel in Holy Rites perform'd.

To Sir Philip Sidney.

O had that Soul, which Honour brought to Rest
Too soon, not left, and rest the World of all
What Man could shew which we Perfection call !
This precious Piece had sort'd with the best.
But ah ! wide-fester'd Wounds (that never shall,
Nor must be clos'd) unto fresh Bleeding fall.
Ah Memory ! what needs this new Artist ?

Yet blessed Grief that Sweetness can impart,
Since thou art blest--Wrongly do I complain ;
Whatever Weights my heavy Thoughts sustain,
Dear feels my Soul for thee--I know my Part.
Nor be my Weakness to thy Rites a Stain ;
Rites to aright, Life, Blood would not refrain.
Assist me then, that Life what thine did part.

Time may bring forth what Time hath yet suppress,
In whom thy Loss hath laid to utter Waste
The Wreck of Time, untimely all defac'd,
Remaining as the Tomb of Life deceas'd :
Where in my Heart the highest Room thou hast ;
There, truly there, thy Earthly Being is plac'd :
Triumph of Death !---In Earth how more than blest !

Behold (O that thou were now to behold !)
This finish'd long Perfection's Part begun ;
The rest but piec'd, as left by thee undone.
Pardon, Blest Soul, Presumption over-bold :
If Love and Zeal hath to this Error run,
'Tis Zealous Love ; Love that hath never done,
Nor can enough, tho' justly here controll'd.

But since it hath no other Scope to go,
Nor other Purpose but to honour thee ;
That thine may shine, where all the Graces be :
And that my Thoughts (like smallest Streams that
Pay to their Sea their Tributary Fee) [flow,
Do strive, yet have no Means to quit nor free
That mighty Debt of Infinites I owe.

To

To thy Great Worth, which Time to Times enrol,
Wonder of Men ! Sole Born ! Soul of thy Kind !
Compleat in all---But Heav'nly was thy Mind,
For Wisdom, Goodness, Sweetness, Fairest Soul !
Too good to wish ; too fair for Earth ; refin'd
For Heav'n, where all true Glory rests confin'd :
And where but there no Life without Controul ?

O when from this Account, this cast-up Sum,
This Reck'ning made the Audit of my Woe!
Some Time of Race my swelling Passions know ;
How work my Thoughts ! My Sense is stricken dumb,
That would thee more than Words could ever shew ;
Which all fall short. Who knew thee best to know,
There lives no Wit that may thy Prayer become :

And rest fair Monuments of thy fair Fame,
Tho' not compleat. Nor can we reach in Thought,
What on that goodly Piece Time would have wrought :
Had divers so spar'd that Life (but Life) to frame
The rest : Alas such Loss ! The World hath nought
Can equal it---Nor (O) more Grievance brought !
Yet what remains, must ever crown thy Name.

Receive these Hints ; these Obsequies receive ;
(If any Mark of thy secret Spirit thou bear)
Made only thine, and no Name else must wear.
I can no more, Dear Soul ; I take my Leave :
My Sorrow strives to mount the Highest Sphere.



T O

The Right Reverend Father in GOD,
JAMES MONTAGUE,
 Lord Bishop of *Winchester* ;
 Dean of the *Chapel*, and One of *His Majesty's*
 most Honourable Privy-Council.

Altho' you have, out of your proper Store,
 The best Munition that may fortify
 A Noble Heart ; as no Man may have more,
 Against the Batt'ries of Mortality :
 Yet, Rev'rend Lord, vouchsafe me Leave to bring
 One Weapon more unto your Furnishment,
 That you th' Assaults of this close Vanquishing,
 And secret wasting Sickness may prevent :
 For that my self have struggled with it too,
 And know the worst of all that it can do.
 And let me tell you this, you never could
 Have found a gentler warring Enemy,
 And one that with more fair Proceeding would
 Encounter you without Extremity ;
 Nor give more Time to make Resistances,
 And to repair your Breaches, than will this.

For whereas other Sicknesses surprize
 Our Spir'ts at unawares, disweap'ning suddenly
 All Sense of Understanding in such wise,
 As that they lay us dead before we die,
 Or fire us out of our inflamed Fort,
 With raving Phrensies in a fearful sort :

This

This comes and steals us by degrees away ;
And yet not that without our Privy.
They rap us hence, as Vultures do their Prey,
Confounding us with Tortures instantly.
This fairly kills, they foully murder us,
Trip up our Heels before we can discern.
This gives us Time of Treaty, to discuss
Our Suffering, and the Cause thereof to learn.

Besides, therewith we oftentimes have Truce
For many Months ; sometimes for many Years ;
And are permitted to enjoy the Use
Of Study : And altho' our Body wears,
Our Wit remains ; our Speech, our Memory
Fail not, or come before our selves to die.
We part together, and we take our Leave
Of Friends, of Kindred : We dispose our State,
And yield up fairly what we did receive,
And all our Bus'nesses accommodate.
So that we cannot say we were thrust out,
But we depart from hence in quiet sort ;
The Foe with whom we have the Battel fought,
Hath not subdued us, but got our Fort.
And this Disease is held most incident
To the best Natures, and most innocent.

And therefore, Rev'rend Lord, there cannot be
A gentler Passage, than there is hereby
Unto that Port, wherein we shall be free
From all the Storms of worldly Misery.
And tho' it show us daily in our Glass,
Our fading Leaf turn'd to a yellow Hue ;
And how it withers as the Sap doth pass,
And what we may expect is to ensue.

Yet that I know disquiets not your Mind,
Who knows the brittle Metal of Mankind ;
And have all Comforts Virtue can beget,
And most the Conscience of well-acted Days :
Which all those Monuments which you have set
On Holy Ground, to your perpetual Praise,

I

(As

428 *To the Bishop of Winchester.*

(As Things best set) must ever testify
And shew the Worth of Noble MONTAGUE :
And so long as the Walls of Piety
Stand, so long shall stand the Memory of you.
And *Bath* and *Wells*, and *Winchester* shall show
Their fair Repairs to all Posterity ;
And how much blest and fortunate they were,
That ever-gracious Hand did plant you there.
Besides, you have not only built up Walls,
But also (worthier Edifices) Men ;
By whom you shall have the Memorials,
And Everlasting Honour of the Pen.
That whensoever you shall come to make
Your Exit from this Scene, wherein you have
Perform'd so Noble Parts ; you then shall take
Your Leave with Honour, have a Glorious Grave !
“ For when can Men go better to their Rest,
“ Than when they are esteem'd and loved best ?

F I N I S.



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